The Sunday Oregonian.

THE UNION

VOL. 5—NO. 7 PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, JANUARY [illegible], 1886. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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OUR LONDON LETTER.

Magnificent Reception Tendered to Irving as "Mephistopheles"

Some of the Strange Shows of London—Holiday Observances—The Present Political Situation.

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

LONDON, Dec. 27, 1885.—"As the bell tinks, the fool thinks." I like the French original of the proverb best: *On fait dire aux roches tout ce qu'on veut.* "People make the bells say what they have on mind." If you have never tried them do so. It will amuse you. Dick Whittington made them say, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice lord mayor of London town." The widow in Rabelais, who consulted the priest about marrying her journeyman, was told to consult the bells. The priest knew she desired to marry the man who had had her husband's confidence. The bells were rung and the widow heard them say, "Do take your man, do take your man." When she had married and her husband had beaten her, she complained to the priest. He said she must have misunderstood the bells. He had them rung again for her and she distinctly heard them say, "Do not take him, do not take him." In these "hard times" I hope the bells will say pleasant things to you and keep their promises, which means that I wish you a prosperous new year. The popular Christmas card this year is a curious thing, printed on brown paper, with "Hard Times" as its motto. But looking over my collection, I find that the only people who have sent these wretched inventions to "me and mine" are well-known rich mean people. In "hard times" mean people with money make the general depression an excuse for being a little more mean and mercenary than usual.

STRANGE SHOWS.

London is becoming more and more "the show place" of the empire. It is an exhibition of antiquities in itself, a city of many attractions; but civilization and the enterprising *impresario* are making a sort of international exhibition of it. We are crowded with foreign shows. At Kensington we have the Japanese village. The almond-eyed strangers are now a familiar feature of West End attractions, and they declare they like London so much they do not mean to leave us. Considering that the metropolis has been more or less in a foggy darkness for weeks, this liking for the English metropolis is very flattering. It is true the "[illegible]series" is under cover and lighted with gas, and that the native inhabitants have all they can desire in food, clothing and pocket money. They are independent, therefore, of the climate and the struggle for existence which belongs to life in London. Then there is an Indian town at the Albert Palace with native handicraftsmen at work, priests, women, children and all that appertains to their eastern world. Opposite the Langham hotel is a similar kind of human hive, on a smaller scale, and this includes Indian jugglers, workers in gold and a troupe of Nautch girls. The Aquarium competes with parties of strange tribes from Central Africa, and at the Opera Comique a company of Parsee actors are playing dramas in their own language. These are only a few of the curious

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

which are taxing the curiosity and pockets of citizens and visitors. "Boxing Day," the day after Christmas day, is the people's special time. It is the day of sales and gifts and Christmas pantomime. Christmas eve is quiet. Families are reunited and children entertained at home. Christmas day, as I have said before, is your "Thanksgiving day," and the day following is the noisy period of London revels. Drury Lane has a splendid pantomime, Covent Garden a gorgeous circus, and several other theaters make merry with "Father Christmas." But the spectacle *par excellence* is the Walpurgis night or Brocken scene in "Faust" at the Lyceum. It is the wildest, most weird and strangest thing ever seen on the stage. A world of spectres, ghosts and goblins dominated by Mephistopheles, it begins in the snow-capped heights of the Hartz mountains and ends with the Brocken's mass of molten fire with a blazing rain falling upon the inhuman crowd, which raises its withered arms in the scorching lava and utters yells that will never be forgotten. There is one pause in the revelry when Mephistopheles stands alone in the darkness, a tall, red, gleaming figure suggestive of all the devilish power the mind can conceive. Irving has created many an impressive dramatic picture, never one more grimly fascinating than this. It is the talk of London, while the rest of the piece and the Margaret of Ellen Terry are the delight of artistic society. Those who know Irving's Louis XI and Iago need not be told that his Mephistopheles is a marvelous representation of the cruelty, cynicism and humor of Goethe's devil.

"THEY WERE ALL THERE."

On the first night of "Faust" everybody was present. Now that London papers do for this city what I had done for years in an American journal, it has become a matter of intrigue to obtain seats for a Lyceum *premiere*. The *Pall Mall* has given a sketchy record of the audience and a list of the prominent people who were present, besides pictures of the scenery and tableaux. The chatty weeklies take up the gossiping theme, and to-day we are getting in London what America has had for so many years, a personal account of the first night audiences. On the present occasion the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were present. The Princess Louise is a clever artist. She was delighted with the scenes and groupings of the stage. She looked what she felt about them and said what she thought afterwards. Lord and Lady Londesborough were present. His lordship is recovering from a gun accident. He is nearly blind and has to be led around to congratulate the management, his eyes bandaged. Oscar Wilde was there (cropped like a draper's apprentice) with his pretty wife. Sir Arthur Sullivan flitted about the stalls telling his friends that he did not like the music Irving had written for the new "Faust." Of course he did not, but would he like to enter into competition with Gounod and Berlioz, I wonder? Mr Gilbert was there, cynical and unsatisfied, but he is the author of "Scratcher," which failed, deservedly or not I will not say. I have read the book and think it contains

SOME FINE POETIC [illegible]

The play had movements, but there is stage management that suits "The Mikado," and the stage management that may be inspired by "Faust." Mr Praed, who is writing a novel with Justin McCarthy, was present, so also was Miss Braddon. Labouchere and his wife were present, the Rothschilds, the de Greys, the [illegible] Boughtons and hundreds of others equally worthy of mention. After the play they went behind the scenes to congratulate Mr Irving and Miss Terry. Mr Irving received them in his satanic robes and the fashionable throng crowded his refreshment table and wished him and themselves "the compliments of the season" in dry champagne. It was a great night. In the first act some of Irving's "friends" were overjoyed at a hitch in the scenery—the first palpable hitch in his management. There is sufficient jealousy in the admiration of Irving to breed a malicious joy should he trip. "Save me from my friends!" The hitch was of little moment and it only showed that Irving is mortal. In his little speech before the curtain he made a telling allusion to the incident. Speaking to the audience as the Prince of Darkness, he spoke of "visions which even I would not call up." The sophistication of the Lyceum stalls is what an American humorist would call "a caution to snakes." They know everything and believe in nothing. They neither assist a success nor help a failure; they are blase lookers-on. On the first night of "Faust" the enthusiasm of the pit and gallery surged over their heads in waves of cheers, but the stalls were content to smile their approval—"it is such bad form to be demonstrative, don't cher know."

FROM THE THEATER TO THE CHURCH

The last scene in "Faust" is a lovely angelic apotheosis of Margaret—a flight of angels, a cluster of heavenly wings hovering over the dead woman. The picture seems to belong to the season. It might form a proper text for the churches. I had it in my mind this Christmas morning when the choir sang "Christians awake! Salute the happy morn whereon the Savior of mankind was born." The night after the play the churches were very much in evidence. The decorations have never been more superb, both in Catholic and Protestant temples. Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle and the City temple of Dr. Parker were marked exceptions to the rule. These pastors prefer that their people shall make Christmas bright in their own homes. It is in the country that decoration is most in vogue, in village churches and outlying Catholic chapels, though some of the London "houses of God" are superbly adorned. St. Jude's, in the poor East End of London, is a picture that must gladden the hearts of the congregation. Westminster and St. Paul's were packed at the Christmas services, and the grand old anthems moved the people more than the muttered sermons which but few can hear. An additional effort has been made this year by every church to feed its poor. The times are harder than usual. Wealth and charity have recognized this fact. Vast sums of money have been collected for distribution in the needy districts, in hospitals, poorhouses and wherever poverty bows its wretched head. God knows there is too much of the bowed head and the breaking heart in London, this

CITY OF STARTLING CONTRASTS

Of joy and sorrow, of the supremest wealth and the most abject pennilessness. The queen's doles are but the least feature of the benevolence of the season. Her majesty's almoner is very busy. During the last few days, at his office in Spring gardens, near Trafalgar square, 1200 poor persons received sums of from five to thirteen shillings each, the ages of the recipients varying from 60 to 95. Gifts to the value of £1000 have been distributed to the poor of Windsor. The Baroness Burdett Coutts distributed lavishly her annual Christmas presents to the poor about Columbia market, the Harley street Congregational church gave Christmas dinners to 6000 people at the East End. The Bloomsbury Domestic mission entertained 2000 poor guests. The Westbourne Established church and other societies east and west gave money and food to probably 100,000 others. All over London, indeed, the good work is going on; you see it more or less in every poor neighborhood, and, in addition to the poor, the fairly well-to-do working classes are not forgotten by their employers. Mrs Conover, at the Olympic theater, gave a Christmas tree to the children in her locality. About 300 employes and artists under Irving's management at the Lyceum theater went home on Christmas eve each with a goose or turkey and a bottle of gin. Thousands of pounds were cashed on Thursday in bright new gold and silver from the mint to be given away in Christmas boxes. All mere good customs are honored in their increased observance. In the good old times rich and poor feasted more together at Christmas than now, but benevolence of gifts and organized generosity were not, probably as great, though many individual cases of misery and starvation are necessarily overlooked. The bright side of London is full of gladness. Christmas has many a gleam of light for it, but after all the lost echoes of the bells, the last flicker of the genial warmth leaves the poverty stricken quarter as dark and despairing as ever. There is something tremendously wrong in a civilization that leaves so many thousands of people "out in the cold." Both religionists and socialists, the orthodox and the Positivist, believe that the time will come when there shall be no starving poor, but that day seems to be as far off as ever it was. "The survival of the fittest" is a progressive arrangement that imposes an awful amount of suffering on the struggling poor of this metropolis, and if the survivors are the fittest some of them are very poor examples of the materialist's cold philosophy.

CHRISTMAS DISASTERS.

Looked at with the eye of faith, there is [illegible] many a strange contradiction of the declared "joy and mercy" of the Christmas season in the terrible calamities that have so frequently cast their shadows upon the festival and changed "the sweet and merry chimes" to "passing bells and funeral dirges." The present Christmas season is saddened, for example, with one of those disasters which have so often darkened the mining districts of Wales. By an explosion in the Mardy colliery, in the Rhondda valley, over [illegible] men were for hours in imminent peril, and on Christmas eve seventy five corpses of men and boys had been brought to the bank, where wives and mothers were awaiting them. Eleven dead men were carried into one house where they had all lived on the previous day. The Christmas holly had already decorated some of the cottage homes, little parties had been arranged, Christmas toys and extra rations of beef and pudding had been purchased; all was going on well and with promise of a happy time, when the fatal gas exploded, black ruin was signaled from the wrecked shaft, and death swept over the Rhondda valley. Seventy five dead and many wounded have changed the merry making to a "wail of woe." It is not many Christmases since the Barnsley and Talk-o'-the-Hill accidents fell upon the season's festivities and

THE HARTLEY CALAMITY

Darkened the early days of New Year's. The Hartley catastrophe compelled legislation in the direction of "the double shaft," so that there should at least be two ways of exit from an exploded and flooded mine. The latest accident of all is a puzzle and seems to defy science. The pit had been inspected by owners and men immediately prior to the calamity, and one of the inspectors had only just left the pit when the explosion occurred. The colliery was run on scientific and business principles and under first class managerial control. Do you remember the first paper in Dickens' "Uncommercial Traveler"? He describes the last days of an old year. The scene was the Welsh coast, not far from the Rhondda valley, where the latest colliery accident has occurred. "Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine had but another day to live, and truly its end was peace on the seashore that morning." But lying on the beach and among its rough stones and boulders were the remains of the Royal Charter, which two months before had gone ashore in the night, and Dickens on the last day of the old year had watched the divers at work on the scene of the sunken ship, the history of whose loss and the letters from the friends and relatives of the dead are among the most pathetic pages of real life Dickens ever penned.

[illegible] AND IN THE NEW YEAR

We stand on the threshold of the new year, and rarely have we had a more vague idea of what is in store for us when the door shall open and the new history begin. Mr. Gladstone is the hope and fear of the time. The heart of the nation is not with him; the intellect of the nation has no confidence in him. If Lord Salisbury were backed with the votes of a good majority, and had with him a strong working cabinet, with real constitutional control, all would be well. He is a reliable minister, and his influence with continental governments is great. But, unfortunately his party is in a minority and the liberals are not numerous enough to act independently. Any government that reigned by the weight of a powerful majority would do the right thing, because it would be independent and have no wish to trim. No minister without real power can solve the problems that demand solution in this new year. What will happen no one can tell. The situation is a serious one, and it is made more serious by the hurried and undignified bids for office which are being made by the most turbulent minister that ever imposed his strong will upon England. Mr Gladstone began the campaign which has just ended with bitter denunciations of the Irish chief and Lord Salisbury, with a withering scorn of the rebel claims of the Parnellites. To-day he is their apologist and would be their mouthpiece and their ministerial friend. He has formulated

A MEASURE OF HOME RULE.

But he denies its existence because he has not put it on paper. The *Daily News*, which gave up attacking the Parnellites the moment it was seen the conservatives could not have a majority, has gone in for home rule with Gladstone, and on Christmas Day it contained a clever apologetic editorial in justification of the Gladstone position. "It is characteristic of the English mind," says the *Daily News*, "even when it has come to the conclusion that something must be done, to shrink back from the proposal to do something definite, and when it has made up its mind that the time must come for action of a particular kind, to be startled at the suggestion that the time has actually come. To this quality, which is the weak side of prudence and caution which have marked the history of the nation, must in part be attributed the revulsion of feeling which Mr Gladstone's proposal to deal at once with the question of home rule has excited in many minds." In spite of Mr Gladstone's declaration that he has any plan, but will prefer to wait for Lord Salisbury's first move, the liberal organ concludes that he has, and goes on preparing the way for it. The moderate men of both parties are anxious to be very generous to Ireland, and will be, no doubt, but the situation is not improved by the threats of the Irish in America, whose cabled utterances in the London dailies are rather calculated to stiffen the back of the nation than to promote kindly feeling. Mr Parnell has more to fear just now from his friends than from his enemies. The American Irish are complicating rather than ameliorating the position. They are reported to

THREATEN REVOLUTIONARY VIOLENCE

Unless Mr Parnell's programme is accepted, unless his demands are granted. At present, Mr Parnell has not stated what he wants, he has promulgated no programme. Under these circumstances it would perhaps be wise, it would certainly be better for Mr Parnell, if the American Irish waited until the English government knows what his programme is before they threaten to annihilate the poor old country if it does not grant his demands. If Mr Parnell were to limit his claims within constitutional lines and promise Great Britain a patriotic allegiance to her united and imperial empire; if he were to give a frank promise that his agitation had constitutional limits; if he honestly denounced crime and journalistic incitements thereto; if he gave the government a real, broad, handsome opportunity to take him by the hand, he would then have both sides in a true rivalry to carry out his wishes. But the nation being in a generous mood, it will be dangerous to trespass upon it with threats. The proposal of the *Daily News* is no doubt sufficiently inspired by Mr Gladstone to be taken as a fair indication how far the liberals are prepared to go. "An Irish parliament strictly limited to legislation on purely Irish questions, and to legislate on them in conformity with the fundamental principles on which the policy of the United Kingdom is based, would in our belief be the beginning of pacification, and is the essential condition of it. Whether or not this is the best political system in itself we need not now discuss. It is best fitted to meet the present emergency. It would bring back to Ireland classes and influences whose absence thence is in a great degree the

SOURCE OF THE PRESENT MISCHIEF."

An Irish parliament in Dublin for Irish work would have at least this great advantage: it would give the commons time and opportunity for imperial affairs and right, the house being free of purely Irish questions, develop a patriotic interest among Irish members in the larger necessities of government and legislation." Apart from the Irish question the English outlook is far from encouraging. Trade does not improve; commercial prospects are dark, the stock exchange is dull and stocks continue to have a downward tendency. The German tariffs under the Bismarckian regime have proved very injurious to the English iron and other industries. The failure of the elections to give the country a strong and settled government has hurt England in the East. America and Turkey will come closer together by reason of it, and the triple alliance will develop into a formidable factor of peace and war should Lord Salisbury be defeated in office, which is now more than probable. Through all society and among all classes of the people there is apparent that kind of uncertain feeling which is the forerunner of great events. The nation is waiting, as it were, waiting for the worst or the best, assured that the time has arrived for "something to be done" one way or the other. What that something may be no [illegible] tell us whether "the hour" has really "come," and who is "the man" it will bring. In England's greatest extremities the man is generally there; the necessity creates him. At the present moment it is hard to stop him; his name is certainly not Gladstone.

JOSEPH HATTON.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Some women swallow flattery as babies swallow buttons without any idea of the results that may follow.—Yonkers Statesman.

"It is good to repay kindness in kind," said the farmer when he gave his neighbor a cow for services rendered.—Merchant Traveler.

The most thoughtful man living is the one who immediately stopped dying when reminded that his life insurance policy had expired.—Hotel Gazette.

Turkey is greatly in need of money. As soon as Minister Cox receives his first quarter's salary the sultan will probably strike him for a loan.—Philadelphia Press.

"Now, see here, Colonel, you may talk that way all you want to, but I am not such a fool as I look—" "Well, why don't you disguise yourself, then?"—Philadelphia Press.

Countryman (at box office)—What's the show here to-night, mister? Ticket seller—"Richard III." Countryman—Who wrote it? Ticket seller—Shakespeare. Countryman—Is that so? Well, gimme a good seat. I've heard of him often.—Alta California.

The celebrated Barnum writes a letter to the effect that his late partner, James A. Bailey, severed his connection with him because of brain trouble. Barnum also incidentally states that it was a common occurrence for his show to take in $17,000 a day at the doors.

A Pennsylvania minister is in trouble. He preached one of Talmage's sermons as his own, and his congregation are justly angry. A sermon of Talmage delivered by any one else must be like wine without any moisture or fire with the heat extracted.—Troy Times.

A Vermont man has sold his wife for $— This, however, in no way tends to throw any light on the question of woman's inferiority to man. It is extremely doubtful if this Vermont man's wife could have sold her husband for six cents.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fashionable daughter preparing to go out—What are the weather probabilities for to-day, mamma? Mamma (looking over the paper)—High easterly winds, with local rains. Fashionable daughter (to maid)—Jane, you may get out my striped stockings and kid shoes.—Troy Press.

"So you've been out to the Pacific coast, eh? Did you see the great gorge of the Colorado?" "I think so. At least, out at Cheyenne I saw a buck Indian eat six pounds of bologna sausage, half a box of crackers, and nineteen herring without a grunt. How is that for gorge?"—Hotel Gazette.

"I feel sorry for Judge Yates, of [illegible]." "You do?" "Yes. You know he tried to kill himself a little while ago and failed." "Yes." "Well, now I see he has gone to Canada. I tell you there is a touch of pathos in the spectacle of a man trying in vain to go somewhere else and finally having to go to Canada."—Chicago News.

A thief having been tried and found guilty on a certain charge, cried out that great injustice had been done him. He saw among the jurors a man whose reputation for honesty had more than once been questioned. "That may be true," calmly replied the judge, "and I will sentence you only on the opinion of the other eleven. I'll give you four years at hard labor."—Detroit Free Press.

Among recent discoveries in Arkansas is a spring of black ink, which is warranted to keep in any climate and not to corrode the pen. If that spring had consulted the fitness of things it would have broken out in the literary center of the country, Illinois. The great need of such litterateurs as Logan and Lawler has always been a perennial fountain where they could dip up ink by the bucketful.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Patrick Maguire, of Boston, recently advised young democrats that it would be far more profitable to them to find employment in some trade, profession or business, in which they could earn an independent living, than to waste their time and substance in seeking for political offices. The counselor is right, indeed—and the wisdom of his advice ought to be apparent to many western Massachusetts democrats.—Springfield Republican.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL.

New Year Receptions by the President and Lesser Lights

Legislative Notes of General Interest—Some Gossip About Oregon Office-Seekers and their Chances—Personals

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan 8, 1886.—The tread of the New Year as he entered this capital city was light, but gladdening. Between 11 o'clock and midnight of December 31 the chimes of the great Metropolitan Methodist church were rung, the last time "Home, Sweet Home," being rendered just as the old year was dying. Washington did not waken to greet the new year she was already awake. Almost every other house in the well-to-do part of the city was ablaze with light, but soon after the town clock struck 12 their occupants, like sensible people, went to bed.

Oregon, with her boasted climate, has never seen a finer New Year's day than Washington saw on January 1, 1886. We thought Christmas could hardly be excelled. In comparison, however, it was to New Years as a polar night to a tropical day. Washington did not rise early, she knew that her social duties for the day would be arduous and carried far into the night, so she slept until the sun had flung a golden shaft across the waters and struck the dome of the great capitol, then she awoke, bright and joyous, threw open the windows of her bed chamber, and while gentle zephyrs frolicked among her curious curls she chanted to all the world, "Many happy returns of the day."

New York has ten times the population of Washington. When the former autocratically said "I will not keep open house on New Years day," she doubtless thought her younger sisters would hang card baskets on their door knobs, bolt their doors, close their shutters and sit with folded hands the livelong day. Her sisters did no such thing. They were as independent as the eagles of the heavens. Washington is unlike any other American city. Official life constitutes the very highest society, and so long as the president formally receives New Year's callers office holders and citizens will do the same.

No house in Washington is formally opened to callers until after the president has received the cabinet, senators and representatives, diplomatic corps and other officers. This year his reception began at 11 A. M. and closed at 2 P. M., the first hour being assigned to the reception of citizens. From

SEVEN TO EIGHT THOUSAND PEOPLE

Shook hands with the executive during this time. As before, the reception was held in the blue room, the middle one of the trio of reception rooms—the red, blue and green rooms. The president stood as usual, facing the north, while to his right stood Miss Cleveland and four of the cabinet ladies, Mrs. Bayard, Mrs Manning, Mrs Whitney and Mrs Vilas. And what an enjoyable time these ladies must have had. Three solid hours of smiling. Unlike Mr. Arthur's receptions the ladies here did not greet the callers as they passed; they simply stood still as Egyptian sphynxes and looked pleasant. Try it, ladies. Stand up and bring the thousands of people filing past you and you smiling at each one. There are several of you standing in a row, remember, and each of you is striving to look more pleasant than your neighbor [illegible] to attract the most attention. The world at large knows little of the trying ordeals that a lady of fashion [illegible] the record of shaking hands. For several minutes he greeted his callers at the rate of thirty four per minute, the best record ever made being thirty eight per minute by Gen Grant, this being sustained for fourteen minutes. But great as that man that the president is, he was thoroughly tired out when the last man shook his hand and Col. John M. Wilson introduced the [illegible] Mr. Cleveland.

From 2 P. M. to 6 P. M. the private houses in the city fairly laughed with merriment. I was somewhat exclusive in my calling. I called first of course on the president, and was greeted with a smile; there were about seven thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine other persons, however, who received the same greeting. Towards evening I went to Secretary Manning's. Mr Manning was standing in a spacious parlor, his wife at his right hand, while the Misses Tilden, nieces of the sage of Gramercy, were half reclining in luxurious chairs. There were but few callers in the room at this hour, and an excellent opportunity was afforded me, if I could only have spared the time, to have a good old fashioned chat with him. My time was so valuable, however, that I could not tarry. I asked Mr Manning if he did find the

SOCIAL ORDEALS OF SUCH A DAY

More arduous than other work. "Young man," he replied, in his stiff, self important way, "you may thank your stars that you are not a woman." I told him I had thought of that two or three times in my life, and that I tried to be as thankful as I could. Would I walk into another room and have a cup of coffee or something else? No. I did not care for coffee or something else. Would I have a cigar? No, I did not smoke. He looked straight into my face. I felt sure that he was saying to himself, "Ah, he is a young man to be proud of." I now feel that his thought was, "Another Washington crank playing the policy dodge, to-morrow he will come to me begging for an office."

Secretary Manning is a heavily built man, formed much like President Cleveland, is a trifle taller, and I should think a few pounds heavier. His face is very strong and determined, rather wider than commonly seen, forehead not particularly high, although appearing prominent by reason of his hair beginning so far back on his head. He combs his hair straight back in the Pompadour style. Mr Manning presents a striking contrast to his wife when they are standing together. He must weigh at least [illegible] pounds and looks as muscular as Longfellow's village smith. His wife appears frail, and I doubt if she weighs one-half as many pounds as her husband. Space forbids further mention of receptions in general, but Secretary Whitney, the moneyed man of the cabinet, is credited with having provided the most lavishly for his callers.

During the entire afternoon there was comparatively a stream of callers at Senator Dolph's residence, where Mrs Dolph, Miss Agnes Dolph and Miss Odeneal were receiving. Many of the most influential senators and representatives, justices of the supreme court, and navy and army officers could be found in the spacious drawing rooms at different hours of the day. A table containing a choice selection of light refreshments stood invitingly near. In speaking of this reception, the *National Republican* says: "Mrs. Dolph wore a handsome and becoming gown of black velvet, Miss Dolph wore a lovely dress of pink silk, and Miss Odeneal a pretty costume of white cashmere."

Miss Nellie Williams, of Oregon, received with Mrs Andrew W. Wilcox, at [illegible] Twenty-first street. Miss Williams is a pleasant entertainer, and has preserved to a striking degree an artlessness of manner that is very taking. Generally speaking, it would seem that affectation is one of the largest foundations of Washington society. Among other ladies receiving at this place was Miss Daisy Garland, of Arkansas.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Do not yet understand the new rules, and the members who do understand them are by no means agreed as to the effect they will have on legislation. On the democratic side of the House the faction that opposed the change and the faction that favored it are comparatively silent. Both are waiting for a practical working of the rules, and they are waiting nervously. What will be the result on measures of a general nature? Excepting a few measures of great national interest, more bills will become laws. What about the appropriations? They will undoubtedly be some larger, but at this time there is a disposition among the leading members of all the privileged committees to keep down the appropriations to almost a minimum. Of course, it is all theory now. They are mindful that the democratic party is on trial. The majority say that it was not so much for larger appropriations they were contending as it was to draw from under the iron hoof of a single man. Although they were in a measure successful, they are almost afraid of their success. Randall, to-day, is a Samson in strength, and although the clipping of his locks has weakened him for a time, they will soon attain their usual length. He has predicted effects from the new rules that make the opposing faction almost tremble lest they be fulfilled. If, as predicted, the appropriation committees become jealous of each other or are influenced to insist on liberal appropriations for their own districts, the flood gates will be opened and the party of boasted economy will stand indicted before the country as a party of prodigality.

What will be the effect on private bills? The opinion is general that, excepting possibly pension bills, fewer private bills will be enacted. The committee on claims is not a privileged committee under the new rules. While before there was practically only one committee to object to the consideration of claims, now there are five or six. By some the private bills are said to number four-fifths of all the bills introduced in congress, and yet it is almost impossible to secure action on claims of this character. There are

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS

Who have just claims against the government, but redress cannot be secured. There is much talk of enacting a law during the session that will take the greater number of claims entirely out of the hands of congress and create a board for their adjudication.

While doubtless the majority of claims are worthy ones, there are many that are spurious. It is unpleasant to record that a citizen of Washington territory has presented a claim that rings as though composed mostly of alloy. The claim is for Indian depredations committed on the Columbia river in 1878, is for several hundred dollars, and has been introduced both in the senate and house. This week there reached here a letter from a neighbor of the claimant saying that he is amazed that a bill has been introduced for the relief of Mr. So-and-so, that the claimant has often told the writer that $25 would pay for all loss sustained, as the article for which payment is claimed was recovered a few days after being made unserviceable. The letter gave addresses of several persons acquainted with the facts and asked that correspondence be opened with them. If this meets the eye of the claimant, and it doubtless will, he will clearly understand who is meant and it will be advisable for him either to take steps to have the claim withdrawn or to furnish refuting evidence. It is fictitious claims, such as this appears to be on its face, that causes committees and congress as a body, to look with distrust on worthy measures.

OFFICE SEEKERS AND THEIR FRIENDS

Are not always discreet. Far up at the head of the Willamette valley is the city of Eugene. It is a town favored by nature, a quiet, orderly, and has a healthy growth, like the oaks on the surrounding hills. Viewed from the top of a neighboring butte, with everlasting snow-peaks looking down upon it and a beauteous river murmuring softly at its feet, one would think that naught but brotherly love could ever find a lodgment in the heart of its citizens. Alas, me! It pains me to state facts, but I must. That city is now the scene of a great internal strife, the cause a postoffice. The office does not become vacant until May, but there are already a half dozen applicants for the place, all of them being more or less strongly recommended. I stumbled on almost the other day a hen sitting; [illegible] was [illegible], presumably for food, and I just quietly turned over the eggs and read the characters that a good housewife had penciled on the shell. It would not do for me to tell all that I know. One point only, and that for this time. There is in Eugene a man who lost a leg in the service of his country. He is an applicant for the postmastership. Whether the friends of the other applicants think the missing leg is in Washington lobbying for the individual who used to guide it I am [illegible] but I have been fired and have been aimed directly at that one man. Eighteen members of the legislature have filed a petition at the department here declaring that the appointment of this applicant will demoralize the democracy of the entire county; that Lane county is solidly democratic, and from the present outlook promises to be the keystone of the state. If, however, the administration harkens to the entreaties of Mr. [illegible] all will be lost. I am sure this [illegible] officer will be surprised to learn his power.

But here is something richer. An unterrified democrat of Lane county, who is not unknown in the halls of the state legislature, has written a letter. In this letter

THERE ARE SIX CHARGES

Against the applicant: That he is a bitter partisan; that he is supported by an unprincipled and low class; Gen. Rosecrans has warmly recommended him; that his appointment will make Lane county republican; that he has used crooked and underhanded means to secure an appointment; that he is a newcomer; that he is incompetent. Although acquainted with all the applicants, save possibly the one in question, I have never indicated a choice. I simply look on and am amused, and I know these lines will amuse the good people of Eugene. Everybody is of course aware that when applications are filed in Washington it is as easy for a man to reach his hand into a bolted safe as to gain access to the papers. I would simply suggest that when persons write letters they do not write them so plainly that they can be read across a continent.

The applicants for the office of United States district attorney are each making renewed efforts for the position. There is one man among them whose situation is not unlike that of the Eugene man spoken of. Judge Bronaugh is a target for the greater number, if not all, of the other applicants. Messrs. Fenton and Ison will not take it greatly to heart if Judge McArthur is appointed, while the judge will make no complaint if either of the former two is the fortunate one. As to Bell and D'Arcy I cannot speak with certainty, but it would seem that they are getting a little behind in the race. There are three charges against Judge Bronaugh: first, that his residence in Oregon is much like that of a sojourner, consisting of periodical flights; second, that his democracy is of the milk and water kind; third, that he will occasionally talk right out in meeting. The reader will have to determine the gravity of the charges.

I make it a rule to be careful in the use of words and do not venture a statement unless I have high authority for its being a correct one. The registership of the land office at Roseburg has been and is being strongly contested. If the appointment were made to-morrow I could name the appointee. He would be a staunch democrat of Roseburg and a man after whose father was named one of the counties of the state. The present outlook, however, may not be the outlook a few weeks hence.

There is a little postoffice at Cottage Grove that has been prominently brought to the notice of the department. E. W. Whipple, the postmaster, is a good republican. A few local democrats have been making strenuous efforts to have him removed, but as he is regarded by the department as an excellent officer he still holds the fort, and will doubtless hold it for some time to come.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr and Mrs J. L. Montgomery, of Portland, are registered at Willard's hotel. They reached here a little less than a week ago, and will remain until about the 14th, having prolonged their visit to attend the reception to Miss Agnes Dolph on the 12th inst. Mrs Montgomery will make a short stay in New York city, then go to St. Louis to accompany her father, Gov. Phelps, of Missouri, to some famous hot springs, should he then be able to endure the journey. She came East about two months ago to visit her father, who has been very ill. Mr Montgomery will return to Oregon during the month, passing through St. Louis. Mr and Mrs Montgomery are receiving marked attention from prominent people of Washington. This afternoon they dine at Secretary Bayard's.

In giving a list of Oregonians who are staying, temporarily or otherwise in Washington, I unwittingly omitted to mention Miss Nellie Williams, daughter of Hon. George H. Williams. Miss Williams came east last April and during the greater part of the time has been staying with her aunt in Prince George county, Md. She came to Washington in November, and is visiting Miss Wilcox, who was her classmate while at college. Miss Williams will probably remain here during the winter.

George Ames, a young man from Walla Walla, spent New Year's day in Washington. He was en route to Ithica, N. Y., to enter Cornell university.

T. C. JUDKINS.

NEW YORK NOTES.

The Custom of Making New Year's Calls Obsolete.

How the Change has been Brought About—The Saloons Keep Up the Custom—Lieutenant Greeley's Book

[Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 9, 1886.—The ancient custom that compelled New York men to pay calls on New Year's Day has for some years past been on the decline. Four or five years ago it was already suspected of being in the throes of death and on the first day of this January it may be said to have perished utterly and to have been deposited in the limbo of obsolete fashions. No one knows exactly when it began, but it had its origin in the life of the Dutch settlers, and was countenanced by Washington during his first term as president, when he held a New Year reception in this city. Probably to that fact is due the importance given to the anniversary at the White House at present. The custom in New York had its useful side. Few men cared to take the time needed for paying calls beyond the limits of a small circle at any other season, and the rest were glad to finish up all their obligations in this line on a single day of the 365, when they were sure of finding ladies at home. Besides, it gave to the ladies an agreeable variation from the usual round of visits exchanged with other ladies. The practice, therefore, found great favor. I remember the time, when on New Year's Day, not a woman ventured to appear on the streets in any quarter of the town occupied by "society." Ladies arrayed themselves in their best toilets at home. Frequently the shutters were closed, gas was lighted in the drawing rooms, and the fair women who were there to "receive" wore evening costumes from morning until night. The tradition of

KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITALITY

Required that a table should be spread in the dining room with luxurious viands and a variety of wines and nearly everyone who came was invited to refresh himself at the board. Gentlemen, on their part, donned dress coats and sallied forth at 10 or 11 in the morning to make a frantic series of calls that in some cases lasted until 10 in the evening. On Fifth avenue the only moving objects visible were the carriages containing these visitors and the long procession of pedestrians in swallowtails, who plodded from house to house along the snowy walks (for there was snow in those days). Pretty little baskets bound with gay ribbons hung from the bell knobs here and there, at houses where ladies were not receiving, and in these baskets little snowy tributes of pastel card were dropped. Men with a moderate visiting acquaintance made from fifty to sixty calls. The young butterflies of fashion sometimes hovered around the flowers at one or two hundred places, and were very apt to sip a little nectar at each refreshment table—always carefully choosing some one friend's house to stop long enough for a full lunch. They scorned to pause for dinner, and occasionally joined in a dance which followed the visiting festivity, late in the evening.

All this was very pleasant and cordial and many New Yorkers regretted the fatal signs of a decline in the custom. But there are several good reasons why it has

FALLEN INTO DISUSE

It was a great tax on the strength of the ladies who had to sit or stand in attendance upon their [illegible] ordeal for the men, who rushed about, saying "How do you do" and "Happy New Year" for some number of hours. Further, the system of light lunches and numerous glasses of wine led to unpleasant results and a movement in favor of banishing strong beverages from New Year's tables. Advantage was taken of the occasion, also to force acquaintance. Pushing men called at houses where they would not have attempted to penetrate at any other time, and some of the youngsters hunted in couples, each youth introducing the other to families with which only one or two of them had an acquaintance. Then, the calls were extremely unsatisfactory. They lasted from half a minute to five minutes and gave no chance for anything more than a few interrupted sentences. Finally, the city went on growing at such a rate that the task of covering the immense territory and seeing all the people who would expect to be remembered became impossible. Little by little women of society began to close their doors on the 1st of January, society men adopted the plan of sending cards instead of making calls, and the door bell baskets were gradually withdrawn, until this year scarcely one was to be seen in those regions that set the fashion in such matters. Thus it happens that an important social observance has been swept away, and the metropolis does not seem to be at all disturbed by the result. The only New Year lunches set out for all comers are in the barrooms of the principal hotels, where the most gaudy displays of delectable dishes, flowers and fancy pieces are made a show to attract crowds of loungers and drinkers. At one of these places the bill of fare this year included twenty-two different cold meats and fishes, together with hot [illegible] and a dozen cakes, sweetmeats and ices.

BALLS, DINNERS AND DANCES

Come with January, in great profusion and since we are on the subject of festal frivolities in eating and drinking, it may be worth while to speak of a peculiar type of business man who is brought into notice by these things. The fiercest sort of competition rages between the various wine merchants and agents of imported brands in putting forward their rival champagnes, and every important firm employs at least one man whose chief duty it is to frequent hotels, the supper rooms at public balls and all other public places where bibulous persons are likely to assemble and into which he can make his way, for the purpose of popularizing the kind of wine which his employes sell. The most successful of these professional wine drinkers are remarkable chiefly by an inordinate capacity for consuming champagne, and by a habit of listening with pleased, even joyous attention to the chatter of those whom they invite to assist in disposing of the sparkling fluid. Being good listeners, their powers of conversation are not highly developed, but they make up for this lack by ordering numberless bottles of fluid. Their vocabulary is limited to such phrases as "My regards," "This is a beautiful wine—smooth as velvet," "No headache even in a hogshead of it," etc. One of them was asked by an acquaintance of mine how much

CHAMPAGNE HE COULD DRINK

He reflected a moment, as if the subject had never occurred to him before and then replied: "Well, don't know. I can get away with as much as is necessary."

"But how much in an evening?" was the next inquiry.

The agent answered thoughtfully: "I can take eight or ten quarts without feeling it. I don't remember that I ever went beyond that. But you see this is such a beautiful wine that no amount of it can hurt a man. Waiter, bring another bottle!"

This reminds me of a story I have just heard about old ex-Senator Simon Cameron, who is now about 8[illegible] years of age. Not so long ago he was at a dinner with some younger men in Philadelphia, and lifting up a glass of champagne he said to them: "Boys, the first time I tasted any of this stuff was in 1824. I liked it so well that I have drank two quarts of it a day ever since." This is hardly a good anecdote for youth, but neither would it be safe for any one to act upon it without having Cameron's constitution and his other advantages of mind and will.

LIEUT. GREELY'S BOOK,

Containing the narrative of his Arctic exploration, is to be issued early next month, in two large volumes, which in some respects will be the most complete ever published upon an expedition to the far North. Those who expect to find in the work any new revelations as to the alleged cannibalism among the survivors will be disappointed, that matter being dismissed rather briefly, I hear. But the story will contain details of suffering, endurance and heroism which cannot fail to make it intensely interesting. The illustrations, also, attain the highest possible degree of accuracy, some of them being elaborated from the original sketches by Lieut. Lockwood. The drawings made from these sketches have been submitted to the survivors, and corrected again and again according to their suggestions and by the aid of topographical diagrams made at the time of the expedition. The result is that all concerned are satisfied with their correctness. One of the pictures, "Our First Funeral," is said to have affected some of the men very strongly, so that one of them said: "It is too real. I feel as if I was there again." Publication has been delayed on account of the absence of Greely in England and Scotland, where, by the way, he has been received by learned societies with a degree of attention and honor that forms a striking contrast to the indifference which similar bodies in this country have shown towards him. What is the reason for this manner of behaving, so common in our country, with regard to men who have performed useful or gallant service? Is it that we have a Spartan tendency and fear to weaken the fiber of brave men if we encourage them to do their duty well, or praise them too much after it has been done? I fear it is rather owing to a

CERTAIN GALLIC FICKLENESS.

But, fickle though the French may be, they take a great deal more pains than we do to recognize manly and meritorious conduct.

A man well known in literary and dramatic circles, however, with whom I was talking yesterday about the rewards of writers in this country and in England, told me some astonishing facts. B. L. Farjeon, who has certainly enjoyed a good deal of popularity, has in some cases sold a novel for not more than $750 and even this was not payable until after a year. In another instance an English publishing firm asked for a novel, for which it agreed to pay half profits, but on the following terms: The author to wait one year for an account, then six months to be allowed for him "to inspect the account," after which a bill would be given him payable six months later. In all, the author was to wait two years after publication of the novel before receiving a penny, to say nothing of the time required to write the novel. Even American writers are not quite so badly off as this, and perhaps Lieut. Greely will reap greater rewards as an author than he has received at the hands of scientific men at home.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

St. Louis Capitalists Anxious to Secure a Franchise to Establish Hotels in the National Wonderland.

Washington Special Jan 3.

A peculiar case of national interest is now before the interior department, involving a valuable franchise in the Yellowstone national park. Four or five years ago "Uncle" Rufus Hatch, the eccentric banker and broker of New York city, conceived the idea that a nice "spec" could be made by starting a summer resort at Yellowstone park that should rival Saratoga, Coney Island, Long Branch, and the other noted resorts of the east. So in 188[illegible] "Uncle" Rufus organized the Yellowstone National Park Improvement company, of which he was the president and guiding spirit. Under an act of congress the company secured from the interior department a monopoly of hotel privileges in the park, which was then a picturesque wilderness and almost unapproachable. The company put up a costly hotel in the park and spent, it is said, over $40,000 in advertising its attractions all over the world. It also induced the Northern Pacific Railroad company to build a branch to the park. Then came

THE FINANCIAL CRASH

Which broke the Northern Pacific railroad management and in fact, the whole Northwest, for a time. The Park company became embarrassed, the United States court of New Jersey, the domicile of the corporation, appointed a receiver to hold the property for those having claims against the company. The territorial court of Wyoming also appointed a receiver who, getting possession first, has held the hotel ever since the winter of 1883-4, running it during the season of 1884 under the direction of the court. Of course, a court does not know how to keep a hotel, and the result was a loss of $[illegible]000 for the season of 1884. Last season—1885—the Wyoming court rented the hotel to a C. T. Hobart for a nominal sum, and he is reported to have cleared from the hotel alone $12,000. Notwithstanding its heavy investment, therefore, the Yellowstone company has got no return for its expense in opening and developing the park. The company controlled the hotel only during its first season—that of 1883—when it was all outgo and no income. The company has recently undertaken to get on its feet again, regain control of its monopoly franchise and carry out its plan for running a hotel. But suddenly a

SYNDICATE OF ST. LOUIS CAPITALISTS

Bobs up, backed, it is said, by Senator Vest, and asks for a chance to build a hotel in the park and to bid for a part of the public patronage. The Yellowstone company and its creditors urge that the company went to great expense, relying on the good faith of the United States, and that it is unjust to allow a rival company to step in before the original company has got any returns for its work. This petition and protest of the Yellowstone National Park Improvement company and its creditors, and the application of the St. Louis syndicate were heard this week by Assistant Secretary of the Interior Muldrow, Messrs. John A. Newton, of Washington, appearing as attorneys for the company, Mr Gibson, of St. Louis, for the syndicate, and Representative Gilfillan, of Minnesota, appearing for his constituents, simply to protect them against the department's taking any action that might injure the value of his constituents' security for their claims. Secretary Muldrow, after the arguments, said that he had come to the conclusion that further accommodations ought to be afforded at the park for the traveling public; that it was the policy of the department

TO GRANT FURTHER LEASES,

And that on that policy he would act. In a letter to the St. Louis people, written by Secretary Muldrow on the [illegible]th of October last and referred to in his opinion, the secretary says to them: "Recognizing the importance of competition in the park to insure accommodation to visitors at fair and reasonable rates, I am inclined to accede to your request the most of the privileges asked within proper limitations, but I cannot consent that operations shall be commenced until the details have been agreed upon and the places where the buildings are to be located have been fixed." The secretary further said in his letter that before the syndicate could secure the desired lease it must submit to the superintendent of the park for approval plans of the buildings it proposes to erect, and if a hotel is to be built it must be completed before the 1st of August next. As yet the syndicate has complied with none of these terms. The Yellowstone company claims that its franchises under the contract made in 1881 are vested rights and cannot be violated. A costly and prolonged litigation is therefore probable.

Sorrows of a Bruiser

Interview with John Sullivan.

"I know, when I'm traveling, I've got to be very careful for fear of offending anyone. I remember one day I was out riding in a street car, and when I got up to go out I struck accidentally against the foot of a man who had his knees crossed and both legs blocking up the passageway. The man had legs like a giraffe, was no thicker than a barber's pole, but sassier than any mule. Says he:

"'You brute, I've a good mind to have you arrested.'

"'Don't do that, neighbor,' says I, good naturedly.

"'I want you to understand that you can't ruin my clothes,' says he.

"Then I got out, and the next day I read in a newspaper that I had tried to tear a man's trousers leg off and pulled a knife on the conductor because he interfered."

A Hint to Women

New York Graphic.

The young lady, Miss Jones, of Highland, Ulster county, N. Y., who received $50,000 for an act of kindness to an elderly lady in New York City, has received eleven letters asking her hand in marriage. This goes to show, among other things, how many men there are in the world who are ready to fall in love with a kind-hearted woman.

SOUTHEASTERN OREGON.

Personal Reminiscences of Early Days East of the Cascades.

Rise of the City of The Dalles—Discovery of Gold East of the Blue Mountains—Depredations of the Snakes—Incidents.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

It is not the object of the writer to enter into a minute and elaborate description of the section indicated above, but merely to say enough of it in a descriptive sense, and to touch its early history sufficiently to start out in 1858 with the celebrated Fraser river gold excitement—for that was the event which tended most to cause the sudden rise of eastern Oregon from a slow, uninteresting locality to a quickened, wealth producing, and most widely renowned section of Oregon—and trace its progress of development from that time to the close of the year 1864. History, Webster says, is a continuous narrative of events, and narrative is defined as a recital of particulars. To say, "Gold was discovered on a creek in southeastern Oregon by a party of miners from California, en route to the Fraser river mines; but the Indians attacked them and drove them away; the mines subsequently proved very rich, and aided greatly in the development of the whole state, but many lives were lost before the miners secured undisputed possession; many exciting scenes were enacted, many acts of heroism performed, etc., etc.," would be merely a statement that certain events had transpired, and that there was a history attached to that section. I propose to tell as far as I know of the most important and interesting events which happened during and between the two years mentioned. I may not be able to particularize all that occurred, though the omission may be facts of much moment, besides, I may have seen things as others did not. The transportation of military supplies during the Cayuse war of 1847-8 was the beginning of American transportation from the Willamette up the Columbia. The settlement of a few hardy men at The Dalles in 1848 and subsequently, continued the line of transportation up the stream and rendered necessary the shipment of goods below. All of this transportation was carried on in open boats until, and a year after the establishment of Camp Drum at the Dalles in May 1850. This military camp was the first permanent quarters occupied by the federal forces in Eastern Oregon, unless Cantonment Loring, which was located in a valley formed by the junction of the Port Neuf with Snake river, in July, 1849, and abandoned in May, 1850, might be said to have prior claims. When the military was changed from Cantonment Loring in May 1850, as before stated, to Camp Drum, at The Dalles, the

SMALL NUMBER OF CIVILIANS

Employed by the military, added to a larger number of transient settlers who were living at the place engaged in varied occupations, from legitimate trade to the stealing of stock, formed the nucleus of the town—at that time—of The Dalles. In 1851 a very small steamer, scarcely deserving of the name, by reason of its inadaptability, was put upon the river above the Cascades. Being little better than the Hudson Bay bateaux it did not succeed in securing but an equal share of transportation. But the next year a greater and rapidly increasing demand for goods was manifest, and a larger boat was put on. In 1852 immigrants began to stop at the little village and look about them for locations. More military supplies were called for, the settlers showed permanency in their improvements, and also called for goods, the travel over the Cascades became yearly less, as the passage to the valley by the river was quicker made, and more steamers were put on to meet the increasing demand. In 1853 the name of Camp Drum was changed to Fort Dalles, and became a permanent establishment. The settlers now became certain that they would be free from Indian depredations, and felt certain of their holdings. Buildings were erected of good material to take the place of the inferior hovels, streets were more certainly defined, and by the beginning of 1854 a fair village, on a beautiful site, [illegible] sighted the broad Columbia with the most eastern village of Oregon nestled on its inviting bank. From 1852 forward many immigrants settled on the Umatilla, Walla Walla and other inviting spots. Many more remained at The Dalles each succeeding year, and many went out over the bald undulating hills and found homes on the rich but narrow bottoms of the winding creeks. Money was plenty, goods were comparatively cheap, trade and work remunerative, crimes of lesser enormity were not always punished, and "The Dalles is the best place to go to," was the watchword in other lands for those who sought a change. "That is of no consequence, if The Dalles has got a bad name, and every scoundrel goes there who can; every man ought to be able to take care of himself." And so they could. There was not nearly so much crime committed then as now, comparatively, for every man was privileged by common consent to care for himself, and he did it effectually. There was little relying on the law for personal security, and bad men knew the inevitable consequences to themselves if they did not follow the golden rule,—and they generally followed it. From time beyond the memory of the oldest Indians of The Dalles they had been subject to raids by the Shoshone or Snake Indians, and at the time of the settlement of The Dalles by the whites, and on up to the end of 1854, the Snakes often came within a short distance of the town. In Tygh valley, thirty miles south of The Dalles, on the Des Chutes to within twenty miles of the Columbia, and on the John Day about the same, these irreconcilable savages watched for their hereditary enemies and the white men, and drove them back or shed their blood. After the conclusion of the Yakima war of 1856 a large body of the late hostiles, principally the Yakimas, although forced to make peace and exhibit outward friendship, were

FAR FROM BEING FRIENDLY.

An order was instituted among them, after the war, which they called Smohalla. They were to repudiate all of the white man's dress, readopt the superstitions of their ancestors, profess eternal hatred of the whites, though at peace and should remain as near in their wild state as possible. They were to beat the drum every morning and evening, beginning with one on Monday, and ending the week with seven on Sunday. They were to dance and sing and earnestly worship some unseen power, after the fashion of their ancestors. This doctrine was readily adopted by quite all the young men. They had a conspicuous and distinctive mark to indicate membership, that was to bang their hair, a habit that has been adopted by the sex of the white race, and as instinctively as that which is to be seen now. They [illegible] to [illegible] their children, that [illegible] the doctrine and ceremonies, that the time would come when the whites would be expelled and they would again have control [illegible]. Prior to 1858 a part of eastern and all southeastern Oregon was an unexplored wilderness held by the vindictive, untamable Snakes. In that year came the news of the discovery of rich mines on Fraser river, in British Columbia. The news increased in volume as it spread until the people of California, Oregon and Washington were wild with excitement. From Northern California to the Fraser mines the best route was through Oregon, by way of The Dalles. In the month of June of that year pack trains were fitted out in California and pushed on to Marysville and pushed on up toward Oregon. As they advanced north they were joined by thousands of miners and other traders. Merchants and professional men, gamblers, cut-throats and thieves wended their way to Oregon. Some stopped at The Dalles, others kept on to Fraser river. In the month of July, 1858, the first great wave overland from California struck The Dalles. Two weeks later the suburbs of the town were dotted with tents and the hills and creek bottoms for many miles out were crowded with horses and mules. Trade was brisk and prices rose, for goods were not plenty nor easy to get. Many of the new comers remained in business at The Dalles, while the waves rolled on to the mines. The agricultural lands came into demand and an abundance of food for the non-producers began to come into the town in abundance. The spring of 1859 brought news of rich discoveries of gold near the eastern limits of the state, and another rush through The Dalles began.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

And other highlands were filled with prospectors, and the hitherto unexplored valleys were traversed by wandering crowds. More steamers and a railroad at the Cascades were required to supply the needs of thousands of men above. The Dalles grew in size and wealth, and strangers usurped the trade. In the early spring of 1862 news came from the southeastern portion of the country that a rich deposit of gold was found near the head of the John Day, and a new stampede began. A newspaper, The Dalles Journal, had been started at The Dalles in 1860, by H. P. Isaacs and Capt. Thomas Jordan. The latter was subsequently chief of Gen. Beauregard's staff in the confederate army. Democratic in politics, but not over zealous, in all else conservative and eminently fair, this paper widely disseminated the news of rich, auriferous discoveries in the eastern portion of the state, but was never too sanguine while under its original management. [illegible] when it passed into their hands as The Dalles Mountaineer, I shall leave the question of its veracity to those who recollect the gold Alder gold excitement of 18[illegible]. As before stated, the discovery of gold in Eastern Oregon caused a stampede of miners to the new discoveries. Moving from all points of the compass, making their own trails through the wilderness, seeking gold as they traveled through unexplored localities, they honeycombed the valleys and hills and mountains with their devious trails and began the development of unexplored sections, which to-day are still inviting to labor and trade. The advance and success of the first wave of hardy miners attracted others from places near and remote, and the rush of hustle and capital still continued. The little town of The Dalles rose rapidly into note. Buildings rapidly rose upon vacant lots, and even upon the original blocks in the rear of the original town. Lawyers and doctors, preachers and gamblers, thought The Dalles as the most inviting field [illegible], and the audacious town claimed a chance in the race for the state capitol. The large military forces, an army forts above, the large number of farmers scattered over the many fertile valleys of the wide interior, and the hundreds of stationary and roving miners on every creek, and river, and hill, and mountain, and valley, called for immense quantities of necessary and unnecessary supplies. To meet this extensive and rapidly increasing demand the early merchants of Portland were not able, and capital from San Francisco and the East came to the metropolis to engage in the inviting field and share in the immense profits of the trade. To conduct this mighty traffic, steamers in greater number were put upon the river to the Cascades, a railway around, and steamers from there to The Dalles. Large warehouses were built at The Dalles, and at Celilo, twelve miles above, and goods were hauled in wagons between. This caused a great influx of teams and teamsters to The Dalles and the continuous crack of drivers' whip, and "Gee! Haw, Buck" with notes less polite, made music on every street.

THE CANYON CITY MINES.

One of the hundreds of prospecting parties that were out in the mountains, composed of near a dozen men, came to a small creek, subsequently called Little Pine, a few miles above or east of the present Canyon City, about April 1862. They discovered some gold on the creek after carrying a few days, and felt confident of finding more. They had yet seen no indications of Indians since crossing the mountains from the east side, at the head of the middle fork of John Day river. Becoming careless, they dispensed with guard duty, and contentedly lay down to sleep, some in the tent, some on the ground by their fireplace. The night passed without incident, but in the morning at the break of day, while they were soundly sleeping, a large band of Snake Indians, who had [illegible] ately followed them from east of the mountains, crept up to their camp and discharged several flights of arrows into them. All were wounded but succeeded for the time in getting away. Two of the number were never afterward found. The remainder got away, with a part of their goods and horses, after a partially successful fight with their assailants. After they had abandoned their prospects, another party, from Yreka, in the following June discovered gold in Canyon creek, near its confluence with the middle fork of John Day river, and a few miles west of the first discovery.

The fame of this last discovery rapidly spread and a train of thirty wagons came into the new diggings about the middle of July following from Yreka via Klamath lake. Crossing the Blue mountains at the head of the south fork of John Day, they went up to the mines. By this time men by the thousands were flocking to new discoveries in the neighborhood were made and the town of Canyon City was growing rapidly in extent. The only depot of supplies was The Dalles, and from that place pack trains early started out to the Canyon Creek mines. Thus The Dalles was a hive of rushing hubbub—a place of gain and vice. The roads to the eastern mines were infested by robbers, claiming to be white men, and dubbed, by their own invention, "road agents."

NUMEROUS WERE THE ROBBERIES

Committed without the shedding of blood, but many there were whose blood was spilled. [illegible] was not safe, and the public at large became alarmed and organized committees for the public weal. So numerous became these road agents, and so ramified their systems of robbery and escape that detection seemed to be futile, [illegible] and fright and amazement weighed upon the public mind. A last determined vigilance committee took the field as traveling courts of justice, and quickly reduced the criminal list, [illegible] about the last months of 1863 the last [illegible] had resigned his commission and sought refuge in a warmer clime. But on the southeast road to Canyon City another species of criminals kept the stream of travel in continual commotion. From the first discovery of gold at that place, as has before been noted, the Indians hovered around the settlement and cut off the straggling men. Pack trains and companies of miners from The Dalles suffered much along the route, from the east bank of the Des Chutes to the very streets of the mining town. Several men on each of the two creeks, Big and Little Pine, a few miles east of Canyon City, were waylaid and shot by the skulking natives. Below the town, on the devious trail which wound in and out through the broken hills, deep gulches and craggy knobs, Indians waylaid the travelers, and many a man bit the dust when but a few miles distant from the mines. At many places on the route, Currant creek, Muddy, Rock creek and others, the Indians did much damage in 1862, but it was not till the next year that they began operations on a determined basis. A man named Mille[illegible]worth was camped with his pack train within half a mile of Canyon City late in 1863, and going into the town for a few hours left his mules alone. While he was gone a band of Indians

STAMPEDED THE MULES

And ran them over the mountains to Harney lake valley. The owner raised a company of men and followed the Indian trail to the valley but the Indians drove them back and kept the stock. While in the valley and in view of the Indians and his stock, devising ways and means to regain his property, he was greatly annoyed by seeing the naked nomads bestriding his horses and mules, riding like Scythians over the rye grass plains, and taunting him with outward [illegible]—telling him to come and get his mules. About the same time several Indians came near the miners and attempted to steal some horses, but were chased into the hills. They were fired on by a superior party of white men and driven away, but one of the Indians fell to the ground and [illegible] his companions left him there. He had been hit by a rifle ball and his captors took him to the city and treated him kindly. When he had recovered sufficiently to be strong enough for the operation Dr. Dusley [illegible] a rough operation [illegible] the [illegible] with a [illegible] Their camp was made on the [illegible] a large jutting rock at the foot of a [illegible]. Their camp was near the road, which was traveled by the wagons and pack trains. [illegible] and they had remarked to each other that they [illegible] themselves absolutely safe from attack as they were out of the line of travel. Then a sense of safety [illegible] one night they retired to their

BEDS ON THE ROCK

And by conversing of such things as might be supposed most interest men in their condition. Twilight deepened into dusk, and still they lay and talked, two of them enjoying an evening pipe. Suddenly and with no note of warning, the sharp crack of four rifles broke the stillness, at the same instant a score of arrows darted out from the adjoining rocks and finding a lodgment in the flesh of the startled men. One of their number was killed outright, the other four, though severely wounded, escaped from the bed and [illegible] struggled over the rocks in the front of the creek, and made their way down it in the darkness about half a mile, when one of them was mortally wounded by a bullet and carrying an arrow in his shoulder, laid down on the bank of the stream in a cluster of brush and died. The next summer a number of emigrants who were camped near the place where he died and two of the emigrant girls were wandering along the creek when one of them espied a gold watch lying near a cluster of bushes. She picked up the watch, and the two made further search, when they came upon the skeleton of a man lying in the thicket. The people buried the remains near the spot.

His companion kept on down the stream eight miles further, to the ranch of Mr. Oliver, where he arrived in an exhausted condition from his wounds and superhuman exertions to reach a place of safety. He lingered all night in great pain, and died calling the following day. Two [illegible] one of the younger men—only [illegible] wound in his side, by a rifle ball, besides two lesser wounds by arrows in other parts of his body. The old man was wounded with arrows in a few, but the wound itself was not very serious, and he comported himself quite fortunate in not being more severely hurt. When the wounds of the younger man had been bound as well as it could be done in the darkness and excitement of the unexpected and disastrous occurrence, they climbed but slowly and with much pain the high and sterile rocky bluff on the east side of the Snake, intending to make their way to Canyon City. The country over which they were to travel was very uneven and often cut into deep gorges by creeks of considerable size. They were afraid to descend to the trail along the main river, for they thought that the Indians would be on the lookout for small bands of travelers, which they might successfully attack. But death to the young man seemed to be inevitable, and he prevailed upon the elder one to leave him and go and try to

SAVE HIS OWN LIFE

They descended from the high land to near the trail to Canyon City, and the old man went ahead, leaving the young one to die alone in the wilderness. The old man's wound was painful and his whole body was racked with fever induced by the poisoned arrow. He eventually reached Canyon City, but rapidly grew worse, and at last died. The young man who was left to die did not feel inclined to yield up the ghost without more exertion, and in spite of wounds and almost despair he moved slowly on. Stopping at all convenient places and bathing his wounds, he, too, at last came down the trail to the wood but he was almost dead when he reached the place he had labored to attain with the utmost heroic endurance. By careful nursing he recovered after a few months' confinement, but did not regain his original standard of strength.

We have now to look at another spectacle equally as atrocious, probably more so, as the act was performed by a white man of fair education and experience. In the summer of 1863 Mr. Gallaher, in company with another man named Berry Wey, were traveling the trail together from Canyon City to The Dalles. Gallaher had considerable money and a small number of pack mules. It was his purpose to buy a load of goods at The Dalles and return with them to Canyon City. Wey also had a little money and a few mules, and they were to travel and pack together for the round trip. Gallaher had proposed to hire an assistant, not only to aid in packing, but to make their party stronger in case of an attack by Indians. To this Wey would not agree, strongly affirming that they were competent to successfully defend themselves and their train. He prevailed, and they started out for The Dalles. They progressed well on their journey and at last reached Cold Camp, on a low divide between Currant creek and Antelope valley, about eighty miles from The Dalles. Here they camped for the night [illegible]

WEY KILLED HIS COMPANION

And dragged his body away from the trail a short distance to a wide spreading juniper tree, under which he secreted it. He packed up the goods over the body and continued on his way to The Dalles, with his murdered companion's money and mules. He bought goods, loaded the mules and returned to Canyon City. When questioned regarding Gallaher, he answered that he, Wey, had bought his mules, and that he had gone to Portland by the way of the Willamette. In the spring [illegible] over the Barlow road [illegible] Wey was secured for the murder, and placed under arrest. That he was guilty there was no doubt, but the men who were guarding him became overpowered with sleep one night and Berry Wey left for the mountains. He was followed to [illegible] City, captured and brought back. He was taken from the officers having him in charge by a committee of citizens, a jury of twelve men, residents of the place was selected, counsel was furnished the prisoner, and a trial in proper, though not legal form, was had, and Wey was adjudged guilty of murder as charged and sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead. The sentence was then executed. [illegible] by the lawless act [illegible] for the sentence was considered just, and many hundreds of dollars were saved to Wasco county.

In the summer of 1863 the project of building a good trail from The Dalles to Canyon City was started by some far seeing citizens of The Dalles. The trail was materially improved and a new bridge put across the Des Chutes nine miles above the old one, so as to accommodate the travel on the new route. Another company was formed a little later known as The Dalles and Boise Military Road company which obtained a grant of land along the route, from the general government. A fair road was built and for many years a great amount of freight was conveyed along the road by wagon and pack-train. For several miles south of upper Currant creek, and west of a small stream called Muddy, which comes from the south and strikes Currant creek at a right angle, is a large scope of country of peculiar formation. The appearance of this locality can be best understood from the name "Potato Hills," given to it by the first travelers along the route. These small grassy knolls were clustered thickly over the expanse,

INTERSPERSED WITH SCRUBBY PINES

And clusters of service berry, wild plum and grease wood bushes. These potato hills increase in size, elevation and ruggedness, to the east, a distance of near five miles till the little stream of Muddy is reached, when the hills turn into bluffs of shelving and scale rock. In this locality the Snake Indians made their principal attacks upon trains and travelers in 1864, though the whole distance from this place to Canyon City, 100 miles, was subject to their attacks. Down this Currant creek road a pack train belonging to a man named Nelson, who was on his return from The Dalles with a load of goods. Along the creek were numerous clusters of wild currant bushes, from which the creek received its name, affording excellent shelter for the skulking Indians. The packers were [illegible] the arrows [illegible] An attempt [illegible] the creek [illegible] "fixing" the packs, and the rifles [illegible] "Indians" [illegible]. Not to be a Smohalla was not to be a [illegible] of the [illegible]. All of

THE WARM SPRING VALLEY INDIANS

Belonged to the order, and when moved from the vicinity to the Warm Spring reservation by agent Dennison in 1858 they did not try to conceal their aversion to the change, and their dislike of the whites. They would not till the soil but to a very limited extent and but little was done by the few who possessed [illegible]. The reservation is but a short distance—about twenty miles—from the Canyon City road, and it was, with a strong assurance that the depredations of the young Smohallas of the Warm Spring reservation often engaged in the congenial pastime of robbing trains along Currant creek and Muddy.

The bottom lands on both the north and south fork of John Day river is of a large, and highly productive. The whole of the upland country is covered with the juicy bunch grass. Men with stock, and others for the purpose of grazing, sought this region as soon as the mining country were opened and miners began to traverse the hitherto unexplored country, in all directions. The road to the mines for a considerable distance passed up the valley of the middle fork, and along this stream, where the road followed the valley, the first claims were taken and improvements began.

The Indians at first seemed to have realized the fact that their dominion over the country would soon pass away, but were determined to make a final and strong fight to retain control of their ancient domain. On every house building in the valley, and during the fall of 1862 an attack was sure to be made. Even at Cross Hollows, about fifty miles from The Dalles, an attack was made, but with no good results to the savages, but their depredations were generally committed further along the road. Although the few [illegible] were annoyed by the continual presence of the savages, the traveling public were not much concerned, for there were two evils in those days attending upon a passage through any portion of Eastern Oregon—road agents and Indians. Between the two annoyances there was really no choice, both were equally dangerous and unrelenting. The Indians were confined to the southern road because of their hereditary enemies the river Indians and the great number of settlers along the northern route, while the road agents were confined to the north because of the Snake Indians and the difficulty of finding food and lodgings on the southern road. In another article we will trace the history of this section during 1863-4, at which time many things of exciting interest occurred.

O. W. O.

WHAT COCAINE IS MADE OF

The Strange Effects of Chewing Coca.

The Nineteenth Century.

In the valleys east of the Andes in tropical South America there are, and have been from immemorial times, extensive plantations of the coca shrub. It is indigenous to those regions but the natives of Peru and Bolivia cultivate the plant in terraces which are likened to the vine yards of Tuscany and the Rhine Land. Erythroxylon Coca is allied to the common flax, and forms, says Dr. Johnson, a shrub of six or eight feet resembling our black thorn, with small white flowers and bright green leaves. Many thousands of acres are [illegible] in Peru and Bolivia to its growth. The leaves, of which there may be three or four crops in the year, are collected by the women and children and dried in the sun, after which they are ready for use, and form, indeed, according to travelers, the usual money exchange in some districts the workman being paid in coca leaf. The consumption of this leaf, almost universal in the countries named, has extended across the Andes into Brazil, but here it is powdered and chewed with the ashes of plants. Among the Peruvians and Bolivians the coca leaves are rolled with a little unslaked lime into a ball, a quid, and chewed in the mouth. We shall presently find a wonderfully similar process among the betel chewers, far away to the east. The practice, it has been said, is almost universal in those South American countries. Although the Spanish conquerors denounced the native Indian and all his works, including the chewing of the coca leaf, these prohibitions proved as powerless as the bull launched by Urban the Eighth against tobacco. The Peruvian was faithful to the tradition of his fathers, and the rigorous ban was unavailing. [illegible] the Spaniards, seeing how admirably the natives worked in mine and plantation when the coca was permitted them, decreed certain hours of suspension of labor for chewing the leaf, and presently came to encourage its growth by every means in their power, and even to recommend its introduction into Europe.

Coca chewing is an anodyne comparable to smoking of opium. Both must be taken quiet and with deliberation. The coca chewer three or four times in the day retires to a secluded spot, lays down his burden, and stretches at full length beneath a tree. Slowly from his chuspa, a little pouch which is ever at his girdle, the leaves and the lime are brought forth. The [illegible] for a period of near forty minutes, and then the toil of the day [illegible] refreshed is quietly taken up [illegible] almost daily and much prized distraction [illegible] excess [illegible] "White [illegible]" [illegible] the Indians regard the coca with extreme reverence. Von Tschudi, quoted by Dr. Johnston in his "Chemistry of Common Life," says: "During divine worship the priests chewed coca leaves, and unless they were supplied with them it was believed that the favor of the gods could not be propitiated. It was also deemed necessary that the supplicator for divine grace should approach the priests with an acullico in his mouth. It was believed that any business undertaken without the benediction of coca leaves [illegible]. During an interval of more than three hundred years Christianity has not been able to subdue this deep-rooted idolatry, for everywhere we find traces of belief in the mysterious powers of this plant. The excavators in the mines of Cerro de Pasco throw chewed coca upon the hard veins of metal in the belief that it softens the ore and renders it more easy to work. The Indians, even at the present time, put coca leaves into the mouths of dead persons in order to secure them a favorable reception on their entrance into another world, and when a Peruvian Indian on a journey falls in with a mummy he, with timid reverence, presents to it some coca leaves as his pious offering."

The coca plant resembles tea and hops in the nature of its active principles, although differing from them entirely in its effects. In the coqueros the latter are not inviting. "They are," says the traveler just quoted, "a bad breath, pale lips and gums, greenish and stumpy teeth, and an ugly black mark at the angles of the mouth. The inveterate coquero is known at the first glance by his unsteady gait, his yellow skin, his dim and sunken eyes encircled by a purple ring, his quivering lips, and his general apathy, all bear evidence of the baneful effects of the coca juice when taken in excess." The general influence of the moderate doses is gently soothing and stimulating but coca has in addition a special and remarkable power in enabling those who consume it to endure sustained labor in the absence of other food. This appears to be a well-attested fact, and accords strikingly with similar effects observed in the consumers of opium. Both coca and opium and to a less extent alcohol and tobacco, check waste in the body, slightly lowering the temperature, and economizing more or less the expenditure of force. In the case of coca, opium and tobacco, this is well seen under hard labor and in the absence of food. Alcohol plays, as we have already hinted, a precisely similar part where waste and expenditure are excessive, [illegible] fever. In regard to coca, Von Tschudi says: "A man was employed by me in very laborious digging [illegible] five days and nights [illegible] he never tasted any food [illegible] took only two hours' sleep each night, but [illegible] two and a half [illegible] chewed about half an ounce of coca leaves, and he kept an acullico continually in his mouth. I was constantly beside him, and therefore had the opportunity of closely observing him. The work for which I engaged him being finished, he accompanied me on a two days' journey across the level heights. Though on foot he kept up with the pace of my mule, and halted only for the chacchar (chewing). On leaving me he declared he would willingly engage himself again for the same amount of work, and that he would go through it without food if I would but allow him a sufficient supply of coca. The village priest assured me that this man was 62 years of age, and that he had never known him to be sick a day in his life."

Another special effect of the coca is produced upon the lungs and breathing. The Peruvian under this drug climbs mountain passes and sustains exertion at high altitudes with no breathlessness. Europeans in the same country have derived from coca the same effect. This recalls the accounts of the peasant mountaineers of Styria in Austria. These men eat white arsenic which is obtained from the copper mines and sold by peddlers throughout the region. It is also given to the horses, and both man and horse derive the same power—long windedness—from its use. In Styria, however, the drug is used by the young women also for the brightness of the complexion, which is said to become fresh and beautiful under its influence. But it is not known that coca or opium or alcohol or any other stimulant narcotic has any such effect upon the skin, so that we must look elsewhere for motives to their consumption.

A Contradiction About Crook's Removal.

Washington Special, Jan. 11.

Senator Van Wyck and Representative Dorsey, of Nebraska, Judge Carey, delegate from Wyoming territory, and Maj. Llewellyn, lately agent of the Mescalero Indians called upon the president to-day with reference to his reported purpose to remove Gen. Crook from command of the troops operating against the Apaches. They represented that much anxiety had been created in the West by the report, whereas Gen. Crook, by reason of the bravery and skill he had evinced in many Indian wars, was held in high appreciation. The president spoke admiringly of Gen. Crook, and assured the visitors that no serious purpose of removing him had been entertained. He said Gen. Crook should have all the aid he wanted, with [illegible] necessary to quell disturbances, protect settlers and punish savages. The president said he was determined that these objects should be accomplished.

The gentlemen then called upon Gen. Sheridan with reference to the same subject, and were assured by him as by the president that Gen. Crook's removal was not contemplated.

OREGON WAR PAPERS.

Matters Pertaining to Idaho and Oregon East of the Cascades

Col. Haller's Expedition—The Massacre near Fort Boise—Shocking Details of Indian Barbarity—Capt. Wallen's Party

WRITTEN FOR THE OREGONIAN.

Major Granville O. Haller was a Pennsylvanian, and not a graduate of West Point. He was a veteran of the Mexican war and held two brevets for gallant and meritorious conduct. He became captain in 1848, attached to the Fourth infantry, which rank he held while in Oregon, but was usually called major, from his brevet rank. He served during the first two years of the rebellion as major, but was dismissed from service in 1863. By a hard won [illegible] got reinstated in 1879 by joint resolution of congress, and became colonel of the Twenty-third infantry. While the Indian wars of 1855-6 went on, Haller held position subordinate to Maj. Raines and Col. Wright, and was given no more than an amount of rough, arduous service to perform, for which he never got much credit, owing, perhaps, to his not being a West Pointer.

Haller's earliest considerable service was performed as commander of the expedition which went from The Dalles to Fort Boise to punish the Indian murderers of the Ward party in 1854. This was

ONE OF THE MOST HORRIBLE OUTRAGES

Ever committed by Indians, in fact, it is doubtful if its terrible details were ever exceeded in atrocity in any country or at any time.

This episode, known usually as the Fort Boise massacre, occurred on August 20, 1854, at a point on the emigrant trail about twenty-five miles above Fort Boise, and very near the Boise river. The victims were immigrants from Missouri, and constituted a train of about twenty persons with four wagons, forty cattle, a dozen horses and other property. The leader was Alexander Ward, who was accompanied by his wife and their seven children, the oldest a boy of 17. Mrs. White, the wife of William White of Looking-glass prairie, Douglas county, who had settled in Oregon previously and now had sent back for his wife and child. W. [illegible] Babcock, Dr. Charles Adams and his younger brother, Samuel Mulligan, two Germans and a Frenchman, names unknown, total, eighteen persons.

As was the habit with many of the immigrants, the rest of the train had taken no precautions for defense against the natives, but growing careless by immunity from danger they allowed their arms to become useless from rust and disuse. When on reaching the above station the Boise river, the party was attacked by the Indians, no effective resistance was made, and according to the only survivor, young Newton Ward, only two of the party resisted at all. The two exceptions were Dr. Adams and Mulligan, who fought until they were shot down by the Indians, who numbered twenty or thirty warriors.

It happened that a second party of immigrants came within hearing of the firing, and getting an inkling of the state of affairs, a volunteer force of seven armed men, led by Wm. Yantis, came upon the scene and

CHARGED THE INDIANS

While they were engaged in plundering the wagons. The force was too small, however, and after a slight exchange of hostilities, were compelled to withdraw after losing one of their number, a boy of 17, named Ammen, who fought with [illegible] and single handed at [illegible] some of the savages from the wagons, but in an onslaught following them into the brush, was killed by them. Mr. Yantis' forces [illegible] formed an [illegible] the greater part of the white men engaged in this painful affair, who seem to have betrayed a pitiful want of courage. All this occurred on August 20. On the 22d, a party of eighteen men, well armed and well mounted, left Fort Boise for the scene of the tragedy, their errand being to rescue the survivors, apprehend the murderers and bury the dead. It was supposed that the women of the party were held in captivity by the savages, but as the sequel showed, they had been murdered.

It was found that Mulligan, Adams, Babcock, Alexander Ward, and Robert, his son, and an unknown German, had been killed at the place of the first attack, while the body of young Ammen [illegible] the remains of young Miss Ward, who had been shot through the head, after the most dreadful and indescribable atrocities had been perpetrated upon her person.

Near by the four wagons had been burned, after their contents were removed, and 100 yards further the outraged body of Mrs. White was found stripped of clothing and scalped, and her skull beaten in with clubs and penetrated with a bullet. Nearby, across the river from this point, was the abandoned encampment of the Indians who had done these cruel deeds, consisting of sixteen brush lodges. In the midst of this camp lay the mutilated remains of Mrs. Ward, bruised, tomahawked and dismembered. Three of her younger children lay upon the dead embers of a fire by which they were supposed to have been roasted in their mother's sight. The existing accounts of this affair describe the

FINDING OF THIRTEEN BODIES,

Including that of young Ammen, leaving six unaccounted for, one of them being Newton Ward, who was rescued by the Yantis party. Of the five remaining three were children and two foreigners. Whether they or any of them survived is not known to the writer of this. Certainly there is no mention of it in the Oregon papers of that date, which were not remarkable for scrupulous accuracy or thoroughness.

John F. Noble, of Walla Walla, a well known pioneer of Eastern Oregon, but now living at Carlisle, Penn., was at Fort Boise, and formed one of the party of eighteen who investigated the affair on the 22d of August. He was then on his way East, but stopped at Fort Boise, and as there was need of a messenger to notify the government forces at Fort Dalles, the nearest military station, he undertook to transmit the intelligence. He likewise wrote the account of it, which is the basis of the foregoing narrative.

Major Haller received the news on the 26th of August, and the next day organized a force to proceed to Fort Boise and chastise the brutal savages on their own ground. This force, necessarily a small one, was under his personal command, and consisted of twenty-seven privates and three officers (Haller, Surgeon Suckley and Lieut. MacFeeley, of the Fourteenth infantry) who were joined three days after [illegible] Fort Dalles by thirty-seven volunteers, mainly residents of The Dalles, and who were led by Nathan Olney, captain, and Orlando Neal and J. A. [illegible], lieutenants. On September 20, when at Fort Boise, a detachment of fifteen men of the third United States artillery joined the expedition led by Lieut. Day. Major Haller, with the volunteers, reached Fort Boise September 21, having taken twelve days to travel the distance which the messenger had covered in six, which was however,

[illegible] HORSEBACK [illegible]

Before the introduction of steam communication the route traveled in those days led by the Grand Ronde and Powder river, and the distance between the two points was about 300 miles, but it is only 240 as the crow flies. The regulars were two days longer upon the road, only arriving on the 13th.

On the 14th the volunteers took five Indian prisoners, who were put in charge of Lieut. Neal and six others, by whom they were shot down while endeavoring to make their escape. On the 15th the expedition moved to Payette river northwest of Fort Boise, and captured the empty lodges and some packs of dried salmon belonging to members of the Winnass tribe, the suspected murderers. Some Indians had been taken along as guides for the expedition, and they discovered, skillfully concealed, a large number of the articles taken from the Ward train. While preparing to encamp, the scouts discovered the hiding place of Indians and Capt. Olney, at the head of a volunteer party, dashed off and soon captured an old man, a squaw and three children. The man proved to be a chief of the Winnass tribe. On the next day the regulars, while scouring surprised a lodge, killed two Winnass Indians, captured three squaws and some horses and provisions. On the 18th the party returned to the Boise river, and at night advanced upon a village of Indians, but found the inhabitants gone, they having taken the opportunity to escape a few hours before. The expedition now encamped thirty-five miles above Fort Boise, and remained for a few days, resting the horses and men. On the 21st a small party of regulars while scouting, met a trader, Jeffreys by name, who reported that

INDIANS WERE FOLLOWING HIS TRAIN

And threatening an attack. The regulars charged upon them, capturing a horse, but killing no Indians. This Jeffreys was the last of the immigration of the year 1854. The hunt resulted in the capture of eight or ten Winnass (Snake) Indians, who were taken, on the 27th of September, to the scene of the tragedy of August 20 and after a so-called trial, hanged on a gallows built upon the spot where Mrs. Ward and her three burned children met their death.

In a previous article Haller's expedition into the Yakima country was referred to, with its unlucky termination. A month later, when Major Raines and [illegible] Nesmith led a second expedition [illegible] and at "the Buttes," and drove them from their country, Haller was [illegible] command of the regulars, and did good service. When the Indians attacked the Cascades Maj. [illegible] with a portion of his regiment, the Fourth infantry, formed a part of the relieving force under Col. Wright. Haller was posted at Fort Townsend, on Puget Sound.

SURVEY OF A GOVERNMENT WAGON ROAD

The mention of the distance between Fort Boise and The Dalles previously in this article reminds one to say that the interior of this section and in fact the central basin generally, was not definitely known until much later than the time in which this action took place. Up to the time when the Ward train was organized it had been the general impression that Fort Boise and [illegible] were [illegible] miles distant, whereas they are only 310. Emigrants who had arrived at Fort Hall, which was about [illegible] miles from Fort Boise, were in the habit of estimating the remaining distance to the Willamette valley at upwards of a thousand miles—being thus over 500 miles in error. The absence of definite surveys of the interior east of the Rocky mountains until the expedition of Captain Wallen, in 1859, [illegible] prepared an itinerary of his journey from Fort Dalles and Salt Lake City, and who, in his way eastward explored central Oregon. His expedition was sent out by order of the secretary of war, for the purpose of opening a good wagon road from Fort Dalles to the point of junction of the roads from Fort Laramie and Bridger with the road from Salt Lake City to Fort Hall. It was in the time of the difficulties with the Mormons, when government forces sent from the East to Utah had met great impediments to their passage across the plains, and it was considered desirable that a route be found for the comfortable and rapid [illegible] Powder river, to [illegible]

WANTED A SHORT CUT

To the northwest, they came upon the Umatilla and continued down it nearly to the Columbia, which stream then led them to the northern extremity of the Willamette valley. In consequence, no party had traversed the interior of the region except those unfortunate people whom Steph. H. Meek led astray in 1845 while trying to conduct them by a shorter pass through the Cascade range. Fremont, to be sure, traversed the edge of this territory in 1843 and recorded his impressions of it, and a few trappers knew somewhat of it. Capt. Wallen's intention was to proceed up the John Day river and endeavor to locate a road along that stream, following, if possible, a nearly direct route to the mouth of the Malheur river, thus cutting off a long distance, but, finding that this course was impracticable, he chose instead the Des Chutes river, and with his capital [illegible], consisting of two companies of dragoons and one of infantry, with a detachment of engineers, numbering in all 180 men, he set out up that stream.

On arriving in Tygh valley, several stock ranches were found, of which the captain in his report observed that this region and central Oregon in general was incomparably calculated for cattle raising. The Warm Spring reservation had been laid out before and was now occupied by the Indian wards of the government. From there, Capt. Wallen proceeded up the Crooked river, bearing east and southeast. Here the command was divided, a detachment under Lieut. [illegible] proceeding north to explore a road [illegible] route to the Columbia, while Wallen, with the main body, kept on, crossing Beck creek and passing Lakes Whatumpa and Harney, and arriving in what Fremont had named the "Big Basin," which extends seventy miles north and south and forty east and west, and is

SHUT IN BY MOUNTAINS,

And was then covered with grass four or five feet high. [illegible] were in the neighborhood of the Malheur, and proceeding thence to that stream they tried to descend it to the mouth, but found great difficulty, "the banks being in many places a thousand feet high and almost perpendicular." The only serious impediment to wagons passing from Snake river to Crooked river, in the opinion of Capt. Wallen, was the height and steepness of the Blue mountains, running parallel with the Snake river and necessary to be crossed. [illegible] and vast quantities of grass, wild game, and fish in the streams.

They went to Fort Boise which, by the way, was abandoned in 1855, on account of the Indian war. Wallen's impression of the valley of the Snake, along which for 230 miles the emigrant trail passed were not flattering. "It is a dusty, cheerless country, covered with the sombre-looking sage-brush, none of it at all suited for farming, and having no timber." The captain observed that the Snake river was probably navigable for at least [illegible] miles, and this portion of the route, where communications might be much quickened by the use of steamers. Leaving the Snake river valley at the mouth of Raft creek, he followed up the latter stream thirty eight miles, and reached the California trail where his journey terminated. In returning to Fort Dalles he chose the emigrant trail down the Snake and via Grand Ronde, for the purpose of comparison with his new route, which he much preferred, but which never become popular with immigrants.

The general altitude of

CAPT. WALLEN'S ROUTE

Was found to be in the neighborhood of 4000 feet, the highest point being 4775 feet, at the summit between Lake Harney and the head waters of Crooked river. The valley of Snake river has an elevation of some 3000 feet. The total length of Wallen's route from Fort Dalles to Fort Boise was 6[illegible] miles, or about 100 miles farther than by the emigrant trail, but his travels, of course, were not in the most direct line. The captain was much surprised at the fewness of the Indian inhabitants of the country passed over. The first met were "Digger Snakes" residing at the forks of the Crooked river. "They live mostly on insects, roots and fish, and are not formidable, being armed only with bows and arrows." The next were met in the Big Basin, 300 miles from Fort Dalles. They, like the others, were poor, weak in numbers, and extremely shy. The next were the Bannocks, or Bannacks, a far different race, athletic and formidable, and possessing fire arms. Their locations were along the upper Snake river. They were bold marauders and in bands of fifty or more, levied toll upon the emigrants on the roads within their territory.

THE INDIANS OF THE COLUMBIA BASIN

In 1806 Lewis and Clarke estimated that the Indians of the Columbia basin numbered [illegible], making up twenty-five principal tribes, the most prominent being the Nez Perces 8000 and [illegible], 3500; the Pelouse and the [illegible] tribes, each 3300; the Walla Wallas [illegible]; the Des Chutes, [illegible]; the [illegible]; the Okanagans [illegible] 2100, the Spokanes, [illegible]; the Pend d'Oreilles, [illegible]; the [illegible]; the Kootenays, 800; the [illegible]; the Cascades, 2000; the Yakimas [illegible]; [illegible] 1000.

In 1841, Captain Wilkes made an estimate, giving to twelve of these tribes a total of 2630, or vastly under the other estimates. He assigned to the Cascade Indians a population of 50, The Dalles, Wasco tribe, 250; the Yakima, 100; the Okanagan, [illegible]; Colvile and Spokane, 4500; Des Chutes, [illegible]; Walla Walla, 1100. Total population according to Wilkes, 2630. In 1846, Lieutenants Warre and Vavasour, of the royal navy, published the following estimate.

Walla Wallas, Nez Perces and Snakes	4,000
Colville and Spokane	[illegible]
Okanagans, [illegible] tribes	[illegible]
Kalispelms, several tribes	[illegible]
Kootenays, several tribes	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

When in 1855 Governor Stevens traversed the basin of the Columbia, his duties as ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs led him to make a careful estimate of the number of the Indians under his charge. His estimate is presented in tabulated form:

Flatheads	350
Kootenays and Flatbows	400
Upper Pend d'Oreilles	280
Lower Pend d'Oreilles	420
Coeur d'Alenes	500
Spokanes	[illegible]
Nez Perces [illegible]	[illegible]
Pelouses	[illegible]
Cayuses (part of tribe)	120
Walla Wallas (part of tribe)	[illegible]
Dalles Bands and Wascos	[illegible]
Deschutes band	[illegible]
Klickitats	300
Yakimas	[illegible]
[illegible] and Klickitats	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

A RELIABLE ESTIMATE.

Governor Stevens was disposed to think that Lewis and Clarke's estimate was reliable; this from the traditions of the Indians, who spoke of their ancestors as a more numerous and powerful people than themselves, and likewise from such traces of aboriginal occupation as indicated large numbers. Nothing is more likely than that the Indians were already largely fallen off in numbers at the time when [illegible] party began. The smallpox has raged at times with great violence among those tribes, and this alone would account for the great diminution and even for the total extinction of some powerful communities. It seems probable, however, that while the decadence of some might be owing to epidemic, or similar cause, the tribes would not all be affected alike, some might be wholly swept away, while others would have lost but few members or none. But Stevens's estimate, as compared with Lewis and Clarke's, shows a general falling off of from four-fifths of the whole.

There was no great difference in the habits of the different tribes. The Flatheads were few, but were admired for their bravery. They fought a continual and cruel war with their hereditary enemies, the Blackfeet, who [illegible] One [illegible] able to make itself effective. They were, [illegible] "mountain Indians" friendly to the whites, and have always boasted [illegible] white man's blood was ever shed by a Flathead. They were converted to Romanism by the Catholic missionaries in the 40s, and have never relapsed therefrom. The priests have an immense and benign influence over them. The next tribe to the west, the Upper Pend d'Oreille, was always

ALLIED WITH THE FLATHEADS.

They lived on Clarke's Fork. The lower Pend d'Oreilles were likewise Catholics, having the mission St. Ignatius among them. They were quite well civilized as early as 1853, being taught by the missionaries and two lay brothers, who were good mechanics and farmers. The whole tribe used to gather regularly in their church for religious observances became quite a part of their daily business. They lived previously on camas root, but learning to till the soil, they were enabled to vary their diet considerably. Father De Smet describes the camas and the mode of preparing it current among these people as follows:

"It is a small white vapid onion when removed from the earth, but becomes black and sweet when prepared for food. The women arm themselves with long crooked sticks to go in search of the camas. After having procured a quantity of these roots by dint of long and painful labor, they make an excavation in the earth from twelve to fifteen inches deep, and of proportional diameter to contain the roots. They cover the bottom with a closely cemented pavement, which they make red hot. After having carefully withdrawn all the coals, they cover the stones with grass or wet hay, then place a layer of camas, another of wet hay, a third of bark overlaid with wet mold, whereon is kept a glowing fire for fifty, sixty or seventy hours. The camas thus acquire a consistency like that of the jujube. It is sometimes made into loaves of various dimensions. It is excellent, especially when boiled with meat. If kept dry, it can be preserved for a long time."

The Coeur d'Alenes, living near the lake of that name, were Christianized by the Fathers Avile and Gazzoli, who built the mission on Coeur d'Alene river, ten miles above the lake. The natives made a good advance in religious matters until disturbed by the war of 185[illegible] and the occurrences of

STEPTOE'S EXPEDITION

And his defeat, in which the Coeur d'Alenes were instrumental. The Nez Perces, occupying the Clearwater and Palouse valleys and adjacent parts, were a much more numerous tribe than either of these. They, too, were partly civilized, being made so by the exertions of Mr. Spalding, the Protestant missionary. His mission was at Lapwai, in the midst of the Nez Perces' country. Like the Flatheads, the Nez Perces boasted of their friendship for the whites, of which they had given, since the time of Lewis and Clarke, the most ample proof. Their occupations were like those of the above mentioned tribes. Their head men were Lawyer and Looking Glass, both of whom became noted names.

The Cayuses were much diminished by the occurrences of the Cayuse war, succeeding Dr. Whitman's murder, they having been the principal actors in that tragedy. They had intermarried and commingled with the Nez Perces and Walla Wallas to such an extent that in 185[illegible] their own language had fallen into disuse. Their principal chief was Five Crows.

The Spokanes lived upon the river Spokane, their name is a Coeur d'Alene word. They were converted by the protestant missionaries, Walker and Eells, of the Chimakain mission, which was founded about 1837, and abandoned in 1847, owing to the murder of Dr. Whitman, and the destruction of the Waiilatpu mission. The Spokanes were rich in horses, like the other tribes named, and were ruled by a chief, called by the whites Spokane Garry, of whom Gov. Stevens said, that he was "the only highly educated Indian west of the Rocky mountains." He was named by Sir George Simpson, by whom he was sent to the Red river to be schooled. He dressed as did his family, in civilized costume. It is noticeable that this Gov. Stevens' "highly educated Indian" signed the treaty of 1855 with "his mark." Garry's influence did not suffice to keep the Spokanes out of the war against the whites, for this tribe was one of the most active at the time of Steptoe's defeat, and subsequently. As to

THE WALLA WALLAS,

Lewis and Clarke found them the most [illegible] of hospitality and honesty. It is really affecting to recall their account of the virtue of this poor, simple tribe of fish-eaters. But these virtues were destined to wither early, for in 1855 Governor Stevens says of the tribe: "They have been notorious as thieves since their first intercourse with the whites." Their principal wealth was in horses. Their fisheries were very productive. Peo-peo-mux-mux, their principal chief, was rich according to the Indian notions, he had a thousand horses, some cattle, and several thousand dollars in gold. He was tolerably friendly with the whites in early years, and refused to join the Cayuses in killing Whitman. About 1849 or 1850, the son of Peo-peo-mux-mux went to California and was murdered there by white men. His father was forever after inconsolable, and became inimical to the whites, but not to the extent of open hostilities. He was killed by Oregon volunteers in the winter of 1855-6. He was a man of influence among the tribes, and one of the most notable Indians who ever lived in Oregon. His soubriquet was the Yeldept, or yellow serpent, called by the French voyageurs, *serpente jaune*, by the early explorers. This chief had himself buried alive with the body of his last surviving son, whose loss he could not endure. Lewis and Clarke speak in terms of high praise of this savage.

DISCONTENTED POLITICIANS.

War on the Administration by Disgruntled Democrats

Special to St. Paul Globe.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Those democrats in congress who are discontented with the tardiness of the administration in the removal of republicans and the appointment of democrats grumble a good deal in private, but none of them see very clearly any way either to amend the laws so as to open the way to the offices or [illegible] the president into more activity in respect to appointments to places [illegible] come within the scope of the civil service act. A number of bills have been offered, but not one that gives promise of practical or valuable results in the direction the spoilsmen desire, and they admit they have little hope from the new committee on civil service reform. When the question comes up in the house several members are likely to attack the law savagely, and even attempt the foolish hope of its repeal. In many cases those who are dissatisfied with the current of events under the present administration assert that their [illegible] who were active in political work [illegible] the operation of the law as an outrage to the party which won the last presidential election but it is reluctantly admitted that popular sentiment appears to be drifting in favor of the principle that underlies the civil service act. With less prudence than other politicians who have worked their way into congress, Mr. [illegible] Gibson, of West Virginia, has unburdened himself before a local democratic club on the subject of civil service reform, and made the boys howl with delight over the scorching he gave the administration. He complained that, though the victory of the last presidential election was won [illegible] the rascals out, they were still in office and many of them had actually been promoted. The democratic party had been betrayed by the people whom it elevated to power. The men who [illegible] to the victors. The [illegible] the present administration [illegible] expected some reward for their service, but when they come here looking for office they are called office seekers and in some instances are insulted. He said civil service reform was [illegible], and charged that men in high places, referring to the cabinet, as well as public officials, filled the offices with their own relatives, and secured soft places for members of their own families. Mr. Gibson was kind enough to say the president meant to do right, but declared that he was making a sad mistake that will disrupt the democratic party unless it was speedily corrected. He wanted it understood too that this matter would be heard from in congress, for the president and cabinet must be talked to plainly and understand that democratic victory meant something more than putting their cousins and sons and relatives in office. Mr. Gibson's fellow-members are laughing at him to-day and say that he probably thought his remarks would not get into print.

WAR PAPERS.

Some Reminiscences of Service Under Admiral Dupont.

After the Capture of Port Royal—A Hot Little Fight—How a Kentucky Official Liberated a Slave

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

After the capture of the forts at Port Royal by the naval forces under Dupont, expeditions were sent to reconnoiter the various inlets of the coast north to Bull's bay, and south to Ossabaw sound. The stone fleet had been prepared to obstruct the Charleston channels, and a weak attempt had been made to turn Fort Pulaski by running the light draft vessels through Mud river. Another expedition made a reconnoissance up the Wilmington and actually turned the fort. I have always thought that if this just opportunity had been improved it would have resulted in the capture of Savannah, as there was nothing in the way but a few rusty guns and rotten piles.

The commanding officer of the expedition (consisting of some six or eight gun boats and a considerable army force), when urged to make the attempt, replied that his orders were simply to make a reconnoissance that he had done this and was not justified in doing more.

I was one of many who felt that a good opportunity had been wasted, and it was with much regret that we returned to Port Royal under cover of the night. After this a much larger force comprising a great part of Gen. T. W. Sherman's troops, most of the heavy ships, and the light draft vessels, was organized for an attack on Fort Clinch. The smaller ships were commanded by Capt. Percival Drayton, a man high bred, brave, and second to none in professional acquirements. He was to enter St. Andrew's sound and proceed by the inland passage to the objective point, while the heavy ships, under the immediate command of Dupont, were to use the outside route. The shallowness of the water and abrupt turns of the channel made the inland navigation most difficult, and notwithstanding the vigilance of their commanders the vessels grounded one after the other, until at 5 o'clock of the 3d of March, 1862, my command the Ottawa, was the only one which had reached clear water. Perceiving this, I anchored about three miles from the fort and a mile from the Pawnee, then aground, as there were evident signs that the enemy were about to evacuate their stronghold. With all haste I manned the gig and proceeded to the Pawnee, my object being to ask permission to push on at once to the fort. If this could be done the destruction of property would be prevented and the

CONFEDERATE RETREAT CUT OFF.

On reaching the Pawnee I was met by Captains Drayton and C. R. P. Rodgers. Both of these gentlemen entered into my views, as soon as the situation was explained, and accompanied me back to the Ottawa, first giving orders for the armed launches of the Wabash to follow. As soon as they came alongside and were taken in tow we steamed for the fort. Abreast of the entrance to the harbor we sighted the heavy ships at anchor and showed our number. Shortly after my executive officer, George B. White, often tried and never found wanting, was sent in the gig to hoist the old flag over the now abandoned Fort Clinch, the first of the national forts "retaken, reoccupied and repossessed." While this was done, we moved on past Fernandina toward the railroad bridge just beyond. On our way thither we saw a train of cars loaded with troops rushing at full speed on a course parallel to our own. We threw a few shells over it then, as it did not stop, cut it in two by a well-directed shot, when the occupants "stampeded" for the adjacent woods. About the same time we made out a good-sized river steamer endeavoring to escape through one of the inland passages. A shell thrown over her from the Ottawa brought her to, when Capt. Rodgers, in the launch, took possession of her. She was full of passengers, some of whom were of the Confederate army. Learning that other vessels had fled up the river we pursued at once, Capt. Rodgers in one of the armed launches remaining with me. About 11 o'clock that night we arrived without warning at the town of St. Mary's. Capt. Rodgers, with the crew of the launch and some of the Ottawa's men, immediately landed and surprised a number of the enemy's cavalry. Our presence was so unexpected that the enemy fled in consternation leaving their horses and camp equipments behind. There was no time for

"BOOTS AND SADDLES."

On the morning of March 4th the Isaac Smith steamed into St. Mary's with instructions for the Ottawa to reconnoiter St. Mary's river. In obedience to the order we started up the river and reached without difficulty Woodstock mills, a place about fifty miles above, landing at many points on the way to communicate with and reassure the inhabitants. The river at this point (Woodstock mills) was so narrow as to make it necessary to anchor the Ottawa by the stern, in order to point her fair for our return. About a mile and a half below, our vessel grounded on a hump in the channel. At St. Mary's we had taken on board a river pilot, but at this crisis he was nowhere to be found. Mr Frederick Pearson, the officer in command of the armed launch, was sent back to the mills in search of the missing man, but was unsuccessful. On his return to the Ottawa he reported that a negro has signaled to communicate with him, and told him that Alberti (the owner of the mills) had dispatched messengers in every direction to notify the Confederates in the neighborhood of our whereabouts. This timely warning proved the salvation of our party, as it enabled us to make all necessary preparations for defense. The hammocks were secured up and down the bulwarks to protect the men from the fire of the sharp shooters, and the wheel was effectually guarded in the same way. Our situation was the more trying because we learned that a large camp of the enemy was situated within ten miles of us. By diligent efforts we floated our gunboat about daybreak and got under way again with guns loaded, decks clear, and everything ready for action. We pursued our course uninterruptedly until near a place called the Brickyard, when the lookout at the masthead shouted, "Here the damned rascals come!" Immediately followed the sharp, quick fire of the Mississippi riflemen from both sides of the river. Simultaneously we opened a destructive fire upon them with our battery, using grape and cannister in addition to the small arms.

The enemy lined both sides of the river for a mile, and kept up so

HOT AND EFFECTIVE A FIRE

From the cover of dense undergrowth and forest trees that the crews of the eleven-inch and Parrott rifles, which were without protection, were ordered to shelter themselves under the bulwarks and make use of the small arms. In the meanwhile the howitzers in the waist were doing good work. The river at this point was so narrow that the felling of forest trees across it would have effectually barred our way. To this day it is a wonder to me that some such means were not resorted to by an enemy so vigilant, active and full of resources. Our escape was surprising both on account of the riflemen's accurate fire and our surroundings. There were few [illegible] who were not struck either in person or clothing, but only five casualties occurred and no lives were lost. The escape of Midshipman R. K. Duer was miraculous, his life was saved by a copper cent in his pantaloon pocket, which was struck by a bullet and converted into a miniature bowl, which, as long as he lived he wore as a charm attached to his watch guard. The talisman was not proof against the fell disease that carried off the bright and promising youth shortly after the close of the war.

About three miles from the scene of this engagement, where the river debouches into the marshes, we discovered a force of the enemy in ambush. We opened fire at close quarters and soon scattered them. About noon we reached St. Mary's much to the relief of our comrades on the Isaac Smith, who had heard the heavy firing and were about getting under way and coming to our assistance, when we hove in sight. In reporting the affair I took occasion to refer to the valuable services of

MIDSHIPMAN PEARSON,

Which in fire and out of fire he was always prompt to render. Subsequently in the East Indies, while co-operating with the English in those waters, he won great distinction, and was made by the queen a C. B. He attained the rank of commander in our service, and recently resigned, greatly to the regret of all who knew the officer and the man.

The next day we returned to Fernandina and reported the results of the reconnoissance to the flag officer. We received orders that evening to proceed the next day with the Seneca, Pembina, Isaac Smith, Huron and Ellen off the St. Johns bar and report to the senior officer present. Before receiving the order, and soon after anchoring, several of the gunboat captains came on board the Ottawa to confer with me in relation

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After the capture of the forts at Port Royal by the naval forces under Dupont, expeditions were sent to reconnoiter the various inlets of the coast, north to Bull's bay, and south to Ossabaw sound. The stone fleet had been prepared to obstruct the Charleston channels, and a weak attempt had been made to turn Fort Pulaski by running the light draft vessels through Mud river. Another expedition made a reconnoissance up the Wilmington and actually turned the fort. I have always thought that if this last opportunity had been improved it would have resulted in the capture of Savannah, as there was nothing in the way but a few rusty guns and rotten piles.

The commanding officer of the expedition (consisting of some six or eight gunboats and a considerable army force), when urged to make the attempt, replied that his orders were simply to make a reconnoissance; that he had done this, and was not justified in doing more.

I was one of many who felt that a good opportunity had been wasted, and it was with much regret that we returned to Port Royal under cover of the night. After this a much larger force, comprising a great part of Gen. T. W. Sherman's troops, most of the heavy ships, and the light draft vessels, was organized for an attack on Fort Clinch. The smaller ships were commanded by Capt. Percival Drayton, a man high bred, brave, and second to none in professional acquirements. He was to enter St. Andrew's sound and proceed by the inland passage to the objective point, while the heavy ships, under the immediate command of Dupont, were to use the outside route. The shallowness of the water and abrupt turns of the channel made the inland navigation most difficult, and notwithstanding the vigilance of their commanders the vessels grounded one after the other, until at 3 o'clock of the 3d of March, 1862, my command, the Ottawa, was the only one which had reached clear water. Perceiving this, I anchored about three miles from the fort and a mile from the Pawnee, then aground, as there were evident signs that the enemy were about to evacuate their stronghold. With all haste I manned the gig and proceeded to the Pawnee, my object being to ask permission to push on at once to the fort. If this could be done the destruction of property would be prevented and the

CONFEDERATE RETREAT CUT OFF.

On reaching the Pawnee I was met by Captains Drayton and C. R. P. Rodgers. Both of these gentlemen entered into my views, as soon as the situation was explained, and accompanied me back to the Ottawa, first giving orders for the armed launches of the Wabash to follow. As soon as they came alongside and were taken in tow we steamed for the fort. Abreast of the entrance to the harbor we sighted the heavy ships at anchor and showed our number. Shortly after my executive officer, George B. White, often tried and never found wanting, was sent in the gig to hoist the old flag over the now abandoned Fort Clinch, the first of the national forts "retaken, reoccupied and repossessed." While this was done we moved on past Fernandina toward the railroad bridge just beyond. On our way thither we saw a train of cars loaded with troops rushing at full speed on a course parallel to our own. We threw a few shells over it, then, as it did not stop, cut it in two by a well-directed shot, when the occupants "stampeded" for the adjacent woods. About the same time we made out a good sized river steamer endeavoring to escape through one of the inland passages. A shell thrown over her from the Ottawa brought her to, when Capt. Rodgers in the launch took possession of her. She was full of passengers, some of whom were of the Confederate army. Learning that other vessels had fled up the river we pursued at once, Capt. Rodgers in one of the armed launches remaining with me. About 11 o'clock that night we arrived without warning at the town of St. Mary's. Capt. Rodgers, with the crew of the launch and some of the Ottawa's men, immediately landed and surprised a number of the enemy's cavalry. Our presence was so unexpected that the enemy fled in consternation, leaving their horses and camp equipments behind. There was no time for

"BOOTS AND SADDLES."

On the morning of March 4th the Isaac Smith steamed into St. Mary's with instructions for the Ottawa to reconnoiter St. Mary's river. In obedience to the order we started up the river and reached without difficulty Woodstock mills, a place about fifty miles above, landing at many points on the way to communicate with and reassure the inhabitants. The river at this point (Woodstock mills) was so narrow as to make it necessary to anchor the Ottawa by the stern, in order to point her fair for our return. About a mile and a half below, our vessel grounded on a stump in the channel. At St. Mary's we had taken on board a river pilot, but at this crisis he was nowhere to be found. Mr. Frederick Pearson, the officer in command of the armed launch, was sent back to the mills in search of the missing man, but was unsuccessful. On his return to the Ottawa he reported that a negro had signaled to communicate with him, and told him that Albertl (the owner of the mills) had dispatched messengers in every direction to notify the Confederates in the neighborhood of our whereabouts. This timely warning proved the salvation of our party, as it enabled us to make all necessary preparations for defense. The hammocks were secured up and down the bulwarks to protect the men from the fire of the sharpshooters, and the wheel was effectually guarded in the same way. Our situation was the more trying because we learned that a large camp of the enemy was situated within ten miles of us. By diligent efforts we floated our gunboat about daybreak and got under way again with guns manned, decks clear, and everything ready for action. We pursued our course uninterruptedly until near a place called the Brickyard, when the lookout at the masthead shouted "Here the damned rascals come." Immediately followed the sharp, quick fire of the Mississippi riflemen from both sides of the river. Simultaneously we opened a destructive fire upon them with our battery, using grape and canister in addition to the small arms.

The enemy lined both sides of the river for a mile, and kept up so

HOT AND EFFECTIVE A FIRE

From the cover of dense undergrowth and forest trees that the crews of the eleven-inch and Parrott rifles, which were without protection, were ordered to shelter themselves under the bulwarks and make use of the small arms. In the meanwhile the howitzers in the waist were doing good work. The river at this point was so narrow that the felling of forest trees across it would have effectually barred our way. To this day it is a wonder to me that some such means were not resorted to by an enemy so vigilant, active and full of resources. Our escape was surprising both on account of the riflemen's accurate fire and our surroundings. There were few on board who were not struck either in person or clothing, but only five casualties occurred and no lives were lost. The escape of Midshipman R. R. Dyer was miraculous; his life was saved by a copper cent in his pantaloons pocket, which was struck by a bullet and converted into a miniature bowl, which, as long as he lived, he wore as a charm attached to his watch guard. The talisman was not proof against the fell disease that carried off the bright and promising youth shortly after the close of the war.

About three miles from the scene of this engagement, where the river debouched into the marshes, we discovered a force of the enemy in ambush. We opened fire at close quarters and soon scattered them. About noon we reached St. Mary's much to the relief of our comrades on the Isaac Smith, who had heard the heavy firing and were about getting under way and starting to our assistance when we hove in sight. In reporting the affair I took occasion to refer to the valuable services of

MIDSHIPMAN PEARSON,

Which in fire and out of fire he was always prompt to render. Subsequently in the East Indies while co-operating with the English in those waters, he won great distinction and was made by the queen a C. B. He attained the rank of commander in our service, and recently resigned, greatly to the regret of all who knew the officer and the man.

The next day we returned to Fernandina and reported the results of the reconnoissance to the flag officer. We received orders that evening to proceed the next day with the Seneca, Pembina, Isaac Smith, Huron and Ellen off the St. John's bar and report to the senior officer present. Before receiving the order, and soon after anchoring, several of the gunboat captains came on board the Ottawa to confer with me in relation to my orders. They urged me, as the ranking officer of the vessels designated, to represent their earnest desire to the flag officer that in recognition of the valuable services of the gunboats, which he had often acknowledged, he should give the command of the expedition (which had for its object an examination of the St. John's river) to me. After a thorough discussion of the subject, fully agreeing with the others as to the propriety of the request, I went to the flag officer and briefly stated the purpose of my visit. Without entering into any discussion, he acknowledged that, as it was a purely gunboat expedition, and in consideration of the claims presented, I should have the command.

All the gunboat captains were highly gratified with this success, and their feelings were shared by the subordinates designated for duty. On the morning of March 8 we started for our destination off the St. John's, where we anchored before noon the next day. We discovered guns in an earthwork about a mile to the southward of Mayport, obviously to defend the river entrance, but no men to fight them were seen in the vicinity. After waiting three days for the spring tides before making the attempt, we crossed the difficult and dangerous

ST. JOHN'S BAR

About 4 P. M. of the 11th with no water to spare under our keels. Capt. Nicholson, in the Smith, crossing half an hour later and without a pilot. I found it was too late to move further that evening, so the vessels anchored for the night off Mayport, a settlement at the mouth of the river. About 10 o'clock that night we discovered several large fires, bearing W. S. W. from our anchorage. We afterward found that they were the burning mills and houses of Northern men suspected of Union sympathy. Early the next morning we continued our way up the river, finding the fort at St. John's bluff abandoned. The Ellen was directed to anchor off the point and take on board the guns and munitions of war found there. After this she was to rejoin us at Jacksonville. We reached that place without difficulty and found signs of returning reason at most of the houses along the river bank. As we steamed towards the wharf to disembark the soldiers, a boat was reported coming from shore with a flag of truce. On looking over the rail into the boat I recognized the familiar features of Judge Burritt, an old friend from San Francisco. The Ottawa slowed down, and as the boat came alongside I stepped forward to receive the judge and his associates who had been appointed by the authorities to surrender the town, only requesting that the property and persons of inoffensive citizens should be protected. After the formalities had been gone through with, the judge was invited into the cabin. His first remark was "Where the devil did you come from?" Then followed a hearty greeting and a long conversation, during which (and afterwards from other leading citizens) I learned that the inhabitants desired the protection of our flag and were not afraid of us, but of their own people. Since this was the general feeling, it became my evident duty to report the remarkable change of sentiment to the flag officer and to ask for an additional land force. I remained in Jacksonville a day to restore the municipal government and arrange for the protection of the place, and then left with the Ottawa and Ellen to penetrate, as far as prudent, the upper waters of the St. John's. We proceeded as far as Palatka,

LANDING AT EVERY SETTLEMENT

And found everywhere a desire for peace and restoration of the Union. The services of Judge Burritt (who had accompanied me) were of the first importance on this occasion. He was a man of great attainments and popularity and a leader under all circumstances. On our way up we had stopped at Orange Mills, the beautiful residence of a Dr. May, a pronounced rebel against all authority but his own. He had fled to escape the contamination of our presence, leaving in charge a man named Dalosta, from whom we purchased, at a fair valuation, fruit, poultry and vegetables. The man, for holding communication with the despised Northeners, was, as we found on a subsequent visit, carried off, as we presumed, through the agency of the owner. A note was sent to the doctor stating our suspicions, no reply was made, and as we had plainly intimated we should take retaliatory measures if his reply were not satisfactory, we at once carried them into effect. On our return down the river, ten or fifteen miles below Palatka, a boat was observed crossing the river. Her movements were so suspicious that orders were given to overhaul her. Only one man was found in her, he proving to be the mail carrier of the district with the bags in his possession. On opening these important letters were found, two among them disclosing when and where the yacht America and the steamer St. John's had been scuttled to prevent their falling into our hands. Thus was obtained the information we had sought since crossing the St. John's bar. On returning to Jacksonville we found Gen. Wright, who was to return next day to Fernandina, and who promised to inform the flag officer of the changed condition of affairs. On the evening of March 17, 1862, I left Jacksonville in the Ellen with the two armed launches of the Wabash and the Darlington, to find the yacht America and the steamer St. John's, whose whereabouts had been discovered as above stated. On the morning of the 18th we found the America scuttled in Dunn creek two or three miles from its junction with the river, her port edge resting on the bank and her starboard rail and most of that side under water. The location was in a

HEAVILY WOODED DISTRICT,

And the steamer Ellen was left for her protection while I went on in the Darlington to find the steamer. Dunn creek is a beautiful stretch of water, its banks low and skirted with heavy timber to the water's edge. Shortly after leaving the America we entered Dunn Lake, an expansive sheet of water, the adjacent soil rich and heavily timbered, on the one side smooth and low, and on the other picturesque bluffs and high stretches of table lands. Not a sign of life was visible, the spirit of solitude reigned here supreme.

By 3 in the afternoon we discovered the St. John's, scuttled, and lying in much the same position as the America. We went on board and found she was a beautiful steamer, new and of considerable size. The Ottawa's engineer, Mr. Dungan, one of the main standbys, accompanied me. He made a thorough examination and found that portions of the machinery had been removed. As our first object was to raise the yacht, we retraced our way and reached her again shortly after nightfall. The next morning all hands were up early, eager to discover where our prize had been bored in scuttling her. Two or three days passed in a fruitless search, and the prospect of floating her seemed almost hopeless, when a contraband made his appearance one night and informed us that the man who had bored the holes was in the neighborhood and would for $50 in gold and protection, point out their exact locality. This was readily agreed to, and on the morning of the fourth day he appeared and gave the desired information. In a very short time the holes were plugged, and by means of box pumps improvised and made under the supervision of Midshipman Lanson, the vessel was floated and found to be in excellent condition, though without sails, running rigging or ground tackle. As she slowly emerged from the water all were struck by the beauty of her lines, and none wondered at

HER FAMOUS DISPLAY OF SPEED

In England. It was afterwards discovered that she had been purchased by the Confederate government for the purpose of carrying Mason and Slidell the Confederate commissioners to England. Our occupation of the St. John's river effectually frustrated the plan. On the morning of the 28th we arrived at Jacksonville creating great interest and excitement on our passage in the town and among the fleet, on account of our famous prize, the yacht America. The yacht was afterwards purchased by the government and attached to the naval academy. For many years she served as a dispatch vessel to the practice squadron, a service for which she was most suitable on account of her speed and history. With the appropriation of the vessel I was content, and after forwarding a prize list of the captors I took no further steps in the matter of prize money. When, however, in 18[illegible] she was condemned and sold to the Hon. B. F. Butler for $[illegible] my feelings were very different, and I shall always regret that means were not devised at the proper time to make her connection with the naval academy permanent, and the America's future fame [illegible] identified with that of this great national establishment.

Gens. Sherman and Wright had arrived in our absence, and both were gratified with the condition of affairs. The latter officer having secured reinforcements, was about erecting a battery outside of the town with the guns taken from St. John's Bluff. Through Confederate sources we heard of Grant's operations at Pittsburg Landing and the retreat of Beauregard to Corinth. Through the same source we received information of the attack of the Merrimac upon our fleet in Hampton Roads, the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress, and the timely advent of the Monitor. Communications from the flag officer unmistakably indicated his intention to keep a floating force in the river, and the significant increase of the land forces induced me to believe that what was originally intended merely as an armed reconnoissance in force to Jacksonville would result in permanent occupation of this section of territory. I therefore addressed him a communication under date of April 3, from which the following is an extract:

"You will have been informed from my previous [illegible] that upon the river as far [illegible] a distance of some 250 miles and [illegible] including the [illegible] of Jacksonville, [illegible] part quite peaceable and apparently well disposed toward the old flag. To this may be superadded the city of St. Augustine and that tract of country which lies between it and the river St. John's. The population of all this region, which I have [illegible] to be [illegible] all portion of the [illegible] best tests I venture to suggest for your consideration whether it would not be well to furnish them at an early day the benefits of a civil administration of the federal laws. This it is hardly necessary to state can be done only by the appointment of federal officers. A judge, district attorney and marshal, as also custom house officers and postmasters, [illegible] which will naturally multiply as we extend our occupation of the country, reaching seizures and the rights of property generally as between the United States government and individuals. They have already been found to be in many [illegible] and it is just to the parties should be dealt with judicially. I suppose that the laws of the general government must be regarded as in force in the state of Florida as though no rupture had occurred, and that the appointment of civil officers is only necessary to secure the execution so far as this portion of the state is concerned. In regard to the condition of public feeling, I am glad to [illegible] that [illegible] upon the spirit [illegible] good fruits, and that [illegible] with me [illegible] in a brief [illegible] authority [illegible] government."

Important service up the river required an absence of several days from Jacksonville after forwarding his communication. But what a change these few days had made! To my surprise I learned that

GEN. SHERMAN HAD BEEN RELIEVED

And that his successor had directed the immediate evacuation of Jacksonville and the return of all the troops to Port Royal. Transports were at the wharves to take them, the property secured was hastily abandoned, the guns captured by the gunboats thrown into the river, and all the manifestations of an unexpected and hasty exodus visible. There was no course left but to direct the removal of the gunboats to the mouth of the river, as our presence at Jacksonville would have inevitably brought on a conflict with the Confederates, rendering the destruction of the town with a large amount of property belonging to Union sympathizers almost inevitable. This was decided upon with great reluctance. The most painful of all reflections grew out of the implied violation of the promises which had been given in good faith by a duly accredited agent of the government, and in the growing and great advantages lost to the Union cause. Burritt and most of those who had been compromised through affiliation or otherwise with our cause left with the army in transports or on board of the naval vessels, and Burritt subsequently went north with me to lay the situation before the president. Shortly after reaching Mayport the Seneca arrived with orders detaching me from the Ottawa and directing me to report for command of the Maratanza, one of the new double-enders just launched and designated for duty in connection with McClellan's advance upon Richmond.

The service of the 90-day gunboats were of great value. Built with strength and capacity to carry one heavy gun and with sufficient speed to answer all requirements, they were easily handled, and if taking the ground were soon liberated. Always ready for service they were constantly on the move, here to-day and there to-morrow. As Lord Nelson said of his corvettes, "they were the eyes of the fleet," and very often the arms also—commanded and officered by men influenced by the loftiest spirit of patriotism. No dangers alarmed and no obstacles stopped their way. Rodgers and Collins, Ammen and Bankhead, Nicholson, Downes, and Watmough, with whom I was closely associated in service under Dupont, are names familiar to their countrymen and in history.

T. H. STEVENS, Rear Admiral U. S. N.

HOW ONE SLAVE GAINED HIS FREEDOM

When I arrived in Cincinnati in September, 1862, things were at a pretty pass. Of course it is a matter of history that Bragg entered Kentucky from Tennessee in that month, that he and Buell raced across the state, that Bragg defeated the inadequate force defending Lexington and occupied that city, that Buell threw himself between his adversary and Louisville, and that the battle of Perryville was fought.

It is not so generally known, however, that the approach of Heth's Confederate division (the advance of Bragg's army) towards Cincinnati caused a tremendous panic. The movement was wholly unexpected, and the city wholly unprepared for it. There were few troops, but the very day I arrived Gen. Lew Wallace had taken command and established headquarters, and he at once proclaimed martial law. In the city were a great many copperheads, secession sympathizers, and doubtless active Confederates. One of the officers of Bragg's army told me quite recently that he visited the city after the war on a business errand and was entertained at the house of a well known resident. The wife of this gentleman treated him rather cold, because, as he supposed, of having fought on the Southern side. After a while, to his great surprise, she said she had found it hard to greet him kindly because he had *not* taken the city in 1862 and burned every house in it.

Gen. Wallace issued a perfectly comprehensive and epigrammatic order. It was "Fight or flee." "The citizens of Cincinnati," said he, "shall help save their own city. If they cannot or will not shoulder muskets, why, by heavens, they shall work in the trenches"—and they did. Hundreds of prominent residents who, like the newly-arrived Irishman, were "agin the government," were set to work on the fortifications hastily thrown up on the Kentucky side of the river. Men poured in, too, from the rural Ohio, from Indiana, and elsewhere, and soon there were 10,000 of them, militia, improvised troops, "squirrel hunters," and the like, handling either the rifle or the pick and shovel. Pontoon bridges, hastily constructed of coal barges, were

THROWN ACROSS THE OHIO

And, in short, everything possible was done to prepare for the expected attack.

As I said I arrived the evening of the very day on which Gen. Wallace took command, and the first acquaintance I met in the street early next morning was Mr. Rufus King. He could hardly wait to shake hands, but would have me go with him, post haste, to Wallace's headquarters.

"General," said he, "here is the very man we want—a cavalry officer."

The general wasted very little time in greetings or preliminaries. He had no mounted force, he said, and sorely needed one for reconnoissances. We speedily arranged matters, and I set out to organize the company which I was empowered to raise, equip and command. It had become known that I wanted good horsemen, and numbers of young gentlemen with whose fathers or families I was acquainted applied promptly to me. I accepted thirty or forty of them, and the rest of the eighty embryo troopers whom I had ready to be sworn into the service at 3 o'clock P. M. were stalwart young riders, hardy and plucky, picked up in stables, on the streets and wherever I could find them. The stable-keepers lent me great aid in this. A capital youngster from Boston, Williams by name, who was in Cincinnati on business, aided me in recruiting and became one of my lieutenants. Before the afternoon of that day my command was enrolled, sworn into service, mounted, equipped, armed, and off across the pontoon bridge for a scout into Kentucky. I am not, however, writing a history of the general doings of this force—which was eventually 300 strong and of much service—but of a single curious episode of one of our raids.

After a preliminary reconnoissance I was ordered to report to a general officer who had come to assist in the defensive operations, and who, to my mind, is one of the best and bravest men that ever wore shoulder straps—I mean A. J. Smith. He was then, I should think about [illegible] years old, and looked older than he really was. He cared nothing for appearances, but he was a fighting man,

"FROM THE CROWN OF HIS HEAD TO THE SOLE OF HIS FOOT."

He sent me, with my command, on a [illegible] to the [illegible] of which, I now mention, we succeeded in getting well to the rear of Heth's column. I had strict orders to look out for any Confederates, and these orders I meant to carry out. So we kept a sharp watch and searched all dark corners and back roads as we swept to the southward.

One day we approached a large and stately mansion standing, of course, some distance back from the road, with the usual outbuildings. I halted the troops and sent an officer and two men to see if there were any of our southern friends in the house. When they had reached the entrance I saw a colored man, evidently a house servant, standing in an outbuilding and earnestly pointing in the direction of the house and making strenuous efforts to attract and retain our attention. In due time my officers returned and reported that there were no Confederates in the house. I felt some doubts on this score, and I could easily see that these doubts were shared by the more intelligent of my men. There was no mistaking the earnestness of our contraband friend, and I had a strong impression as to his meaning. Accordingly I went myself to the house and was admitted. To my astonishment there came to greet me a venerable lady, the widow of an old Kentuckian of great note in his day—a man of wealth and culture. She was accompanied by two other ladies, all these were well known to me, and I had been on terms of intimacy with them in former days, when no wars and rumors of wars were distracting the country. The elderly lady greeted me effusively. She was surprised and delighted to see me. How was I? and my good father and my mother? It was so pleasant to see me. I must sit down and tell them of the welfare of mutual friends. This reception was rather embarrassing, but I replied to their questions as well as I could, and in due time told them that I was ordered to ascertain if there were any Confederates in that vicinity or in that house. They said with great readiness and apparent frankness that there were none at all under their roof, that

"SOME GENTLEMEN FROM ARKANSAS"

Had been there awhile previously, but had gone away. I said that their assurances on this point was very gratifying, but that—of course only as a matter of form—I should be compelled to ask them to let me search the house. In a moment all was changed. Their interest in me and mine disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and the vials of wrath were poured on my devoted head. I was a miserable villain, a renegade, a traitor to my own blood. Heaven knows what degraded and contemptible thing I was not. At this day and as I tell the story, I remember how hard it was to bear the storm of vituperation to which I was treated. In the midst of it I proceeded to carry out my orders. I ascended the stairs and searched the upper rooms, and in one of them, snugly stowed between two mattresses, I found a young Confederate cavalry officer, in full uniform. I invited him to accompany me down stairs and he did so. The ladies had withdrawn themselves behind closed doors. I conducted my prisoner to the [illegible] and [illegible] calmly [illegible] gesticulating [illegible] invited to our quarry. With these two curiously different additions to our force we wended our way onward. Arriving at a thick grove of trees in a ravine I halted the men. What was I to do on a rapid scout with this incongruous [illegible]? Even if I could [illegible] them and take them along with me, my Confederate friend might—doubtless would—make it precious awkward for us, by crying out or shouting when we were trying to surprise a party of his late comrades. An idea struck me and I carried it out without loss of time. I asked my friend from Africa if he could guard the prisoner until I returned. It was then about noon, and I would surely, I told him, come back early next morning. He said he could, and would keep the gentleman for us. I told the officer to sit down in the angle of the rail fence and assured him he would be unhurt if he made no move. I put the slave in front of him, gave him a carbine and

TOLD HIM TO SHOOT HIS PRISONER

If he, on any pretext whatever, tried to rise. Then we rode away. How the matter would turn out I knew not and cared little, but if I had time to think I should have said the chances were ten to one that I would never see the captain or guard again.

We executed the duty assigned to us—and an arduous and important duty it was—and started on our return. About 8 o'clock next morning, as we again neared the spot where we had left the strange couple the men were craning their necks for a sight of the spot. When we came into view of that angle of the fence, there, just as we had left them, were they—the officer seated, and the negro covering him with the carbine. For twenty mortal hours had they maintained their positions! Now we had horses to spare, and we took both men with us to Covington. In the frame building used as headquarters were several officers waiting anxiously for the news we brought. I had been twenty-four hours in the saddle, and was precious tired, but I knew that in Gen. A. J. Smith's bright vocabulary there was no such word as fatigue where duty was to be done, so I told my story and answered all questions asked me, well aware, meanwhile, that it was likely as not that I would be ordered to mount and ride away again. In due course I spoke of my captain and the officer was turned over to the provost guard. Then I told the general about my colored friend and the service he had rendered. It must be remembered that the

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Was not made until January 1, 1863, and that under the orders of commanding officers interference with the "peculiar institution," especially in a state not seceded, was ticklish business.

"I could not leave this man," said I. "He has done us a service and his life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase after we [illegible] to hold a [illegible]. What is to be done with him?"

Before Gen. Smith had time to reply a small man with red hair rose to his feet.

"Turn him over to me," he cried. "I am lieutenant governor of Kentucky. Now gentlemen, a little subscription if you please, to help the boy," and he passed round the hat with much success.

"Now," said he to the colored man, "here are $[illegible] and here" (he had been hurriedly writing) "is a pass across the bridge. Away with you and *don't you stop until you reach Canada!*"

The man needed no further instructions, but in five minutes he was making the best time of the season towards the Ohio river.

In all the long years that have passed since September, 1862, I have never seen that negro again, but I have an abiding conviction that I shall meet him yet, for the world is very small. These twenty-three years have changed his appearance materially, but I think I should know him. Some day it will be my lot to see him passing the dishes in a hotel dining room, making up my berth in a sleeping car, or, for all I know, preaching to the brethren and sisters in a colored church—one of the first slaves liberated on Kentucky soil.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

SECRETS OF THE WAR.

Gen. Lew Wallace on Halleck and Grant.

Following is the statement recently made by Gen. Lew. Wallace which has caused so much comment:

Gen. Grant, in his report of 1865 says emphatically that the battle of Monocacy did save Washington. I have no hesitancy in saying that it saved the capital contrary to the wishes of Halleck. I am convinced that at that time out of jealousy of Grant, Halleck was willing to betray his country and permit Washington to be captured, knowing that such a thing would destroy Grant. Until Grant was called east, Halleck had been commander in chief. He was then let down with the title of "chief of staff," but nobody has ever been able to discover whose staff he was chief of. It was this that made him envious of Grant. In June, 1864, when Early made his movement on Washington, the first information of it was when he appeared before Martinsburg and drove Sigel out. Sigel telegraphed to Halleck that Early, with 30,000 men, was in his front and was bent on going either to Washington or Baltimore. Halleck refused to believe the report, and said Sigel was scared at a small raiding party. He also failed to notify Grant of what Sigel had reported. Sigel telegraphed the same thing to me in Baltimore. I thought I would satisfy myself, but knew if I went in the day time Halleck would hear of it and remand me, so I went out to Monocacy, the limits of my department, in the night time. I soon became satisfied that the enemy was moving in force, but just what his objective point was could not be so easily determined. I immediately began concentrating my small force at the crossing of the Monocacy near Frederick. The road to Baltimore and the road to Washington cross the river there about two miles apart. It was an excellent place for defense, and by the morning of the 9th of July I had 5800 men well posted. A great part of my men were only 100-day men and had never been under fire. The rebels began the attack early in the morning with their 30,000 men, with several thousand more at Frederick. The battle lasted until 5 o'clock in the evening, when I withdrew with all the flags and guns, and the enemy was so much discouraged by the stubborn resistance that they did not cross the river until noon of the next day. Thus they were delayed [illegible], and I had succeeded in making Early show his force and demonstrate his real objective point. I immediately telegraphed to Grant the result of the matter. He had not disbelieved my report as Halleck had pretended to, so that [illegible] at once dispatched the troops [illegible] an army corps to Washington and it arrived just in time, as Early was skirmishing at the outworks when the reinforcements disembarked. Just then was where Grant showed his wonderful genius. Other commanders in attempting to take Richmond had always left behind a large army to defend Washington. Grant was determined to utilize his forces, and he kept a fleet of transports at City Point under steam at all times by which to send men back to defend Washington, but in 1864 he would have been too late if I had not telegraphed to him instead of to Halleck. For winning the battle Halleck removed me from command, but Grant telegraphed an order restoring me and inviting me to spend a week or two with him at City Point. It was the first communication we had had for two years.

Homely Proverbs.

In order to cook your hare you must always first catch it.

It is much easier to catch a cold than to catch a hare.

To get rid of a cold always use the Red Star Cough Cure.

To get Red Star Cough Cure, only requires twenty five cents.

OLD WORLD GOSSIP

The Amusement Season under Full Headway in Paris

Political Problems in France—The Sultan of Turkey Patronizes the Drama—Events in Paris

[Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

LONDON, Dec. 26.—When we see a government shower titles, places, pensions and decorations on their friends we generally say: "This is the beginning of the end." Lord Salisbury is making hay while the sun shines, but we already wonder if it is not a sign that he is contemplating retirement. It is not surprising that a cry of indignation should be raised at the gross case of nepotism which has been shown by the government in the appointment of Mr. Graham to the clerkship of parliament. If ability in long and faithful public service, says a correspondent, were to be recognized or if the fittest man was to be chosen for the post in which a thorough knowledge of the constitution is indispensable, Sir Erskine May, the clerk of the house of commons, was marked out for this post, worth £[illegible]. Quite true, but Mr. Graham had the good fortune first to be private secretary to the late Lord Cairns, lord chancellor of the Earl of Beaconsfield's cabinet, and then to marry a daughter of Lord Cranbrook. The present government has been described by Mr. Chamberlain as a government of caretakers. The description is true in so far as they take good care of their friends. The editor of *Truth* says that any government but the jobbing, self-seeking gang that are now in office would, as a bare act of justice, have given the place to Sir Erskine May.

Parisian gayety is reviving a little just at present and people are dancing hard. Balls at the Tribunal of Commerce, at the Grand hotel, at the Hotel Continental, at the Grand Orient Masonic Lodge, at the Kriegelstein Hall, at Metra's Balls everywhere this week. Grand success also for the lately revived subscription nights at the opera and the Opera Comique, now held on Saturdays and patronized by the aristocracy and the high gentry, who are at last coming out of their shells. Apropos of balls, a most important question has lately been agitating the minds of the successors of the "incroyables," the fashionable men of the Directoire, who were dubbed "lions" in 1830, "dandies" in 1850 when Anglomania set foot in France, "creves" (half dead) under the second empire, "gommeux" (sticky) in the beginning of the third republic, and who are at present called "faucheux" (mowers) from the manner in which they carry their sticks. The momentous question was: "How should gloves be worn?" For a long time it has been the fashion for gentlemen to place them inside their waistcoats or in the folds of their opera hats. But now the fiat has gone forth, the "monde elegant," and every man who respects himself is to be seen

WEARING HIS LEFT HAND GLOVE.

And carrying the other. Some bold spirits have tried to appear with both gloves on, "but without success," says the journal which lays down the law in such matters. Such are the great problems which disturb the brains of that new generation which M. Paul Deroulede would fain teach to live for the Revenge. Oh! gallant founder of the League of the Patriots, truly the seed which thou sowest is much of it choked by thorns!

The streets of Paris are getting very dangerous for pedestrians. Scarcely a day passes without one or two persons being run over by vehicles. The last time I was there I was much struck by the manner in which every cabman seemed to aim at me when I crossed the street. I have come to the conclusion that with daily practice they are getting quite adept in hitting their prey. I have further discovered a key to the matter, for this little sport costs them only a penny a day, and doubtless breaks the monotony of their existence. The penny a day is paid to an insurance company, which comes down with the cash every time the *cocher* is called upon to pay for a set of broken ribs.

An event which might have been a catastrophe happened in Paris one night last week. The Pont Neuf, a bridge dating from the time of Henry III, [illegible] Pont Neuf. Apropos of this a writer of the Paris *Figaro* relates a conversation he overheard between two newsboys, and which proves that folks in Paris have not quite shaken off the late scandal fever. One urchin was crying one and yell at the top of his voice: "The great Pont Neuf event," but the papers were not snapped up very rapidly. His young confrere, evidently a shrewd judge of the public and who had turned late revelations to account, comes up, and with a nudge, says: "You duffer, why don't you say 'Pont Neuf scandal'?" The advice was immediately taken, and pennies flowed in satisfactorily.

The sultan of Turkey lately ordered a performance of "Belisario" for the entertainment of the ladies of the harem, who are principally Georgian and Circassian girls who had never seen an opera. The blind "Belisario" was superbly sung by a basso who groped about the stage, and so tunefully bewailed his hard fate that he touched the hearts of

THE SULTAN'S DOMESTIC PETS

Who imagined his blindness to be real, and sought to console him by tossing purses of gold at him while he was on the stage. The blonde "Belisario," at the risk of destroying the illusion, managed to secure the gifts.

M. Clemenceau is expected to become prime minister of France within the next three months. His supremacy in the new chamber of deputies has suggested to a witty Parisian correspondent of a London paper the idea of calling the Palais Bourbon "*la Salle Clemenceau*." I fancy I would be as witty by changing the English word "parliament" into "Parnell-ment." We are quits.

If all marriages are not made in heaven, some at any rate are arranged in police courts, as was the case in Warrenton yesterday. A man was prosecuted before the mayor for assaulting a woman with whom he had lived, the charge being that he felled her to the ground with a tremendous blow on the forehead. For his defense, this Briton stated that the woman had been "spreeing with other men, and he whacked her for it, and she was now none the worse for the blow." The mayor: "None the worse! Do you think it was a mark of your affection to strike her?" Defendant: "I did not think I was going to hit her as hard as I did." The mayor: "Why don't you get married, and then you would have a right to prevent other men from going with her?" Defendant: "Well, after this is settled we shall live differently." The mayor: "Now if you will promise to marry her, we will let you off, and if you will bring the certificate to my office showing that you have got married, I will give you a wedding present." The defendant thereupon promised to marry the prosecutrix, whom he will soon be able to beat to his heart's content with impunity, and he retired thanking his worship heartily. The reporter forgot to say whether the prosecutrix also thanked his kind worship.

A Spanish playwright, who has dramatized the famous Caroline question in a play called "Las Carolinas," now played at the Madrid Variedades theater, seems to have a better conception of the true importance of the question which so much disturbed the last days of King Alfonso XII than most of the Spanish and German diplomatists who were concerned in it, as you will see from the plot, which is this: Two little girls, respectively called Hispania and Germania, are furiously quarreling over the possession of some dolls, and neither party can be appeased until some one happily suggests that papa—a Spanish word which stands for "father" as well as for "pope"—should solve the question about the ownership of the dolls. Papa's verdict is that the dolls belong by rights to Hispania, but that Germania should be allowed to play with them. Common sense and prudence are, as you see, reconciled here.

MAX O'RELL.

The London "Times."

London Letter.

The circulation of the London *Times* is now confined to clubs, hotels, restaurants, persons who hire it to read, a very limited class of business men, and families of exceptional affluence, but thousands coming under the latter head do not take it. It is no doubt always glanced over—for few persons actually read through its yards of print—by the majority of peers and members of the house of commons. The effect of the new enfranchisement will be to diminish its influence still further, as the new voters know nothing of it. While, however, its circulation declines, or at best stagnates, it probably is an advertising medium more valuable than ever. The London morning paper having the widest circulation among the well-educated class is the liberal conservative *Standard*.

The Naturalized Chinaman.

Benton Leader.

Jim Westfall, a well known Chinese merchant and labor contractor, of Corvallis, went to Albany last Saturday, and in the clerk's office of Linn county, filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States. Jim has been living at Albany and Corvallis about thirteen years, having lived at Portland one year before he came to Albany. He came to Portland from China. Jim got his English name by accident. The marshal at Albany when Jim came there was named Westfall and he had a limp in his walk very much like a limp in the Chinaman's walk. The fellows about town, from this circumstance, jocosely dubbed the Chinaman Jim Westfall, a name which stuck to him and which he finally adopted as his own, and under which he has taken the first step to become a citizen of the United States. He is undergoing the metamorphosis from a heathen to a Melican man as rapidly as circumstances permit. He has abjured his allegiance to the Emperor of China, is letting the hair grow on the top of his head, and keeps his queue run down the inside of his shirt. By and by he will join an anti-Chinese club and the change will be complete.

VANDERBILT'S SUCCESSOR.

Facts about the Two Men who Aspire to Boss the New York Markets.

New York Dispatch to Cincinnati Enquirer.

The fairhaired German baron, Charley Woerishoffer, seems to be the ruling spirit of the stock market at the moment. To-day nearly all the stocks were advanced, and it was semi-officially stated that the improvement was at the direction of Mr. Woerishoffer. The baron seems bent upon sliding into the shoes vacated by Mr. Vanderbilt and those about to be left behind by Jay Gould when he enters his alleged retirement on the first of the year. Mr. Woerishoffer also retired from his firm last summer, but, with the removal of Mr. Vanderbilt and the prospective absence of Mr. Gould, he apparently thought he saw an opportunity to become more famous than when he engineered, several years ago, his gigantic Denver & Rio Grande deal and dropped $1,000,000 in the process. Deacon White also aches to assume the title of "king of the street." Mr. Woerishoffer, in his broken but more or less euphonic German, insists that the "deacon" only knows how to monkey with Lackawanna "corners," and lacks the power required of a great financial general.

Whether the baron or the deacon is to lead the future bears and bulls is a question of considerable interest to Wall street. The baron, though mainly a bull, has been long known for his tenacious fondness for iconoclastic views of stocks, bonds and everything connected with American railroad securities. These views have been enhanced since his cousins on the Rhine and throughout the German empire were induced to believe that the Wabash and Villard securities were dog cheap at par. He is not afraid to say that the German contingent was taken in that time, and he is not at all backward now in stating that it will take a generation or two to call into full activity the railroads already built.

Deacon White, on the other hand, reminds one of the spread-eagleism which Mr. Dickens said oozed from every pore of the body American. He is of the "my home-is-in-the-setting-sun" order. He says he is for the American continent and its railroad securities first, last, and all the time. To him every inch of the railroads already built is necessary to America's greatness and that all properties are to blossom with higher prices and dividends. The baron, a born pessimist, and the deacon, an optimist of the highest degree, which does the speculative world want at its head?

ARE THEY ALL LIARS?

Mr. Cleveland's Letter to Mr. Keppler Condemned.

Richmond (Va.) State.

Are these the words of some Buffalo tough? They may be, and yet they are the words of the president of the United States. Shades of Washington and Jefferson and Adams! Had the president chosen to spend a minute of time, a drop of ink and the infinitesimal wear and tear of a pen point he might have explained that what he charges was directed only against an unhappily large number of unscrupulous and disreputable newspapers. He might have shown that for an exalted and patriotic press which has thousands of representatives in the country he had that respect which is due from all sensible public men. But he seems to strike out regardless of what or whom he hits. He has forgotten his own beginning and all that he owes to the newspapers for acquainting the people of the country with his acts, and thus making it possible for him to rise to the place he now fills. But the average politician is proverbially forgetful of the services of the press and it seems that Mr. Cleveland has not risen above the average politician in gratitude. This coarse and sweeping denunciation of one of the most powerful and useful forces in affairs is as serious folly and arrogance.

The soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by the ladies who use Pozzoni's Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

THE STATISTICAL OREGONIAN.
Send ten (10) cents for a copy of the twenty page New Year's edition.

WANTED--HELP.

WANTED—HOUSEKEEPER WITH MEANS [illegible] Address [illegible] BROWNHILL [illegible]

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN TO WORK IN A store; must come well recommended. Address G S, care Oregonian. 16j3

WANTED—A NEAT GIRL TO DO COOKING, washing and ironing [illegible] an American family [illegible] Apply at 415 West Park st. 16j4

SALESMAN WANTED—A GOOD SOLICITING agent of ready [illegible] can find permanent employment [illegible] Morrison st.

WANTED—A FIRST CLASS MILLINER FOR two or three months commencing February 1 [illegible] recommendations required. Address [illegible] city. 5j1f

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC YOUNG MAN for 4 months. Apply at 69 Washington st., bet. 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. 24n

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC, THOROUGH well posted business man for Oregon and Washington; a permanency and liberal compensation if qualifications are satisfactory. Address P. O. Box [illegible], San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED--AGENTS.

APPLY AT ONCE FOR AN AGENCY FOR LIFE of General Grant [illegible] only official complete [illegible] and richly illustrated work, don't be deceived by imitations; demand is immense. 5000 agents wanted. Address A. L. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco.

AN AGENT WANTED IN EVERY TOWN ON the coast to sell Electric Magnetic Medicated Foot Batteries or Insoles; sure cure for cold feet, no more pains or aches, cold feet produce catarrh; the batteries prevent this dangerous disease. Write or call ELECTRIC MAGNETIC CO., Third and Morrison sts., Portland, Or.

WANTED—A LADY POSSESSING PLENTY OF energy and undoubted ability for every county in Oregon and Washington territory. If references are satisfactory the business will be permanent and income assured. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED--EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED—A SITUATION AS SAWYER BY A first class man [illegible] Address J. R. [illegible] 1j6

A MIDDLE AGED LADY WISHES A SITUATION as housekeeper where there is no [illegible] Call or address [illegible] Washington sts., No. 111.

THE W. K. T. U. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE ON First street [illegible] wanted [illegible]

WANTED--MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—TO BUY OR RENT A HOUSE OF four rooms [illegible] Address [illegible]

WANTED TO RENT—NICELY FURNISHED [illegible] Apply [illegible]

WANTED—A SECOND HAND OUTFIT FOR BREWERY [illegible] Address [illegible]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SHORT HAND TAUGHT IN 30 LESSONS BY mail and easy. C. R. WHITAKER [illegible]

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC UNDER THE direction of [illegible] For terms and other information apply [illegible]

GEORGE [illegible] PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Graduate [illegible] St. Louis, Mo.; also Faculty [illegible] South America [illegible] Rooms First and Alder [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASBESTOS FIRE KINDLER—THE BEST THING out [illegible] Oregon Brass Works [illegible] All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

WM. GARDNER & CO., PRACTICAL PLUMBers, Gas and Steam Fitters. Hot water heating a specialty. Corner Third and Alder sts., Portland.

MACHINISTS.

TRENKMAN & WOLFF, MACHINISTS, CORNER Front and Third sts.—Housework, doors, railings, iron shutters, and machinery of all descriptions, planing and moulding tools to order.

FOR SALE--MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—THE FURNITURE OF A WELL-furnished boarding house containing 11 rooms; boarders at present; must be sold inside of two weeks. Address H. McBRIDE, 28½ Third st.

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS.

HEGELE, CROWELL & CO., IMPORTERS, 83 and 84 Front st., Portland, Or.

BON BONS—WHEN YOU TRY G. M. SIMON'S Chocolate Bon Bons you will want no other. 7th & Washington.

TO RENT ROOMS AND OFFICES.

FOR RENT—A NICELY FURNISHED front alcove room with fire and bath, to two gentlemen. Board if desired. No [illegible] N. W. Park st.

FOR RENT—TWO WELL FURNISHED CONnecting rooms with fire, good place for two to four gentlemen. 13 Washington street, bet. 6th and 7th.

FURNISHED ROOMS, BAY WINDOW, FOR light housekeeping. 172 First street.

FOR RENT—A NICELY FURNISHED FRONT room at 145 B street, cor. of Seventh.

FOR RENT—4 UNFURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping with modern improvements; low rent. N. E. cor. Pacific and Yamhill sts.

FOR RENT—A FRONT ROOM, HANDSOMELY furnished, bay window, fire and bath. 211 Taylor street.

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED BAY WINdow room, all modern conveniences. 195 Seventh street, cor. Taylor.

TWO GOOD ROOMS IN PRIVATE FAMILY AT low rates; central; on street car line. Address W. A. P., care Oregonian.

FOR RENT—A SUIT OF NICELY FURNISHED rooms with free bath, suitable for light housekeeping; wood and light included. [illegible]

BALDWIN LODGING HOUSE—ROOMS FOR rent with fire by the day, week or month at moderate prices; at 229½ 2d st., bet. Salmon and Main.

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS, GAS, BATH, etc.; convenient to street cars. Inquire at 334 Morrison, cor. Pacific.

TO RENT HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT—THE MORRIS-STREET STORE and the floor now occupied by Cohen, Davis & [illegible]

FOR RENT—HOUSE OF TEN ROOMS, WITH modern conveniences. 165 Tenth street, between [illegible] streets. Inquire [illegible]

FOR RENT—STORE ON SOUTH SIDE MORRISON st., between First and Front. [illegible] Inquire [illegible]

TO RENT ROOMS WITH BOARD.

UNFURNISHED ROOM WITH BOARD AND table board at 164 Sixth st., near postoffice.

FOR RENT—ROOMS WITH OR WITHOUT board; single or double; use of bath and gas free; [illegible]

TO RENT MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR RENT—ONE HALF OF NORTHERN PAcific Express Co.'s stable [illegible] Apply at N. P. Ex. office or Portland Pine [illegible]

FOR SALE REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—BLOCK IN BEST RESIDENCE part of Couch's addition; price [illegible] C. VER, Real Estate and Stock Broker.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, TWO LAND CLAIMS, ONE of 160 and one of 80 acres, in [illegible] Railroad land [illegible]

FOR SALE—3 CHOICE RESIDENCE LOTS ON Mill street, bet. Twelfth and Thirteenth streets; also a small cottage with lot 50x100 on same street, near Twelfth street. This property offered at a bargain, and on easy terms. FRANK E. REES, 133½ First street, corner Alder.

FOR RENT—COTTAGE HOUSE ON FIRST ST., bet. Harrison and Hall, containing three bedrooms with closets, parlor, sitting-room, dining room, kitchen, pantry and cellar.
ALSO
Cottage house containing two bed-rooms with closets, parlor, sitting room, dining room, kitchen, pantry and woodshed. DAVIDSTEEL, 4[illegible] Fifth st.

HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE comprises 5 lots in the best part of a prosperous town in Idaho and a future county seat; 18 bedrooms, 24 beds, saloon, billiard room, card room and parlors, all completely furnished; finely finished residence attached to hotel with $500 piano; [illegible] barn [illegible] good water, 2 cows; will be sold for $[illegible]; two thirds down; a rare opportunity. Address A. F. PARKER, Lewiston, Idaho.

FOR SALE—FARM OF 160 ACRES, WITH 35 head of cattle, including 20 cows, a Holstein bull, and over half the whole are grades; 1 good farm horses, superior farm machinery and dairy apparatus. The dwelling house is hard finished and commodious, commands a fine view of the river. The farm adjoins the town of Cathlamet, W. T., where the county seat and post office [illegible] $5000 cash. JOHN [illegible]

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SUTTON & BEEBE, SHIP CHANDLERY AND naval stores, 16 N. Front st., Portland, Or.

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D Sts., Portland, Or.

H. E. BATTIN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERchant and produce dealer. 130 Front street.

C. CÆSAR & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISsion Merchants, 30 North Front street, Portland.

TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., SHIP BROKERS AND Commission Merchants, agents for San Juan Archipelago Lime Co. 34 Front street, Portland.

MILLER & WEST—(J. O. MILLER, W. H. WEST,) commission merchants in general and dairy produce, 1[illegible] Front st., between Washington and Stark.

J. McCRAKEN & CO., IMPORTERS & WHOLEsale grocers and shipping and commission merchants. Nos. 60, 62 and 64 North Front st., Portland, Or.

W. S. MASON, WHOLESALE GROCER AND Front st., Portland, Or.

SLAIDEN & CHURCH, COMMISSION MERchants in country produce, butter, cheese, dried and green fruits. 73 Front st., Portland, Or.

GIBSON, QUACKENBUSH & CO., SHIPPING AND Commission Merchants, specialties—wheat, flour, salmon, grain bags, etc. N. W. cor. Front and Ash sts., Portland, Or.

HERMAN METZGER, PURCHASER OF hides, pelts, furs, wool and tallow and general commission merchant; consignments solicited. No. 45 Third street. P. O. box 784, Portland, Oregon.

MARK LEVY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, importer of and dealer in tropical and domestic green, dried and canned fruits, nuts, figs, dates and raisins. 122 Front st. Consignments of Oregon and California produce solicited.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

WANTED—PARTNER WITH $[illegible] TO $[illegible] cash to engage in a profitable business. Address [illegible]

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—THE UNDERsigned offer for sale an established business in the city, having a good health trade and requiring a capital of [illegible] for live stock or [illegible] sell for cash or exchange for an improved farm. PARRISH, WATKINS & CORNELL, [illegible] Washington street.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—FOR ONE WOOD yard. Will exchange for city real estate or farm land.

DRUG BUSINESS FOR SALE IN A RAPIDLY growing town, situated on a principal railroad. Address F., care Oregonian.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE VERY BEST GENeral merchandise stores in Eugene City, on account of [illegible] from San Francisco. Address [illegible], care Oregonian.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED BUSINESS man with some capital [illegible] a legitimate and paying business; $900 a year can be made. Address D., care Oregonian.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

D. NEKEHAM'S SON'S PURE RED CLOVER Blossoms and Extracts for sale by MRS. L. HILLIER, 406 Fourth street.

BARK MARTHA FISHER, CAPT. BUCKNAM, from Panama. Neither the master nor the undersigned consignees of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by the crew. C. CÆSAR & CO., Consignees.

SCHOOL TAXES—THE TAX BOOK FOR 1885 WILL remain in the hands of the school clerk, but a fee [illegible] will be charged to all parties who have not paid [illegible] T. J. STRUBLE, school clerk.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE [illegible] First National Bank [illegible] Portland, Or. within three [illegible] WM. HONEYMAN.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

ALLEN & LEWIS, WHOLESALE GROCERS, CORner N. Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

CORBITT & MACLEAY, WHOLESALE GROCERS and Commission Merchants, Nos. 62 and 64 Front st., Portland.

WADHAMS & ELLIOTT, WHOLESALE GROCERS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Nos. 45 and 48 Front street, Portland, Or.

J. O'CONNOR, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL grocer, dealer in ship stores, garden and grass seeds, foreign and domestic fruits, etc. N. E. cor. Front and Alder sts., Portland, Or.

FINANCIAL.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED CITY AND country property. Apply to [illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE IN sums [illegible] B. GOLDSMITH [illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN—IN SUMS TO SUIT ON [illegible]

MILL AND FARM MACHINERY.

Z. T. WRIGHT, FARM AND MILL MACHINERY, [illegible] Portland.

[illegible] IMPLEMENT COMPANY [illegible] farm and mill machinery, Front and [illegible] Portland, Or.

CHAS. H. DODD & CO., SOLE AGENTS BUCKEYE Mower and Reaper, Canton Plows, Thresher, Haines Header, Wagons. Front and Vine sts.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

R. SHERLOCK, SADDLERY, HARNESS, HARDware. 74 Front st., Portland, Or.

HERBERT BRADLEY & CO., 89 FRONT ST., Importers of Shoe Manufacturers' Goods, Shoe Store Supplies, Blacking, Dressings, Etc.

SAILS, FLAGS AND TENTS.

AMES & PATRICK—BAGS, BAGGING, TWINES, Tents, Awnings, Wagon Covers, Oil Clothing, etc. 111 Front st., Portland, Or.

SHOW CASE MANUFACTURERS.

DIXON, BORGESON & CO., 102 FRONT ST., Portland and 37 Market st., San Francisco.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, ESTABLISHED 1860. Portland, Or.

O. MAN ROYAL, M. D., ROOM 2, PORTLAND Savings Bank Building, cor. Second and Washington. Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 3 to 5 P. M.

The Oregonian for 1886.

DAILY, WEEKLY AND SUNDAY.

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE NORTHWEST.

With the beginning of the year 1886 we make new terms for THE OREGONIAN. The rapid increase of circulation, the decline in the price of white paper and other materials, together with our now unsurpassed facilities in machinery enable us to make a permanent reduction of the price of the WEEKLY to offer the WEEKLY and SUNDAY together, and the DAILY and SUNDAY together to mail subscribers at rates reduced from former regular terms. From this time the rates will be as follows:

WEEKLY	$2 00 a year
SUNDAY	2 00 a year
WEEKLY and SUNDAY together	3 50 a year
DAILY and SUNDAY together	1 00 a month.

The terms for the DAILY and SUNDAY when delivered by carriers, will be unchanged and the DAILY alone, sent by mail will be $10 a year as heretofore.

As a newspaper the OREGONIAN covers the entire field of activity in the Northwest. It is the only journal that has the necessary resources of a complete newspaper. Its telegraphic service through the Associated Press supplemented by its own special work covers all the news of the world. For news within its own field it relies chiefly on its own correspondents. These it has at all principal points in the Northwest. As a newspaper it has facilities equalled by no other published within the field of its circulation and it expends for news more than all others combined.

THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN.

In extent and variety of matter THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN stands at the head of the newspapers of its class. It consists of twelve large pages, giving more than double the amount of matter contained in any other weekly journal of the Northwest. The matter is all carefully sifted for its columns. All the news of the week—eastern, foreign, and Pacific coast and local—is presented in full. Large space in the paper is devoted to choice miscellaneous matter. The market reports are written with great care and fullness by an editor who gives his whole time to this department of the paper.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN,

This paper is at once an original magazine and a first-class newspaper. Best special writers are employed upon it. All the specialties which have made it so attractive during the past year will be continued. The SUNDAY and WEEKLY together make an incomparable SEMI WEEKLY at the low price of $3 50 per annum. For this sum the subscriber will get 140 columns of matter each week, or 7,280 columns a year, embracing everything for which a newspaper is consulted.

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To all who are in search of a daily paper THE DAILY OREGONIAN will continue to be as indispensable as it has ever been. Its news facilities are superior to those it has ever before possessed and no one can be sure of having seen all the news until he has read it.

See above—the terms of THE OREGONIAN for 1886.

OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO., Portland, Or.

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JAN. 17, 1886

H. W. S.

STALWART BEGGARS.

The number of able-bodied and stalwart men who are begging about our streets surprises most people who have occasion to be out after night-fall—the time when these beggars mostly ply their trade. Their appearance is usually that of tramps, not of worthy people in distress and they should be treated accordingly. In fact nearly every one of them, when questioned, professes to have come from San Francisco, from Chicago, or from some other distant place. It is certain that charity is deserved by not a few who solicit it here, but why should it lend an ear to these stalwart vagabonds?

Many of our states have very rigorous laws for the suppression of tramps. The tramp nuisance [illegible] energetically [illegible] ordinary methods of reform that legislation which would otherwise have been regarded as oppressive in an extreme degree, has necessarily been enacted on the subject. Oregon will probably be compelled to adopt the same policy. Penal enactments that will restrain other persons under fear of adequate punishment does not act as a restraint on tramps, and the penalties which laws provide are not regarded by them as a punishment. For this reason laws apparently cruel and inhuman in their provisions have been enacted against tramps and are ratified by a merciful and humane public sentiment.

A slight term of imprisonment or a fine to be commuted by imprisonment, has no terrors for the inveterate tramp. It secures him a place of comfort and plenty to eat for a temporary period. Especially in cold weather he prefers a warm room in jail and a seat at the jail table rather than a bivouac in the woods, and cold victuals procured at neighboring farm houses. In the late autumn, in winter, and in the early spring his comforts as a prisoner far exceed those which he would enjoy in freedom. It is only in summer that the highway is pleasant to his vagabond sense of enjoyment—the food begged by the roadside, with stolen fruit for dessert, is regarded by him as better than jail fare, and that he prefers liberty in violation of law to confinement under the requirements of law.

The tramp habit somehow develops a shocking insensibility to the horrors of crime, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the low moral nature that permits a man to be a tramp prepares him often for the perpetration of crimes of peculiar atrocity. It is almost certain that the great number of crimes committed by persons unknown are justly attributable to the vagabonds who are drifting around without any honest purpose in life. A wandering, aimless and migratory habit—the vagabond's life—can lead only to evil, and can hardly avoid positive crime. For these reasons a sound social philosophy ratifies modern anti tramp legislation, both for the safety of property and the good order of society. But it should not be forgotten that an excellent way for a community to rid itself of tramps is to refuse them food and shelter. It is an ill directed charity that encourages them.

THE PORTER BILL.

The bill now before congress for relief of Fitz John Porter simply authorizes the president to nominate and, by and with the consent of the senate, to appoint Porter to the position of colonel in the army, of the same grade and rank held by him at the time of his dismissal from the army by sentence of court-martial promulgated January 27, 1863, and in his discretion to place him on the retired list of the army as of that grade and it provides that Porter "shall receive no pay, compensation or allowance prior to his appointment under this act." There is little doubt that the bill will pass. But it conforms neither to the recommendation of the Schofield board of inquiry "to restore him to the positions of which the sentence deprived him," nor to the letter written him July 4, 1884, by Gen. Grant, viz: "You were dismissed unjustly and you are entitled to restoration. That would make you a major general from the date of dismissal to the time of restoration. I want to see this final decision in your case." Porter, however, claims only such vindication as will remove the blot from his name. Therefore he is not demanding rank or back pay.

In common with most others, THE OREGONIAN for years had no doubt of the justice of the sentence of the court-martial in Porter's case. But the investigation made by the Schofield board, followed by the pronounced opinion of Grant, who after a very careful examination of the case, had completely changed his mind, made it quite impossible to persist longer in the former opinion. Since such men as Grant, Schofield and Terry have declared that Porter did his duty as a soldier, it is mere obstinacy of injustice to persist in maintaining the contrary. It remains only to say that there was some exhibition of spirit on the part of Porter toward his superiors, that cannot but be called indiscreet and censurable; and it was largely upon these expressions that public opinion was made up against him. Had Porter known as well as Grant knew how to be silent when his judgment did not approve the action of his superiors in authority, it is probable he never would have been subjected to the sentence he has borne, unjustly, through these long years. But his own conduct in seeking his vindication has been beyond criticism. He has not reproached others, in asking for relief he has not demanded rank nor back pay, but has simply been endeavoring to vindicate his honor as a soldier and remove a stain from his name. The man upon whom such a sentence justly falls is usually contented with his infamy, but it is a great point in Porter's favor that he has never relaxed his efforts to secure vindication, and that he will owe his vindication at last to those who at first were strongly committed against him.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

To the *North American Review* for January Canon Farrar contributes a very remarkable article on the work of the church in America, viewing not what has been done already but the opportunities and the duties of the future. In the beginning he explains with a breadth not common to English churchmen that by "the church" is not meant only the Episcopal church, "for it would be a mark of unworthy arrogance for any one religious body to claim the title of the church as its exclusive religious badge. By the church of America I mean all the churches of America; whether Papal, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, or Episcopalian. These churches are far less separated by differences of organization and of opinion than they are united by common fealty to the gospel of Christ, and common allegiance to the two ancient creeds of universal Christendom." It is not, Canon Farrar says, for a stranger to answer the question "Has America wholly escaped the moral dangers which are incident to prosperity and peace?" but if the testimony of her own writers is to be accepted, these dangers have been felt. Referring to the political and business scandals of the past year, he proceeds to point out the duties which they impose upon the church.

None but ignorant and half educated persons will ask, "What have the clergy to do with politics?" If "politics" mean the corporate action of citizens, the church would be doomed to work in regions of unreality if she reduced herself to impotence and silence as regards matters which most keenly interest the great masses of the nation. There is little hope of political purity and nobleness if the righteous and the reasonable and the men of culture and aspiration shrink from public life with too cowardly a fastidiousness. It is true that the pulpit ought never to be abused for party purposes except in cases where, as in the case of slavery, questions are involved which have a direct bearing upon the eternal moral law. As regards the ordinary party questions, clergymen will be for the most part wisely content to do their duty as ordinary Christians. I have heard it said, he adds, that the church did not gain by any mere direct influence which she exercised in the case of the last presidential struggle. How this may be, American churchmen can judge best, but daily experience in England enables me to testify that the clergy of all denominations may play a most important and a most beneficent part, and that in several ways. First, they may keep steadily and strongly before the minds of the people the general conviction that righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is the reproach of any people. Next, they may apply this principle in relation to every question—and such questions arise perpetually—in which moral considerations are immediately involved. Further, they may bring to the study of all politics a seriousness of mind and a sensitiveness of conscience which is a safer guide than the conventional maxims of timid statecraft. And lastly they may set the example of discussing all questions with candor and magnanimity.

In the great sphere of business Canon Farrar thinks there is an opportunity for a most beneficent influence on the part of the church. Immense would be the effect of thousands of daily and weekly sermons all tending to impress upon [illegible] nobility and stainless honor. The church alone can teach the firm principles of honor, and she alone can convince the nations that industrial success is of infinitely lower value than the purpose of duty, the love of right, the enthusiasm for the blessing of mankind. She alone can leave on the minds of men the conviction that "a prosperous iniquity is the most unprofitable condition in the world," and that "[illegible] vocal on every hillside and commerce white on every sea are but a poor result of a century of freedom and large civilization if they lead only to luxury and accumulation, and to deepening the chasm which separates capital from toil."

Much of the church's work depends upon her attitude toward wealth. Such expressions as "the almighty dollar," such proverbs as that once quoted by Wendell Phillips about springing after a dollar at any risk, even if it were put on the other side of hell, such a terrible sentence as that of Theodore Parker, "In the American church money is God," point to a danger which prosperous nations, and England quite as much as America, have ever to be on their guard. All the clergy, and all true men, can set the example of simplicity of life. From the warning memories of history the church may well feel it her duty to keep unceasingly before the mind of the nation the truth that appearance is not essential to national greatness, but that justice, mercy and temperance are, and that without these, increasing wealth may but be a sign of inward weakness just as the gorgeous conflagration of the autumnal woods is but an evidence of their decay.

The church cannot be too watchful or too active, says Canon Farrar, in guarding the sanctity of marriage. The purity and delight of domestic life has hitherto been the special strength and glory of America no less than of England. Again, the church would be doing a great work for the national life if she could purify and elevate the press. No one who has looked at the countless multitudes of local newspapers can fail to fear that countless influences are constantly tending to bring about a slow degeneracy of the people's life. If the church cannot hope, without long and painful effort, to improve the taste of the masses as to cure them of the somewhat base, and certainly frivolous, habit of mind which demands satisfaction in a rage for novelties of gossip, and for the stimulus of criminal details, yet the inculcation of a deeper sense of truthfulness ought not to be beyond her power.

Having lastly, to the broader field of direct religious teaching and assuming as a matter of course, the constant enforcement of the few great essential eternal truths which lie at the very heart of Christianity, Canon Farrar says that three elements are essential to the teaching of a strong, living church are tolerance, freedom and progress. There must be tolerance. Until the various religious bodies are content to work together side by side in mutual respect and amity, until they are ready to sink the discussion of mind and exacerbating differences and to combine on the bases of things needful, until they respect and refrain from invading each other's separate spheres of work, until they substitute the spirit of large Christian charity for that of ecclesiastical opinion worship, so long they will be weak. Infidelity and immorality will never prevail against the unity of differing bodies of Christians, but they can safely despise the arrogant self sufficiency which rages in "the subdichotomies of petty schisms." There must be freedom. It is the aim of all the ambitious ecclesiastical tyrannies, whether of new presbyter or old priest, to load the minds of men with secular chains. It is the essence of true religion to make men free. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

There must, lastly, be progress. Churches have been very slow to learn this lesson. They have fought to the last for exploded doctrines and antiquated traditions. They have often resisted to the last the advancing knowledge of mankind. They have become revolutionary and convulsive in the effort to keep things fixed when the world is moving forward, and they have tried to preserve what it was their duty to improve. They have kept their earthen vessels closed so that the swelling tide of human progress did but shatter them upon the shore, or, at the best, roll them hither and thither with their "stagnant doctrines rotting in a dead theology." The churches of America ought more than any others to be free from this curse of obstinate stagnation.

America has a great inspiration in the story of her pilgrim founders. Their virtues ought to set the model for our national morality. If the church keep the people in their allegiance to those awful virtues, America shall still be the enlightener of the nations, the beautiful pioneer in the vanguard of the progress of the world. But if she spread a table to Fortune or enshrine Mammon above her altars—if her commerce become dishonest, and her press debased and her society frivolous and her religion a mere twilight of willful and self-induced delusion—she in her turn shall fall like Lucifer son of the morning, and the double oceans which sweep her illimitable shores shall only plash to future empires a more sad, a more desolate, and a more unending dirge.

H. W. S.

DEATH AND AFTERWARD.

A recent number of the *Fortnightly Review* contained an article by Edwin Arnold upon the ever interesting question of the existence of man after death. Mr. Arnold admits his inability to give this question a full and satisfactory answer, and he therefore offers his views as mere suggestions of what may possibly be the truth.

His theory, if such it may be called, has a charm for men who are troubled and in doubt upon this momentous subject. To them it is an opiate. It calls for no exertion and for no positive belief. It does not demand belief in its own truth, but those who accept it, as Arnold does, as a pleasant possibility, find their doubts growing quiet and that longing for immortality which has been present in the human heart from the earliest days of history is satisfied. He who allows himself to become subject to this influence feels himself drifting off into dreamland, and he little thinks that the visions of happiness he sees before him may be only such as those which come to men when, under the influence of some powerful drug, the mind sinks gradually but pleasantly into unconsciousness.

The whole teaching of this philosophy is that the future life, if it exists at all, is but a higher development of the conscious physical life which we have. It recognizes no dual existence of a physical and spiritual life in man, but true to this position it admits that the humblest vegetable organism has as much right to look for immortality as has man. Upon this point Arnold says: "In regard to the argument of equal rights of continuous existence of all things which live, it must be admitted. If the bathybia—nay, even if the trees and the mosses—are not, as to that which makes them individual, undying, man will never be. If life be not as inextinguishable in every egg of the herring, and in every bird and beast, as in the poet and the sage, it is inextinguishable in angels and archangels."

If by this is meant merely that the life of neither the moss nor the archangel is self existant, then we cannot escape its force nor refuse to recognize its truth. All life springs from that infinite power which Spencer calls "the eternal energy from which all things proceed." But Arnold is not wasting his time for the purpose of stating a truth which is but little short of axiomatic. His philosophy involves more than this. He knows that the life which is in all organic nature is the same in one organism as in another, for it is like the wind which sweeps over the ocean, filling the sails as well of the smallest craft as of the stateliest ship. But this organic life is the only one that he recognizes as existing in man.

From the existence of organic life in man he argues the possibility of a future existence. It is the same argument which Joseph Cook advances, reasoning from the development of the human organism from the germ. Whether advanced by Cook or by Arnold it is but the statement of a possibility. It is but asking why the power which has guided the force we call life in developing a human organism cannot continue this work in the development of a succeeding, but grander organism in the world to come? The argument is the same conclusion, which Cook, we believe, tries to avoid—that what in this respect can be said for man, cannot with any better reason be denied to the brutes, to the reptiles, or to the mosses which grow on the damp, dark walls of a dungeon.

Force is eternally persistent, it is true, but it does not follow that that particular force which we call physical and which is manifested in organic life, will be manifested in a conscious form after its manifestation here ceases in what we call death. The defect in Arnold's argument is, that while it is a search for something to satisfy man's longing for a future existence, it is a refusal to look for satisfaction in anything but the sphere of organic life. It ignores the existence of a spiritual nature in man, distinguishing him from the brutes and making him something more than an animal. The suggestion that man has a spiritual as well as an organic life is received with scorn by materialistic philosophers. They class all such ideas as the product of superstition. But they forget that their own theories must ultimately rest upon the foundation of a belief in a spiritual power. Surely the "Eternal energy from which all things proceed" is spiritual and to say that this ultimate power cannot put in operation in man's nature spiritual forces, giving him a spiritual life independent of his organic life, is to limit the power of the illimitable.

But the question follows hard upon the heels of this statement asking what more reason there is to believe in the conscious continuance of this spiritual life than there is to believe the same thing of organic life? To this, unaided human reason can give no positive answer. At best it can but offer conjectures and pleasing suppositions, as Arnold does regarding the organic life. But at this point we step into the realm of morals, where we see the great distinctions between man and the lower orders of animal life. Here we learn of man's moral responsibility, and of the doctrine of him who "brought life and immortality to light." Here we hear for the first time the promise of the life which is to come. Is there then no other assurance of immortality than this promise? Neither philosophy nor religion has ever nor ever will be able to find any other.

A MISTAKEN POLICY.

The manufacturing interests of South Carolina have made rapid advancement since the issues of the civil war dethroned cotton and gave diversified industries a chance. The value of the manufactures of that state in 1870 was $[illegible] and ten years later it was $[illegible]. In the four succeeding years the latter figure was doubled, manufacturers receiving a temporary impetus from a law passed by the state legislature, exempting factories from taxation for a period of ten years after their establishment. It was a subject of grave doubt whether the impetus thus given would conduce to the establishment of business on a healthful, independent basis and after much opposition the repeal of the exemption law was recently secured.

There is a vast difference, as everyone knows, in the result of extending legitimate encouragement to individuals, and in carrying them along. In the one case a stimulus is given to self help. In the other a spirit of dependence is encouraged which, if the help is strong and long enough, [illegible] the recipient of the earned fare he [illegible] and distrustful of his own powers. The same rule will apply to manufacturing industries. The encouragement that they need is not in the form of special privileges, which exempt them from the just share in the responsibilities and burdens that pertain to and sustain civil government, but an intelligent patronage of their products by the people in whose midst they are established. A policy that insures justice to all citizens, taxes all property in just proportion, encourages free schools on a practical educational basis, and makes each citizen a responsible factor in the government is the policy that best becomes a free people. Under our institutions there should be no privileged class exempt on account of any business in which they may engage, or from any other reason, from making honest report of their possessions to the tax gatherer. Taxation is necessary, more than this, it is beneficial to the extent that it imposes responsibility and contributes to the general protection of person and property. Exemption of any class of business from taxation is an injustice to other business and to other property holders. Diversified industry, coupled and established by an allurement contrary to the spirit of equality in burdens and benefits which free institutions are supposed to insure, cannot contain the solid elements of substantial growth that result from responsible, energetic endeavor.

SPOT CASH INFIDELITY.

It has been frequently and openly charged that Ingersoll's agnosticism rests upon a spot cash basis. In other words, that he is an "infidel" because it pays him to be one, and that he insists upon pay at the time the goods are delivered. The liberals of Cleveland, Ohio, add their testimony to a large mass that has accumulated in support of this charge. These disciples or adherents of Col. Ingersoll planned a benefit for the American Secular Union recently, with the great infidel as the drawing card. To their great disgust he walked complacently off with the gate money, leaving the treasury of the union aforesaid gaping for its expected donation. The *Secular Union* notifies Mr. Ingersoll that if he has not the prosperity of the union of which he is president at heart with sufficient tenderness to enable him to give the proceeds of one lecture to its benefit, the sooner he steps down and out the better for liberalism. Any one to have heard this spot cash infidel talk while in this city would have supposed that orthodox ministers only are gross enough to expect pay for sermonizing. Also, that brethren dwell together in unity in all places outside of the tents of orthodoxy. The god of modern infidelity in the role of a worshipper of Mammon is naturally not a pleasant picture for his ardent admirers to contemplate. In fact, this is not the picture in which they are so largely interested, and they are disappointed in finding that its colors are not fadeless, even for the brief ephemeral existence that he declares to be all that there is of life. The man who is such a clod as to argue himself into the belief that he is "all clay," and to labor with eloquence and zeal to impress the same belief upon humanity, should be judged by the materialist's standard in all things. Otherwise his disciples may have grave reasons to consider themselves, as in this case, the victims of misplaced confidence.

INCREASING INSANITY.

The message of Gov. Robinson to the Massachusetts legislature shows that the retreats for the insane of that state are overcrowded to an extent that threatens "appalling calamity, involving great loss of life and lasting disgrace to the commonwealth." In other words it appears that Massachusetts has many more insane persons than are at present being supplied with suitable care and retreat. The conclusion is irresistible that this most dreadful malady in the long catalogue of human ills, insanity, is increasing rather than diminishing with the progress of a civilization that multiplies the needs of man without giving him adequate means of supplying them. How much of this result is due to the increased pressure of want, in a state where machinery largely takes the place of hands in industrial lines, how much to vice that saps the foundations of physical health and makes a weak mind in a suffering and shattered body an easy prey to gloom and eclipse, how much to the shipwreck of hopes and unhappy domestic environment, is not told.

The outward ways of life we see,
Its hidden springs we may not know.

Yet upon one ground all human sympathy meets. These persons appeal to more fortunate fellow beings for kindness, for shelter and for care, and all of one accord agree that they should have it. It is for medical science to determine the causes that operate with steadily increasing force to wreck the human intellect and relegate human beings to the [illegible], but it is for quick and humane sympathy and abounding generosity to deal with, and if possible undo its effects. Oregon has done nobly in this regard thus far, not only meeting intelligently and humanely the wants [illegible] though toward the future.

The festivities of the season, now at its height, in Washington will suffer sudden and painful check by the death of Miss Kate Bayard, the accomplished daughter of the secretary of state. If this is what position and its excitement has brought to Mr. Bayard, he might better have longed and striven for it in vain. The young lady was a leader in the fashionable and weary round known as "society" at the democratic court, and the quick summons that ended her life while she was in attendance upon Miss Cleveland's reception suggests a strain greater than her organism could support. Her death resulted not from "dispensation of Providence," as her parents and friends will probably be told by their spiritual adviser, but from the high pressure of social excitement upon brain and nerve forces.

To use the headline of a special in an eastern journal "the continent this side of the Rockies has been shivering for some days in the embrace of an arctic winter." Whether this visitor has loosened his hold upon the eastern half of the continent in order to give the western half an icy hug, or whether his capacity is sufficient to embrace the whole at once is not stated but there are indications here of a grip, more or less demonstrative, that Oregon would fain have eluded. The "embrace" was most intense at Minnedosa, Manitoba, where 52 degrees below zero was recorded.

A few weeks ago the lumbermen of Wisconsin and Michigan were complaining that there was not snow enough to give them a chance for a prosperous season. The weather clerk presumably heard this plaint, and sent such an abundance of the coveted element that the lumbermen are snowed up in their huts crying for quarter. Unless they are able to strike a general average with the weather clerk their season will be spoiled both ways, first from lack, and second from abundance.

The life-saving crews at the various stations on the New England coast were kept constantly busy during the day following the fierce gale of the 9th of January. Many difficult rescues were made, and, as far as reported, no lives of the many that were imperilled were lost. Some of the wrecked seamen were severely frost bitten and would have perished after rescued from their stranded vessels but for the care given them at the stations.

The employes of the various mines near Nanaimo each donated the proceeds of one day's labor to the relief fund organized for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the miners buried by the cave in December. The sum realized from this source was about $6000, and represents as much genuine sympathy and self denial as was ever comprehended in a like sum.

The *East Oregonian* is puzzled. As a democratic journal it is inclined to think that the president "has an exceeding hatred of the democrats of Oregon, or else he contemplates being the republican candidate in 1888." This singular conclusion grows out of study of the recent appointment of J. J. Murphy as postoffice inspector.

THE LAY OF DEATH.

I live [illegible] in the face of a maiden,
[illegible] rose
[illegible]
My black wings are spread forth on [illegible] them,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Yet my heart with their sorrow is laden
And sad with the [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
Though my [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Yet [illegible] thou art strong. I am stronger,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Thou [illegible] kiss is sweet, mine is sweeter;
[illegible]
O [illegible] my dart pierces thy wing,
[illegible]
Lo I am thy king."

From the Two [illegible].

Mora and Max Droulliat's restaurant; Holton house, Alder street. Meals 50c, or a la carte.

TRESPASSES.

As we approach mid-winter, which we can only recognize by the dates, as we have as yet had but four days cold enough to freeze half an inch of ice in the gutters, the complaints of men out of work become more frequent and the voice of the agitators who hope to realize political capital out of the sufferings of the unemployed, become louder in the land. No Pacific coast city of its size has so far done so well as Sacramento in affording a practical solution in the matter of Chinese labor. On Monday last there was a meeting of mill-owners in that city and they agreed to an advance in flour of ten cents per barrel to enable them to discharge Chinese helpers and employ white laborers in their stead. The superintendent of the Sacramento woolen mills then came to the front and offered to discharge all his Chinese help and employ white labor in their stead, provided the Labor Union would guarantee him none but sober and well behaved men. This is specially commendable on the part of the woolen mill concern, whose chief ownership is vested in the directors of the Central Pacific railway. This movement caused the employment on Tuesday morning of three hundred men, two hundred of whom had been out of work for more than forty days.

Cannot some similar procedure be had here to give employment to the scores of men who are going up and down the streets in search of work? Some of these are evidently in hopes they will not find it, but these are the fellows that have ridden in here on brake-beams, and who are not very anxious to work anywhere. They are only a minority, however, for the most of the unemployed are men who are only too glad to get work. There are scores of them in all the cheap boarding-houses at the north end of town. If some action could be had by which the mills and other places where Chinese are employed could be united in action and persuaded to employ only white labor, it would benefit our city just as it is certain that it will benefit Sacramento. On the other hand employers should be protected against dissipated, lazy, or ill tempered men, and it is the duty of those at the head of labor unions to see that none but men of good habits are sent to fill vacancies. Portland does not want a famine on the one hand, nor the establishment of a *commune* on the other. The city would be more prosperous with everybody employed, but that is too much to ask just yet. The only way out of our labor dilemma is to provide employers with the best behaved men that can be found and trust to the gradual settlement of the country for an increased demand for labor.

The death of Judge Samuel H. Dwinelle in San Francisco last Tuesday carries me back into the 50s, when he and Col. Edward D. Baker were partners in the practice of law on Clay street opposite Leidesdorff. Their co-partnership terminated in January, 1860, when Baker came up to Oregon with a view of being made a United States senator from this state. Samuel Dwinelle was the elder brother of John Dwinelle, who walked overboard from the big ferry boat Solano at Port Costa about a year ago, and was drowned. These men were natives of Cooperstown, Otsego county, N. Y., and John was a man of considerable literary ability. He established in 1848, at Binghamton, N. Y., the first Odd Fellows' magazine ever published in America, but the country was not ready for it, and its existence was brief. John Dwinelle was the better pleader of law, but Samuel the better judge. In the legislature of 1865, which elected [illegible] to the United States senate, John Dwinelle was unquestionably the leader of the republican side of the lower house. He went there to serve his personal friend John B. Felton, but San Francisco did not want Felton. He had been identified with Levi Parsons in the "Bulkhead" scheme, and from that sent up John F. [illegible] with a sack to beat him. This exasperated Dwinelle, and he [illegible] forth for the nomination of George C. [illegible] for governor, just to spite what he called "the soft pork and sugar flour element."

Samuel Dwinelle was unlike John in many respects but he was nevertheless a very clear and [illegible] man, inferior to his younger brother in the gift of oratory, which is the distinguishing mark between the advocate and the [illegible] conversation. The antithesis of Baker in every respect, Judge Samuel Dwinelle was the neatest and most scrupulous of men in his attire, with neatly brushed clothes of faultlessly fitting black, high silk hat, while Baker, slipshod and wearing an old blue coat with brass buttons, sat at his desk across the room from Dwinelle. The same contrast was observable in their desks, for Baker's was always littered up with a mass of papers and piles of books, while Dwinelle's table looked like the desk of any well-to-do merchant. And what a treat it was to drop in there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Baile Peyton was then the leader of the knownothings in that state and his office was right across the hall from Baker & Dwinelle's. Go in there about that hour and you would hear a conversation that was almost a battle of the gods. Peyton died nearly eight years ago in Tennessee, and now the last of this distinguished trio has crossed the shadowy river. San Francisco will miss his kindly old face and burly figure in the years that await her, for such men are hard to replace.

The statements going the rounds of the press concerning men who are more or less public characters although not servants of the people are many, justification for the assertion that the newspaper liar is abroad in the land. Hear what a Washington, D. C., scribbler on the *Post* of that city, has to say about the sugar millionaire of San Francisco:

Claus Spreckels, "the sugar king of the New World," as he likes to call himself, is said to derive an income of $5,000,000 from his sugar plantation in the Sandwich Islands. In his dominion he wields the most autocratic power of any monopolist in the world. His home at Honolulu is like the dream of a Sybarite. His wants are served by an army of negroes.

Had the professional prevaricator searched the whole Pacific coast over to find a millionaire of whom the foregoing is especially untrue, he could not have hit it closer than in his selection of old Claus Spreckels. He is a man of humble origin and his education was acquired in after life, and the distinguishing trait of his character is his simplicity of manner, coupled with a dignity which could not be acquired by a man of narrow intellect. Hence the idea of his calling himself "the sugar king" is as absurd as it is false. Then again he has no "home at Honolulu," but resides in San Francisco and there are a score of houses owned by men worth less than a million dollars, right in this very city of Portland, that are quite as costly as the abode of Mr. Spreckels. If there is one rich man in California who despises shoddy like arrogance and lives in a condition of "Jeffersonian simplicity," that man is Claus Spreckels. The Washington scribe above quoted is at liberty to try again.

The retirement of Charles Patrick Daly from the bench of the New York court of common pleas, after holding that office continuously for forty two years, is an epoch in the public affairs of America's metropolis. Judge Daly was a man who was content to be known as a good man without an insane desire to be called great, and in this respect he offered a striking contrast to such judges as Cardoza, Barnard and others whom the people of New York elected, but once or twice too often for their good. Daly was the judge before whom were tried Edward C. Judson ("Ned Buntline") and his associates in the Astor Place riots of May, 1849, and his impressive charge to the jury on that occasion will not be forgotten by the few survivors who listened to it. All the fickle mutations of politics and all the nefarious schemes of the Tweed ring, by which the "Boss" and his gang tried to get a tool of theirs into Daly's place to serve the ends of the ring, were unavailing to remove this upright magistrate, who now retires to private life after a long and useful career consoled by the reflection that it pays to be honest.

A wealthy *hijo del pais* residing in the city of Santa Barbara, California, and rejoicing in the jaw breaking patronymic of Estanislaus Cordilero, has afforded the public of our sister state an opportunity to judge of how rapidly the Latin races are becoming habituated to the customs and manners of the Gringos. This aged gentleman amused himself, last week, by circulating scandalous reports on the streets concerning one Miss Sanchez, whose southern blood was too azure to brook such defamation. The irate Castilian dame armed herself with a rawhide and went in pursuit of the scandalizing [illegible], whom she interviewed so earnestly below the forty ninth parallel of his waistband that he partook of his chicken *tamales* on the mantelpiece that evening. The appreciative citizens of Santa Barbara stood by and watched this administration of "leather tea" with the most unfeigned satisfaction. It is evident that the adopted citizens of this republic under the treaty of Queretaro, are fast learning the ways of the *saladittos Americanos*.

Joggles has gone to night school for the past two winters and has attained considerable knowledge of Latin from hasty perusals of Ovid's Metamorphoses and Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic war. He has got into the bad habit, however, of interlarding his conversation with Latin phrases which is generally taken as an indication that a man cannot speak good English. The other day a mule ran away with a dog cart and made toothpicks of it in about ten minutes. The driver was a young man with one eye and pursued the fugitive hybrid to the best of his ability. He caught him near the postoffice and got a kick in the face which swelled so as to cancel the sight of his sole remaining optic. Joggles was telling some young ladies about it, and said that "the mule kicked young McCyclops in the face, destroying the sight of his *alter ego*." "His what?" queried the young ladies in chorus. "His *alter ego*, or as we say in English, his other eye," said Mr Joggles pedantically. GRIZZLY.

MARRIED.

In this city, [illegible], by the Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., at the home of the bride's aunt, Miss Christina MacCornell, C. H. R. Holcomb, Esq., to Miss Jean M. MacMahon, both of Portland.

DIED.

In this city, Jan. 15, at 7:30 P. M., at [illegible] North Tenth street, Willie, eldest son of Walter F. and Jessie M. Honeyman.

NEW TO-DAY.

LOT LUNCH AT THE GERMAN HOUSE FROM [illegible] 1216*

FOR ALL WHO READY MADE DRESSES [illegible] 3d and [illegible]

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED FRONT room, cheap; 207 West Park st., near Taylor. 17-1

LOST—A [illegible] NEWFOUNDLAND DOG, white [illegible] eye. Return to 115 Front st. and receive reward. 1 13

LOST—RED SETTER BITCH PUP. FINDER will please return to [illegible], 138 East Park st. and receive reward. 1 11

WANTED—A GIRL TO COOK AND DO HOUSEwork for a family of two. Call between 9 A. M. and 10 A. M. at [illegible] 1 11

THE BOARD OF PILOT COMMISSIONERS FOR Columbia River [illegible] will meet at Astoria Monday, Jan. [illegible] G. W. LOUNSBERRY, Sec.

MONEY TO LOAN—$500 or $1000 or $1500 or $2000 or $2500 or $4000 or $5000, on approved security and reasonable terms. LENT & YOUNG, 10 Stark st. [illegible]

WANTED—A 5 ROOM COTTAGE WITH BAY window, [illegible] convenient to street cars or suite of rooms [illegible] for gentleman and lady. Address B, care Oregonian. 1 15*

COAL. [illegible] RUSSELL & CO., FOURTH AND [illegible] streets. Telephone 251. Orders taken at Thompson's Cellar & Co's old stand and at Deal & O'Reilly's, Second and Yamhill sts. [illegible]

COAL. F. B. SMITH & CO., DEALERS IN FOReign and domestic Coal and Coke, corner Third and G sts.; Branch Office 80 Ash st., with E. G. PIERCE & Co. Telephone 51. 12tf

LOST—ON THE 14TH INST. A LADY'S OPAL ring with [illegible] gold setting, [illegible] inscription [illegible] date 1877. A liberal reward will be paid for its return to the Oregonian office. 1 15

$5 WHITE BLANKETS REDUCED TO $3 50 [illegible] reduced $1 75; Comforters to $1; $2 Comforters [illegible] Cloaks sacrificed to close out. McALLEN & McDONNELL, 165 Third st. 16j

WANTED—MODEL HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS with all conveniences, central location and moderate rent to good tenant; will enter into contract for building if terms can be settled. Address Tenant, care Oregonian. 1 1

$11,000 TO LOAN ON IMPROVED CITY property [illegible] J. P. O. LOWNSDALE, [illegible] Stark street. Portland, Or., January 16, 1886. 16j3

NEW AND OLD BOOKS. A LARGE ASSORTment [illegible] second hand books [illegible] 1 16

NOTICE—ALL LABORERS, ARTISANS, ETC. employed by the United States government at any time [illegible] last twenty years will learn something to their advantage by sending their names and addresses to [illegible] THOMPSON, Attorneys, [illegible] Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 1 7p

MOZART'S CLOAK AND SUIT Rooms. By special request of Mr. E. F. Mozart (who has retired) we continue to fill all [illegible] orders for Dry Goods, Cloaks and Suits. McALLEN & McDONNELL'S Popular Dry Goods Store, Third st., Portland, Or.

FOR SALE—A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF [illegible] residence on the Cricket Grounds, South Portland, prices very low [illegible] See HAIGHT, COY & CO. [illegible] 1 5

THE AGENCY OF THE SCOTTISH UNION and National Insurance Co. of Great Britain has this day been transferred from Messrs. [illegible] Harvey & Co. to Messrs. Thompson & [illegible]. This is one of the most powerful British Fire Insurance companies. It was organized A. D. 1824 and now has available resources of over $30,000,000. [illegible] HALL, Special Agent. Portland, Jan. 15, 1886. 1 5

CANNERY [illegible] THE INVERNESS [illegible] one of the very best positions on the [illegible] [illegible] The salmon [illegible] are the best in [illegible] [illegible] TURNER, BEETON & CO., Victoria.

Pioneer Wood Yard, [illegible] FIR $3, ASH $4, OAK $4 50.

Himes THE PRINTER, 150, 151 [illegible] Blanks, Book Binding [illegible]

SLEIGHS AND CUTTERS. IN STOCK READY FOR PRESENT DELIVERY [illegible] latest designs [illegible] North Pacific Manufacturing Co. [illegible]

WOOD.

WOOD—FIR $3, ASH $4, OAK $4 50. JACKSON & CO., [illegible] Fourth st. and foot of Taylor st. [illegible] Telephone 181. 31 tuwsa

COMING EVENTS.

PAVILION SKATING RINK—THE GRAND Athletic [illegible] tournament—running, skating and bicycling for gold medals, state championships, 8th, 9th and 10th.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE! ON THE PREMISES.

Chamber Suits $20, Parlor Suits $45, Marble top Center Tables $5, Lounges $5, Bed Lounges $8, Wall Paper [illegible], Papers, &c. Every thing else in proportion.

244 and 246 First Street.

STOLEN!

FROM THE STORE OF S. L. CALVERT, DRUGgist, Hubbard, a number of photograph albums, jewelry, [illegible] coins and fractional currency. For recovery of same and apprehension of the thieves a suitable reward will be paid. S. L. CALVERT, Hubbard, Marion county, Or. 16 d2 w1

CASINO OPERA HOUSE.

W. [illegible], Acting Manager.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE FAMOUS

THOMPSON OPERA CO.,

In their Unrivaled Production

"THE MIKADO!"

[illegible] New Scenery and Effects.

Monday [illegible] THE BEGGAR STUDENT

Admission $1 and 50c. A few choice seats at 75. Reserved seats now on sale at [illegible] & Steinbach's drug store, [illegible] and Washington sts.

In active rehearsal, H. M. S. PINAFORE.

GRAND CONCERT!

Given by the Ladies of the

TAYLOR ST. M. E. CHURCH

AT MASONIC HALL,

On Wednesday, January 20, 1886,

Admission, Fifty Cents.

The programme will be published later. 16j

FOR SALE.

THE BRITISH BARK

ARABELLA,

As she now lies at the Hudson Bay Co.'s wharf, Esquimalt Harbor.

The ARABELLA was built in Quebec in 18[illegible] and is [illegible] tons register. Her dimensions are:

Length	163 feet [illegible] inches
Breadth	32 feet 8 inches
Depth of Hold	19 feet [illegible] inch

And is classed 3-3 1. 12 Veritas.

TENDERS.

Are called for the purchase of the above-named vessel together with her cargo of about 250,000 feet of Rough Lumber in Lower Hold.

With this vessel is included a complete inventory of anchors, cables, Sails, Rigging, Hawsers, Furniture, Tanks, Stores, &c. as per detailed list.

TENDERS to be addressed to the undersigned not later than noon on WEDNESDAY, the 20th inst.

[illegible] SAUNDERS,

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 8, 1886. Johnson St., Victoria.

NEW TO-DAY.

[illegible]

TAKE NOTICE.

OUR GRAND

[illegible]

Will Commence

MONDAY, [illegible]

And Continue Until

THURSDAY, FEB[illegible]

This Great Sale we intend to surpass any in the history of the Dry Goods Trade of Oregon. We will greatly surpass any of our previous efforts.

Every Line and Every Article in Each Department at

ACTUAL COST

In Many Lots, Below It.

[illegible]

This does not apply to a few special lots only, but to every line of our immense stocks of Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Domestics, Men and Boys' Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Carpets, Etc., Etc.

[illegible]

185-187 FIRST, THROUGH TO 184-186 SECOND STREET.

[illegible]

S. W. cor. 3d and Morrison.

LAST WEEK

Of Our Second Annual

[illegible]

The crowds of happy purchasers that have visited our store during this Grand Sale have been established our values.

[illegible]

No space for quotations. The success of last week is our reference.

STORE OPENS AT 9 A. M. AND CLOSES AT 6 P. M.

The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

[illegible]

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted. [illegible]

Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included. [illegible]

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Jan. 16—6:49 P. M.

[illegible]

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

[illegible]

CHURCH NOTICES.

[illegible]

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. [illegible]

[illegible]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

[illegible]

NEW YORK SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

I have 200 samples of cloth to select from [illegible] New York [illegible]

[illegible]

-TO-DAY

GRAND

S

NOTICE!

R GRAND

Y Commence

Y, JANY 18,

Continue Until

DAY, FEBY 25

Sale we intend to Sur-
the history of the Dry
of Oregon. We will
ass any of our previous

and Every Article in
ment at

AL COST!

y Lots, Below ...

t apply to a few spec-
, but to every line of
e stocks of Silks, Vel-
Goods, Fancy Goods,
len and Boys' Clothing,
ees, Carpets, Etc, Etc.

& FRANZ,

RST THROUGH TO
SECOND STREET.

'd and Morrison.

WEEK

Second Annual

s, of happy purchasers
sited our store during
Sale have been aston-
values.

for quotations. The
ast week is our refer-

S AT 9 A M.
CLOSES AT 6 P. M.

The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or, as second-class matter

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

Daily with Sunday per month	$1 50
Daily Sunday excepted, per year	10 00
Daily with Sunday per year	12 00
Sunday per year	2 00
Sunday and Weekly per year	50
The Weekly per year	2 00

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS

Daily per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	25c
Daily per week, delivered, Sunday included	30c

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

PORTLAND JAN 16—6 40 P M

Place of Observation.	Hgt of Bar	Change last 8 hours	Ther	Wind direction	Rain-fall	State of Wthr
Portland	29 85	—38	22	NE	.00	Clear
Olympia	29 98	—08	29	NE	.00	Clear
Roseburg	29 7	—08	29	NW	.00	Cloudy
Red Bluff	29 68	—14	47	Calm	.00	Clear
Sacramento	29 70	—10	46	NW	.00	Cloudy
Mendocino	29 73	—10	50	N	.00	Fair
Ft. Canby	29 88	—08	20	SE	.00	Clear
Walla Walla			4	Calm	.00	Clear
Spokane	30 04	—06	11	W	.00	Clear

Minimum thermometer [illegible]

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron to arrive over the Northern Pacific: Tom W Scott, Wm Lithgow, Mrs Fannie Gillow, Miss Julia Ward, Wm Rhunschild, Mrs Fotheringham, Maj. D R. Lynott, L C Barber, G. W Cushing, Miss Louise Bargfield, and twenty eight immigrants

Passed Huntington to arrive over the Short Line: W H Hull, Mrs J F McGovern, Miss Ella McGovern, and five immigrants.

CHURCH NOTICES

Bible study at Y M C A. rooms, Sunday morning, 9 30 to 10 30. All young men invited

Gospel meeting Sunday afternoon at the Y M C A. rooms, led by Rev. Mr Hobart. All are invited.

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets—Services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P M. Sunday school at 9.45 A. M.

Rev J F. Ellis will preach at the Congregational church morning and evening. Sunday school and bible class after morning service.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner of Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor, Rev E Trumbull Lee. Services as usual on Sabbath, Jan. 17, 1886.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church—Public service morning and evening. Sunday school at 12 15. Young people's praise meeting at 6.30 P M.

Norwegian Danish divine services will be held every Sunday at 11 A M and 7.30 P M on the corner of First and Madison streets. I Tellefsen, Lutheran pastor.

St. Stephens Chapel, corner of Jefferson and Fifth streets—Divine service will be held in the chapel every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P M. Sunday school at 10 A. M. Seats free.

Washington street Presbyterian church, corner of Third. Services morning and evening conducted by the pastor, Dr Lindsley. Seats for strangers and citizens, and ushers at the doors.

First Christian Church—Columbia and East Park streets. J W Webb, pastor. Preaching at 11 A M and 7 30 P M. Sunday school, 12 30. Young people's meeting Tuesday. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7.30 P M

Scandinavian M E. church, corner of D and Twelfth streets. Preaching by the pastor, Rev C. N Hauge, 11 A M, and 7 30 P M. Sunday school, 12 15 P M. praise service, 6.30 P M. Gospel meetings every night during the week. All are invited.

Unitarian Church—Corner of Yamhill and Seventh streets, T L Eliot, minister. Services at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M. In the evening the seventh historical discourse entitled, "Roman Taxes. Judas of Galilee, and Mess anism?" The public is invited

Norwegian Danish Lutheran—Divine service in Good Templars hall, southeast corner of Third and Alder streets, at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M. Mass meeting of the Scandinavian Lutherans at the above named place at 3 P M. Rev N. Nilsen pastor

First German Evangelical church, corner of Eighth and Clay streets—Services Sunday, January 17th, at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P M. Sabbath school at 9 30 A. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev A. Schlenk. The public are cordially invited to attend these services

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and Montgomery streets, Wm R. Stevenson, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sunday school at 1 P M. Young people's meeting at 6 30 P M. Communion service in the morning. Dr Irvine, of Albany, will preach morning and evening

German Methodist Episcopal church, corner North Eighth and D streets. Parsonage on D street, in rear of the chapel. The pastor, Rev F Bonn, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P M. Sabbath school at 9 30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. All are cordially invited to attend

"The World's Great Empires."—There will be two interesting lectures given from a large prophetical chart, 100 feet long, by Elder James Orr of The Dalles, at the Advent Christian Mission rooms, corner of Second and Mill streets, Sunday at 11 A M and 7 P M. All are cordially invited. Seats free

Seamen's Bethel, corner Third and D streets—Regular Sunday service at 7 30 P M. Rev W F West will preach. Friends from the Y M C A will assist in the services. Regular prayer meeting on Thursdays at 7:30 P M. Mr W Fletcher will conduct the meetings, assisted by friends. Seamen especially invited

Grace M. E. Church, corner of Taylor and Eleventh streets—Preaching by the pastor Rev E W. Caswell at 11 A M and 7.30 P M. Morning subject "Christ the Tree of Life." Evening subject "Come." Sunday school at 12 15 P M. Prayer service, Thursday evening at 7.30. Seats free. Ushers in attendance

First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets,—Rev J Q A. Henry, pastor. Preaching services at 11 A M and 7 30 P M. Evening subject, "The Baptism of Jesus." The ordinance of baptism will be administered in the evening. Sunday school at 12.30. All are welcome. Strangers invited to attend these services.

Hall Street M E church, corner Hall and Sixth streets. Sunday services: Class meeting 10 A M. Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M by Miss Jane Weedan, a Quakeress preacher from Medina, Ohio. Mission Sunday school at 12 15 P M., Mission Sunday school at Baker's hall 3 P M. Public singing service 7 1 P M. Preaching 7 30 P M. Monday 7 30 P M., prayer meeting corner South First and Porter streets. Tuesday, 2 30 P M consecration meeting, 7.30 P M. young people's meeting. Thursday, 7.30 P M., general prayer meeting. Free seats to all services

EAST SIDE PULPITS

Elder J W. Webb of the Christian church, Portland, will preach in Shute's hall, near Evangelical church, at 3 30 P M.

Methodist Episcopal church, Rev S P Wilson, pastor—Services at 11 A M and 7 P M as usual. Sabbath school at 12 30 o'clock. All are invited

First Baptist church, corner G and Seventh streets, Rev C H Hobart, pastor. Services at the usual hours, both morning and evening. Sabbath school at 1.30 o'clock

St David's Episcopal church, Rev John W Sellwood, rector—Services in the morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at the usual hour

Temperance hall, Tibbett's addition—Divine services on Sabbath, January 17 at 3 P M. Sermon by Rev D O Ghormley. Sabbath school at 2.30 P M. All are invited

First Congregational church, Holladay's addition—Rev Daniel Staver pastor. The usual service will be held both morning and evening. The sermon in the morning will be to business men. Sabbath school will meet at 12 30 o'clock

First Presbyterian church, corner of Sixth and I streets. Rev D O Ghormley pastor. Divine services on Sabbath January 17 at 11 A M and 7 P M. Sermons by the pastor. Sabbath school at 12.30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 30. All are invited

Zion Evangelical church, Stephens' addition. Services Sunday, Jan 17th, at 11 A M and 7 P M. Sabbath school at 10 A M. As the pastor Rev C C Poling will be at Independence, Rev H I Buttner, of Dayton, en route for Michigan, will preach morning and evening. The public is invited to attend.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

PORTLAND, Or, Jan 6.

The ladies of the Re[illegible] Society beg to tender their most sincere thanks to Mr W S Ladd for his liberal donation of [illegible]. By order of the executive committee. MINNIE MERRY, Secy

NEW YORK SUITS MADE TO ORDER

I have 500 samples of cloth to select from. I leave for New York about Thursday and will take measures for suits and guarantee a fit at New York prices. ARTHUR KOHN, Cor. Second and Morrison streets.

To smooth the way he first swallowed an oyster at the Crystal Palace.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week.

The Weddings, Parties, and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People—News Notes of General Interest

Mr. C. E. Hall has returned from a trip to San Diego.

Miss Carrie Willis, of this city, is visiting Miss Jones at Eugene

Miss May Graham, of Ilwaco, is visiting friends in Portland.

Mr. Lawrence Elton, of this city, is visiting friends at San Francisco.

Mr J. J. White, of this city, left during the week for a business trip East.

Mr Charles J Christie and wife have returned from a visit to San Francisco.

Mr P O Chilstrom, formerly of this city, has located at Pandon, Coos county.

Miss May Shogren, of this city, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. C. Mackenzie, at Victoria.

Misses Minnie and Carrie Nichols, of this city, are visiting their sister, Mrs Bates, at Seattle.

Mr C J Bullfinch, of Weston, has sold out his business there and will remove to Portland

A B Steinbach will leave for the East to-day on business for the firm of which he is the head

Mr Charles McDonald and wife, of this city, are the guests of Mrs. Mattie Moist of Walla Walla.

Wm Honeyman, of the firm of Thompson, DeHart & Co, has gone to Southern California for his health

Mr M Levy and family leave for New York to-day, being called there by the sickness of Mr Levy's mother.

Miss Ada Bay, of this city, returned to her home near St. Paul, last Wednesday, for a few days' recreation

Mr C H McGuire, formerly of the O R. & N Co, who left here for Panama, is now at Wilmington, Delaware.

Mr Will Jarret, well known in this city, and now boniface at the Revere house in Albany, paid a visit to the city last week.

Mr and Mrs. F. C. Smith gave a german at their residence, No 254 Salmon street, Thursday evening. J Milton Wallace led

Mr A. J. Mundy and bride, of Jacksonville, have made Portland their home during the past week, and will remain permanently

Mrs. Atwood, of Corvallis, left for Portland by Tuesday's boat, where she will reside for the winter, returning to her home in the spring

Dr. Kenneth A J Mackenzie, of this city and Miss Cora Scott, of Baker City, were married at the home of the bride on Saturday, January 9th

Mrs. Doheny, of Walla Walla, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Ellen Doheny and Miss Pauline Marum are visiting friends in this city

Mr Frank Botefuhr, of the firm of Gerdes & Botefuhr, and wife, celebrated their tin wedding Friday evening at their residence, No 185 G street.

Mr Charles McNab and bride, née Miss Ella Myrick, of Spokane Falls, left on Friday's steamer for San Francisco. They will return in a month

Among the pleasant affairs during the week was a surprise party given to Master John Robinson, at the residence of his father, Mr J. J. Robinson, 308 Jefferson street.

Ernest Hupeden, for three years connected with L. K. G. Smith's jobbing house in Walla Walla, has removed to this city, where he will assume a position in Mr. Smith's wholesale house

Mr Frank E Smith, of this city, son of the late E S Smith, recently deceased in San Francisco, will establish his residence in Tacoma. He will sell out his home in Portland, and look after his real estate and coal interests there

An interesting whist party met at the residence of Mrs. H W Dickey, No 140 Clay street on Friday evening. At 11 30 a supper was served, after which those present indulged in a dance, all going home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Tacoma *Ledger*: Mr and Mrs Colin McIntosh left on this morning's train for Portland, Or, whence they go to Forest Grove. Mrs McIntosh will remain at the latter place on a visit at her father's residence for several weeks, but Mr McIntosh will return in a few days.

The Catholic Literary and Dramatic society met last evening at their hall adjoining the cathedral and completed organization. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Capt. Tom Adams, president; Miss Emma Young, vice-president; Miss Mary McCarty, recording secretary; Rev. E. I. O Dea, treasurer; E. C. Masten, musical director

Miss Laura Corbitt, eldest daughter of Wm Corbitt, of the firm of Corbitt & Macleay, of Portland and San Francisco, will Tuesday next be united in marriage to Lieut. Clement L. Best, First Artillery U S. A. The wedding, which is to be exceedingly private, will take place in the parlors of the Palace hotel at San Francisco. The prospective bride is a highly accomplished lady with a most distinguished bearing. Lieut. Best is a graduate of West Point, and was appointed to his present office from New York in 1867

PYTHIAN NEWS NOTES.

The order in this city now has a well furnished and handsome lodge room on the third floor of Union block. Canopies over the four stations were recently placed at a cost of $300. These are made of red, blue, yellow and black cloth, elegantly and richly trimmed, and provided with appropriate emblems. The room is now cheerful as well as pleasant to the eye. Other new furniture will soon be added in the shape of officers' chairs and desks. The six lodges fill each evening of the week, so that a visiting member is always sure of finding the hall open

It is proposed to establish a library in connection with the order here at an early date. The matter has been brought to the attention of the different lodges and is favorably viewed. Members have already pledged a number of books and periodicals.

Committees from each city lodge will meet at 2 P M to-day for the purpose of arranging a celebration of the order's twenty-second year. Each lodge has delegated three members to attend this meeting, but any member will be admitted and his suggestions received. At present there is no settled opinion as to what shape the celebration will assume. Probably a social meeting in the evening with exercises and a banquet will be decided upon. A parade is not probable, because good weather cannot be expected at this time of year, and members generally do not favor street displays

The lodges start out well this year, all having work on hand or in view. Castle conferred the first last week upon four applicants, and will confer both the second and third ranks Tuesday evening. The lodge works in the amplified third

Newly seated officers are being vigorously looked after by the grand chancellor and his deputy. As a consequence work is more even and is given in better form

Very few lodges have lately been called upon for sick or funeral benefits. This would indicate general good health among members. The endowment rank is receiving a few applications

Interest in the organization of a uniform division is lagging again

Northern Pacific Land Sales

The land sales of the Northern Pacific railroad company for the six months ending December 31 1885 show an increase over the sales for the corresponding period in 1884. The sales were not confined to any particular locality, being well distributed along the line, which fact is very pleasing to the company, as it shows a development of its territory, which means an increase of local business. The sales for the past six months were distributed as follows

	Acres
Minnesota and Dakota	[illegible]
Montana	44 110
Washington and Oregon	60,[illegible]
Total	[illegible] 182
Sold for	$8[illegible]
Sales six months ending Dec 31 1885	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
December 1885	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Sales six months ending December 1884	[illegible]

The Northern Pacific people are preparing to fight the proposed extension of the Canadian Pacific branch across the territory to Benton, Montana. It is urged that no American railroad concessions into Canadian territory, a special provision of this nature having been made to protect the Canadian Pacific from immediate competition

Suspension of Silver Coinage

New York Tribune

The strongest reason for suspension of silver coinage is that it will tend to bring about an international agreement, as a continuance of it by the United States tends to prevent such agreement. The ablest men of all countries urge suspension of coinage in the United States. The reason is that coinage by this country indefinitely postpones a settlement which is necessary to the prosperity of all civilized nations

GOOD BYE BARGAINS

As I leave for New York about Thursday this week, I will give extra inducements in men's overcoats and suits at actual cost. Arthur Kohn, new store corner Second and Morrison streets.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Last performance of "The Mikado" at the Casino to-night.

License to wed was issued yesterday to Patrick W. Reynolds and Mary Sullivan.

The Northern Pacific train for the Sound leaves at 11 A M hereafter, instead of 11 45

This sort of weather ought to make a bloomin' success of Dodson's natural ice machine at the Cascades.

On account of the laziness of some people to clear the snow from the sidewalks, they are now covered with ice

A. B. Steinbach will leave to-day for New York. He has laid in supplies to meet the blizzards prevalent in the East.

The libel case of Moreline vs. Capt. Warren, of the ship Sardinia, and two of his mates will be heard before Judge Deady, Tuesday next.

There are two boys for adoption at "The Home," aged respectively 6 and [illegible]. Application should be made at "The Home," or to Mrs H Thielsen, corner of Eleventh and Yamhill streets

Mr C H Hale, bookkeeper in the O R & N Co treasurer's office, returned by the last steamer very much improved in health, after a sojourn of several weeks in San Francisco and San Diego

Ferdinand Diedrichs, a native of Germany, yesterday filed notice of his intention to become a citizen of the United States. [illegible] Henlon, a native of Ireland, also wishes to become a naturalized American

Willie Beck for the past four years in the employ of Murphy, Grant & Co, left on the last steamer to enter the San Francisco house, to fill a similar position, having been sent for by the managers of the Bay city house

The steamer Olympian left Tacoma for Portland last night in command of Capt Ackley, who brought her from New York. He was specially detailed for the service. Bar Pilot Johnson will bring her in, and she is expected to arrive Monday night.

Mr H Abbott, general superintendent of the Pacific division of the Canadian Pacific railroad, arrived here Friday and left yesterday for Victoria, which city will be his permanent headquarters. He came out early to get a good ready for spring trade when it opens

SHIPPING NOTES.

ASTORIA, Jan 16—British ships City of Glasgow, Raglan Castle, Prince Frederick and Victoria Bay passed out to-day. Schr Alcalde arrived last evening. British bark Aluminia left for bar anchorage under sail this morning, and drifted on sands opposite the town

CHANGE IN TIME

Commencing to-day, the train for Tacoma will leave the depot corner of Front and G streets at 7 A M instead of 11 45 as heretofore, arriving at Tacoma at 6 10 P M instead of 7 30. The train will leave Tacoma at 7 A. M. instead of the unearthly hour of 5.35, arriving here at 2.30 P M instead of 1.35

CIRCUIT COURT

Both departments Nos 1 and 2 of the state circuit court will hold regular sessions Monday, and a jury will be in attendance in both courts to try the cases brought before them. The grand jury will be drawn from the county list, and will at once proceed to examine into the few criminal cases now pending

POLICE COURT

Yesterday in the police court Pat Ryan, who broke a window in Philip Strelb's saloon while drunk Friday night, was adjudged guilty, and in default of the payment of a fine of $10 was sent to the county jail for five days. The case against Charles Burton, a wood sawyer, who thumped Ching Sing, was dismissed, it being considered that Burton was justified in so doing. Ching Sing has been arrested on a charge of assaulting Burton, and will have an examination Monday

FINAL SETTLEMENT

Saturday, February 20, has been set by the county court as the time for the hearing and settlement of the final account of Elizabeth N Hodge, executrix of the estate of Charles Hodge, deceased, in the firm of Hodge, Davis & Co. On this date a final distribution will be ordered. The report of the value of the estate, which is stated at $23,110, was filed on December 29 last. Of this sum one-fourth goes to the heirs of Charles Hodge, and the other three-fourths to Geo. W Snell, F K Arnold and T A. Davis. The estate consists of stock in various corporations, land in La Grande, etc

THREE GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

C B. Bishop, the well known comedian, will open at the New Market theater February 1 in his new play, "Strictly Business." He will stay with us one week and may also produce "Widow Bedott." Dr Bishop came to the coast on the lightning train under Jarrett & Palmer's management, with the Henry V company and opened with them at the California theater. He became such a favorite that he was retained for years, and has since played comedy specialties with the greatest success throughout the Union. Following Bishop at the New Market, comes the favorite soubrette Alice Harrison in "Hot Water," now being performed in San Francisco to big houses. Next comes Cal Wagner's minstrels on the 1[illegible]th, under the management of J. H Haverly

HORSE KILLED

About noon yesterday a teamster in the employ of W Wilson, a truckman of East Portland, drove a team and loaded truck down the incline to the warehouse at the foot of J street. The incline was slippery and the truck "took a sheer," throwing the team over to one side very suddenly. There is no rail or other guard along the edges of the incline, and one of the animals was thrown over the edge, the motion being so quick that the harness snapped and the horse fell to the ground, a distance of twelve feet. With some help the animal rose to his feet, walked around a few times and then fell over dead. He was valued at $200. It happened when the truck sheered that the tongue struck a pile, and thus prevented the inner horse from sharing a like fate

ARGUING THE HIBBS CASE

The Hibbs case is still being argued before Judge Deady in the United States district court. United States District Attorney J. F. Watson made a long speech yesterday morning against the defendant. He will be followed Monday by M Hawley, United States district attorney of Idaho and Hon. Richard Williams will make the closing argument in Hibbs's favor. The $10,000 taken from Hibbs at the time of his arrest is not in Victoria subject to Hibbs's order in case of his release, as has been supposed by a great many, but was sent by Postal Inspector J J Murphy to the United States treasurer in Washington, D C. Hibbs, during his stay in the British colonies, bought a hotel near Victoria, and it is said he paid only $2500 for it. What became of the rest of the money he is alleged to have had when he left Lewiston is not known

ARRESTS.

Matters at police headquarters last night were dull. Up to midnight but three drunks were run in. Two of them were notable cases. The first was a man named McCormack, with a wooden leg. Mc. got too full for any use and then proceeded to bunk on the sidewalk on Second street near Stark. He was disturbed by two blue coated myrmidons of the law and for the reason that he couldn't walk on account of having but one good leg, and likewise a brick in his hat, he was carried to the city jail and booked to sober up. Number two was Tim Garwood, an ex convict. Tim was so well loaded up that he fell down at the corner of Alder and First streets and cut his head. He was arrested by officer Barry, who called policeman Barkleroad to his assistance. Garwood tried to trip up and throw Barry, but his little scheme failed to work. Tim has been hanging around the revival meetings of late, but seems to have fallen from grace

MANAGER THOMPSON SURPRISED—A WELL DESERVED TESTIMONIAL

Last night Mr W A. Thompson, manager of the Thompson opera company, was made the recipient of a magnificent gold watch as a mark of esteem and good feeling from the members of his company, it being the 25th anniversary of his birth. The presentation was made in a novel manner and created no little merriment on the part of the audience and the company who were in ignorance of the manner proposed to make the formal presentation. According to a preconcerted arrangement the orchestra made a terrible discord in the finale of the opera when Mr MacCollin stepped to the footlights and accused Musical Director Hydes of carelessness and neglect. Mr Hydes responded warmly and an animated mock quarrel ensued whereupon Mr Thompson was called to the stage to adjust the difficulty when he was pulled to the footlights, and the testimonial presented. He was taken completely by surprise and with much difficulty responded, thanking the company. After the performance was concluded the company gathered on the stage where they found a dozen bottles of champagne awaiting them. After repairing to the Gilman house the members of the chorus gathered in the parlor and serenaded the beneficiary who once more responded. After several songs Mr. Thompson gave several capital selections on the cornet, on which he is an adept, and it was early in the morning before the festive throng dispersed. The watch presented is of massive gold, and contains a Springfield movement. On the reverse cap is inscribed "To W A Thompson, from the Members of his Company, Portland, Or, Jan. 16, 1886. Across the Continent." It was a worthy testimonial to a most deserving beneficiary.

A COLD WAVE

The Faint Edge of the Eastern Blizzard Strikes Oregon and makes things Decidedly Unpleasant—No Prospect of an Immediate Change

The weather yesterday was not pleasant. In the first place the temperature was low—not very low, only down to 25 or 26 degrees during the day, but there prevailed a gusty cold wind. Its greatest velocity was less than fifteen miles an hour, but it came in fits and starts and kept shifting back and forth between southeast and northeast, then kind of checking up a minute or so at east. At 6 A. M. the mercury marked 23 degrees, which was the minimum temperature, and it rose only 3 degrees during the day. In eastern Oregon and Washington the weather generally was clear and cold, and there was very little wind except along the Columbia. At 5 o'clock last night the temperature at Walla Walla was 8 degrees, at Umatilla 4, at Pendleton 3 below, at Baker City 5, The Dalles, 15, at Willows 16. Along the line of the Baker City branch there were indications of snow

Snake river, of course, is closed. The boat in the middle Columbia made the trip yesterday without difficulty, but the steamer Dixie Thompson, bound from here to the Cascades, had to turn back at Cottonwood point, a short distance above La Camas. The Traveler, which left La Camas at 3 P M., arrived at 9 50 with a load of paper and hay. She reports the river full of running ice about two inches thick. She will try to go back to-day with a load of supplies for the mill, but it is doubtful if she can get through. The Astoria boat, which arrived in the afternoon, reports no ice at all in the Columbia below the mouth of the Willamette

The barometer was steady all day yesterday, and the indications are that the present weather will continue for the next forty-eight hours.

The wind made the water on lakes and ponds in this vicinity too rough to freeze and there is not likely to be any good skating before to-morrow morning, if then.

NOTES VARIOUS

Twenty-six people applied at the Charity hospital, New Orleans to have bullets extracted from their bodies on Christmas day. They had been wounded while celebrating

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, was born on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain, spent his boyhood at Crown Point, New York, and went west to grow up with the country. He is now worth $2,000,000.

King Theebaw's largest and most valuable ruby is missing, but as Theebaw has lately had his kingdom taken away, and has been forced to acquiesce, he is not disposed to make too much fuss over a little thing like a ruby.

Coffee is the universal drink of the East among all classes of people. It is ground fresh every time, and the milk and sugar are boiled with the coffee. It is served in tiny china cups of quaint shape and workmanship.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is the possessor of the greatest vocabulary of explosive and declamation of any member the senate. There is no senator more feared than he on account of his powers of satire and his readiness to use his abilities in this direction

Theodore Roosevelt is making hay while the sun shines. He is writing twelve articles for 'Outing' on big game hunting in America. Moreover he has begun to study the smooth and mellifluous Spanish tongue, and is getting ready to go awhile in Mexico

Gen. Wolseley returns from Berlin decorated with the German order of the Red Eagle. The decoration will doubtless be welcome, but from the way in which El Mahdi took his military scalp, it seems as if the order of the Bald Eagle would be better suited to Wolseley

Lord Charles Beresford is known familiarly in the navy as "Charlie." He is the soul of affability, and converses familiarly about certain military details with private soldiers and officers alike. His physique suggests endurance. He is rather short and thick set, with sturdy limbs and a powerful head well set upon a muscular neck.

PRESS PITH.

It is estimated that in this city 108 408 men, on the day following Christmas, when asked what they got, replied, "Got left." This is a gratifying decrease of [illegible] since last year.—Philadelphia Call.

The Providence *Journal* under the new regime has become a bit disgusted with mugwumpery and a trifle faded as to the tariff, but on the "Heavenly Lodies" she is still the bright and shining light.—Lowell Courier.

There is a negro at Johnstown, Pa., whose mouth is so large that he can swallow a chicken whole. It is fortunate for the neighboring owners of poultry that he is honest as well as gifted.—Puck

An Ancient Jealousy. First Syracusan—I say, Hubbard, do you see that young fellow in the fur overcoat across the street? Second Syracusan—Oh yes, that's Gilpin, of Rochester. First Syracusan—What! A Rochester man in a Buffalo skin? I can't believe it.—Tidbits.

Young poet (desperately)—I've entered a poem in competition for that big prize. Friend (skeptically)—Wish you luck, but I'm afraid you'll never get it, my boy. Poet (confidently)—I don't know about that. I copied the best I could find.—The Judge

Things one would rather have left unsaid: "Will you dance with me, Miss Ledbitter?" "Thank you, but I am not dancing to-night." "Well, I am unlucky! I've positively asked every lady in the room, and can't get a partner of any sort or description!"—Punch.

"Have your girls tried the fire escape yet?" asks the Pittsburg *Traveller*. "It is dangerous," continues the thoughtful writer, "to postpone the trial until the lurid flames cut off retreat to the lower stories." From this it may be inferred that the *Traveller* man is lurking in the alley waiting for the procession to start.—Minneapolis Tribune

THE HOTELS.

ST CHARLES.

I Ohl, Astoria	J W McClure, N Y
Mrs [illegible] Johnson, St Johns	J Wilcox, Albany
[illegible], Tacoma	R Fisher, St Paul
D Mitchell, Seattle	J W Strange, Union
F Greer, Butteville	D P McDaniel, do
D [illegible], Dayton	Mrs McClemans, Salem
J [illegible] Hawthorne, Astoria	D W Seers, Dalles
A Robinson, St Helens	

ESMOND

S G Crandall, [illegible]	C H Dickson, Spokane Fs
W R Townsend, S F	H B Littlefield & fy, Lafay
C I Smith, Kalama	C Cooper, Dalles
I Stevens, Lewis co	B Purdy, Salem
N Stewart, Eugene	C H Deane, do
A Hoye, do	W Hunt, Dalles
F H Play, Scio	C Jones, do
J Fevetts, Milwaukie	C Dickson, N Y
W T Hutson, Chicago	N Wilder, do
F Greenberg, Union	H Chamberlain, F Grove

HOLTON

O P Addington, Corvallis	Jas T Chollerton, Kalama
C C Strahl, Baker City	Mrs M [illegible], do
[illegible], do	M A Kolbach, Sau Fr
Mr [illegible], Eugene	R I Lenhart, Salem
Miss Jenney, do	Marion Buck, do
M S Walls, do	Henry Zapf, Vancouver
C H Bybee, Sauvies Islnd	O Brogan, do
A D Danvers, N walk	T J Anderson, do
[illegible], do	D G Lewis, Pendleton
Jas Hall, Dayton	I Charlston, Philadelphia

QUINBY.

J W [illegible], Boston	O G Gove, La Camas
J J S[illegible]well, do	G L Smith, do
C F [illegible], Omaha	Frank Stone, Spokane
I [illegible], Snake River	A F Welch, do
W Lewis, do	F Shurard, Olympia
C C Corman, Minneapolis	G W B[illegible], Michigan
[illegible] M Ayer, do	Mrs Bump, do
W C Patterson, do	Sidney Bump, do
P A Sherman, Dayton	Jas Conrad, Montana
H Putnam, Drain	H Haines, do
R Rhea, Tacoma	W C Kline, do
M Upper, do	A J Oustott, do
H Buffett, Eugene	C Oustott, do
M Baxter, do	John Summers, Albany
W Jurdick, Neskowin	C Farley, do
J S Wick, do	C L Alley, do
Mrs J McCue, do	

INTERNATIONAL.

P S Humphrey, Dalles	David Coburg, New Orln
Sam Smith, St Louis	Martin Forbes, Cincinnati
J J [illegible], St Louis	H Fraser, Nova Scotia
Patrick Casey, Boston	Thos Adams, New York
M J Fisk, New Haven	E E Walsh, do
C D Hasen, do	Chris Rooney, do
R C Robertson, Bangor	P B F[illegible]long, Kalama
E F Harden, Knappa	Thos Lewis, Seattle
P H Adams, Whatcom	J Kavanaugh, Pt Ludlow
H L Gregory, Coos Bay	T H Simpson, San Fran
Chas Dukes, St John	P B Harlow, Maine
Chas B Smith, Ft Canby	Alex McIntosh, Reno
J I Sutherland, Tacoma	Wm Brace, Kalama
John Connors, do	Thos I Lowe, Idaho
P Faber & wf, San Fran	Oscar Guthrie, Montana
T Lewis, do	D W Thurston, do
J C Olson, do	C Olsen, Kalama
Wm Furlong, The Dalles	F Tye, St Helens
M Flannery, do	George Harris, Astoria
C T Porter, Canby	J O Kendall, do
J W [illegible] & wf, Cheney	C Thompson, do
W Harrington, Winona	N M Robbins, do
Wills Gray, The Dalles	J F Burns, Walla Walla
E Carrell, Montana	John Duebeck, Chicago
C J Hedler, Idaho	P S Dunlap, do
Geo Aitkinson, do	O C Haskins, do
B McIntyre, do	David Harley, do

THE GERMAN AID SOCIETY.

Annual Report of its President, Mr John Reisacher.

Statement of the Society's Finances—Recommendation to Buy Ground for a Hospital—A Good Word for "The Home."

At the annual meeting of the German Aid Society, held Tuesday evening last, the following interesting report was read

To the Officers and Members of the German Aid Society—*Gentlemen*: The gradual improvement of business, which was felt throughout the country in consequence of an abundant harvest, has also had a very beneficial effect on the finances of this society. Heretofore our charitable expenses were so large that the contributions of the members and incomes from other sources were not sufficient to meet the demand, and we were repeatedly forced to borrow money from the fund set apart for the erection of a German hospital in this city. This year our expenditures have been diminished so much that we shall be able to repay the amount borrowed within a short time. As the demands for support of the needy always increase when work is scarce, we may take their diminution as a satisfactory proof that labor can now be easier found, and it is also a sign that the present immigration, although in less number, is of a more desirable class and better prepared for a start in a new country

After the untiring efforts made by the preceding secretary, as well as by a special committee, to gain new members, it can hardly be considered a decline, that the same attempt this year has not been quite as successful. We received only thirteen new members. Considering the advantage of sick benefits, and the risk connected herewith, candidates are desirable only, if the state of their health and character is faultless. To gain such members and only such it will always be best that we institute a thorough inquiry before the candidate is admitted. It gives me great pleasure to be able to state that not a single death occurred among our members during the past year. The names of seven were taken from the roll for non-payment of their dues, and adding the thirteen new members, our society is represented to-day by 183 against 177 at the end of last year.

Considering the dispersion of our German population in so many societies and lodges we have little cause to complain of lack of interest, but we must not stop in the endeavor to increase our number, and this may be best performed by extending the usefulness of the organization. Our sister societies in other cities have learned to value very highly the aid of ladies, as they have been especially active in the support of the needy of their own sex and of children. It is not to our credit that the ladies of American societies had to call on us for the support of German families, nor does it speak in our favor when we had to ask those ladies for assistance in procuring information about the needs of such families. Our German women have surely no less feeling for the unfortunate and they may take in their hut is the labor of their American sisters. It is true public life has less interest for our German housewives. They have only little talent for the formation of organizations, but this timidity and unwillingness for public appearance may be overcome by considering the good to be performed. A German ladies' relief society would be a beneficial branch to the German society, and I am satisfied it will become, when inaugurated, a necessity for our board of relief. Our trustees, who represent the relief committee, are men in business. They cannot afford to investigate promptly and carefully every case without neglecting their own obligations, and the consequence is that many habitual beggars impose upon them, and others really in need are disregarded, who then become a burden to their neighbors or other societies and so injure the reputation of our own true and charitable purposes. The usefulness of a ladies' branch would be felt before long not alone as a strong support of our relief committee, but in a social way. They would undoubtedly promote the social intercourse between our older German citizens and the new immigration. The German ladies have already done a great deal for our benefit; to them is due the financial success of the two fairs, which created the hospital fund, the pride and stronghold of our society.

Thanks are due to the members of our board of relief. They showed an untiring zeal in the execution of their duties. They visited the poor and sick to learn in which way help would be most beneficial. I do not attempt to report their doings in detail. It would take too much time, and I have to refer you to their own report. Faults which some may find with our charitable work can surely not be charged to the indifference or lack of interest of our trustees, but may have had only cause found in the already stated fact that their field is too large to give prompt relief in every case.

The secretary and agent has not ceased in his endeavors to find work for new comers. This branch remains one of his most difficult duties, and those in want of work can hardly be taught that he cannot employ them, but only refer them to vacancies or give them advice. The secretary, although not overburdened with correspondence, like his predecessor, had to answer a good many inquiries from Germany and the eastern states concerning the resources of this country. The economy which he observed in all expenditures is very laudable

The income of last year is as follows:

Admission fees	$ 70 00
Monthly dues	11 00
Rent for subletting hall	111 00
Proceeds of charity ball	48 50
Interest	1,211 15
Total	$1,452 70

DISBURSEMENTS

In aid of non members to groceries, meat, fares, rents, nursing and funeral expenses	$314 15
Donation to Children's Home	50 00
Sick benefit to members	49 00
General expenses: Rent of hall, salary of agent, etc	80 90
Total	$ [illegible]4 05
Surplus of income over expenditures	$[illegible]58 65

The assets are as follows:—

Cash on hand	$ 1,522 16
Mortgage loan	13,250 00
Arrears of due	32 50
Furniture and fixtures and a lot in Whitman W T	75 00
Total	$[illegible] 66

From this sum $14,88[illegible] 85 belong to the hospital fund, which may at least double its amount within ten years. I think, if the population of this city increases within the next decade in the same proportion as in the past, the erection of a German hospital need not be deemed a risky undertaking. The opening of a new hospital in this city as a merely money making institution, to which any one can have access for the annual payment of $5, should be an encouragement to us, because it shows that the chief object of our society, the erection of a hospital may be realized. I therefore recommend again that the society should buy a suitable piece of land. The committee appointed at our last semi-annual meeting for that purpose reported that it was unable to find anything desirable at a reasonable price, and was dismissed at its own request. I again ask the members to advise the board of directors of any suitable piece of property which can be had at a fair figure. The directors are authorized to call a special meeting in case a fair proposal should be submitted.

The few sick persons who came under the care of the society during the past year were treated by our physician, Dr. Otto S Binswanger, or nursed in one of the hospitals of their own choice, both to the satisfaction of themselves and our board of relief. Among the benevolent institutions of this city, supported by voluntary subscriptions the "Children's Home" may be counted in the first rank. Orphans without distinction of nationality or religion are nursed and educated in that institution. The Ladies' Relief Society, under whose auspices "The Home" is conducted, has often facilitated the work of our trustees, and their services have been especially valuable in the assistance of women and children. As there are at present eight children of German descent at "The Home," and the means of that institution, on account of frequent calls for the winter, nearly exhausted, we donated $50 as a recognition of their work.

We also have to thank the several railroad and steamboat corporations for the reduction of fares to persons of limited means.

If the charity of the individual is praiseworthy it is so much more if performed silently, because it is said, "Let not your right hand know what your left hand does." But a benevolent society has to account for the money in its care, as it is subjected to public criticism, and therefore should publish its doings and try its best to invite all to participate in the good work. I therefore consider it as my duty to give a summary of the good performed during the fifteen years of the existence of the German Aid Society:

In aid of non members was spent:	
For groceries, meat and rents	$3,011 [illegible]
For nursing of sick	[illegible]
For fares at reduced rates	1,020 [illegible]
For funeral expenses	[illegible]
In aid of members	[illegible]
Total	$8,456 [illegible]

Which is not an inconsiderable sum, considering that Portland a few years ago was a place of little importance, and still is the smallest city having a German aid society except Seattle, W T and Allentown, Pa. Very few of the members make use of their privileges to draw sick benefits, and this accounts for the small amount expended in this direction. It would be a mistake to measure the good performed by our society by the standard of dollars and cents. For the needy money has more than its common value, and most of the work done by our society cannot be measured by the dollar. To find employment for immigrants, to recommend them suitable land for colonization, to give them advice, has not cost the society anything except the salary of its agent. We keep no account of acts of encouragement and sympathy, although they are for many more valuable than money.

Organized in 1870 the German Aid Society has followed its philanthropic principles in the fifteen years of its existence, and if not always quite as liberal and zealous as desirable, yet always regardless of criticism and ingratitude, it still holds the neutral ground on which all members of the different German societies may meet in their laudable efforts.

Let us take care that the German Aid Society always remains the pride of our German population, and that all our good countrymen, even if not active members, may be counted at least among its warmest friends and supporters. Very respectfully,

JOHN REISACHER, President.

SALEM NOTES.

SALEM, Jan 16

Mr Charles Hughes, county clerk of Josephine county, is in the city on official business

The state printer has delivered to the secretary of state about 250 copies of the laws of the special session, which he is now sending out to the various county officials. It makes a volume of 125 pages outside of the index.

The First Congregational church of Hood river has filed articles of incorporation in the office of the secretary of state with the following incorporators: P G Barrett, Thomas McKay, Mrs R Fletcher, Mrs H L Howe and D G Hill

Miss S. May Stull, of South Bend, Indiana, who has been spending several months with her sister, Mrs. A. F Wheeler, of this city, has started home, and will spend several weeks in California en route. Miss Stull has made numerous friends while a resident of our city

The contracts for furnishing supplies to the asylum were let by the state board of asylum commissioners, as follows: J. G. Wright, groceries, J J Dalrymple, dry goods, Squire Farrar, sundries (including glassware), Brown, Fullerton & Co., hardware, Krausse & Klein, boots and shoes, F Levy, hats, Liggett & Huntley, paints and oils. The contracts hold for three months

The governor has recently made the following executive appointments: Wm. Galloway, Independence, D W Craig and Tilmon Ford, Salem, Edward Bender, Myrtle Point, H. B [illegible], Herman Baumhoer, W S Bebee, G W. Yocum, S. A. Durham, W L. Boise, S. R. [illegible], A. L. Frazer, H. S. Allen, George A. Brodie and J R. Thompson, Portland, Wm. Johnson, Cross Keys, Davis Brown, Grant's Pass, O D. Taylor, The Dalles, and J H. Turner of Pendleton, notaries public for Oregon.

The committees appointed by the various fire companies of the Salem fire department to arrange for a series of entertainments to be given for the benefit of the state tournament fund of 1886 met at the hall of Capital Engine Co. No. 1 on Thursday evening last, and organized by the election of Chief Engineer Thomas Holman as chairman and Frank E. Hodgkin, secretary. A committee, consisting of W. M. Kaiser, Frank E Hodgkin, E. M Croisan and T B. Wait, was appointed to correspond and confer with the various musical, literary and social societies of this city and request them to donate their services for one entertainment each, to be given at intervals during the next few months, the proceeds of which to be donated to the firemen for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for their annual tournament. The same committee was further authorized to make arrangements for a grand firemen's ball, to take place at an early day. The firemen of the city are enthusiastic and are bound to make the coming tournament a success.

CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS AT HALF PRICE

Just 24 children's overcoats left, sizes to fit ages 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 years. They must be sold this week, at half the regular prices. Kohn, the clothier, corner Second and Morrison streets

THIRD WEEK

OF

[illegible]

Special Notice.

In entering upon the third week of OUR GRAND SALE, we desire to call the attention of the public, that we have just received several cases assorted goods (delayed by the blockade) which will be placed on our counters on

Monday Next, January 18,

And sold at prices that will surprise even those who are astonished at our regular sale prices

S Lipman & Co

NOTE! Our broken lines of kid gloves will be sacrificed on Monday next and following days. Ladies who have been waiting for this announcement please take notice

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT IN

The Little Wonder Crockery Store,

NO. 160 FIRST ST.

I am pleased to inform the public that I have taken full charge of the above store and will, from this day inaugurate an entirely new system of doing business, which I trust will meet the approval of my new and former patrons. A. LOBE, Manager.

Great Inauguration and Peremptory Sale

—OF—

Crockery, Glassware, Plated Ware, Granite Iron, Chandeliers, Lamps, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, etc., etc.

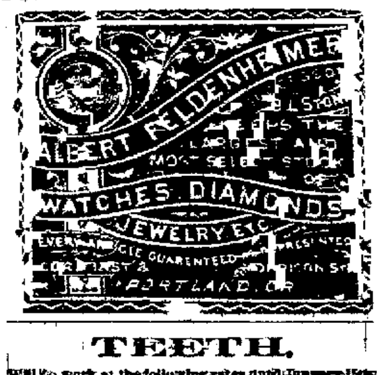
—AT—

CLOSING-OUT PRICES.

All goods must be sold without reserve. Everything marked down. Call and see me. You will be satisfied. Bargains for all. Prices ranging from 5c upwards.

A. LOBE, Manager.

The Little Wonder Crockery Store,



TEETH.

Will do work at the following rates until January 15th:

Full Upper or Lower Sets	$7 50,	worth $[illegible] 00
Gold Fill	2 [illegible]	worth [illegible]
Platina Fill	1 [illegible]	worth [illegible]
Amalgam	1 [illegible]	worth [illegible]
Extracting	[illegible]	worth 1 [illegible]

Gold Plates or Crowns for broken teeth in proportion.

20d-1m] T. C. JESSUP, 115 First s

[illegible]

Special Notice

—OF—

GOODS

—AT—

PRICES [illegible]!

To Suit the Times.

SPECIAL!

SPECIAL!

SPECIAL!

One week more of golden opportunity to secure the most desirable BARGAINS ever presented for the benefit of the public. At no previous time have we been so willing to dispose of our goods at figures now set forth. We need room to display new goods now en route, and are determined to CLEAR OUT present stock at whatever cost. Our goods are of the BEST, and at BEDROCK prices. Please make note of this and call upon us while it is yet time to secure the greatest bargains ever offered, to-wit:—

SALE! SALE! SALE!

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY!

Ladies' Cotton Hose, all sizes, all colors, for 5 cents per pair.

Gent's Pure Linen Collars, 3-ply (elsewhere 3 for 50 cents) each	$ 05
Gent's Scarfs, satin back and front, each	25
Boys Tweed Polo Caps, each	20
400 pairs Driving Gloves per pair	25
Ladies' Balmoral Skirts, each	20
Ladies Extra Quality Felt Skirts each	60
Ladies' Farmers Satin Quilted Skirts, [illegible]	75
Extra heavy Turkish Bath Towels (54 inches long) each	25
Extra Heavy Turkish Bath Towels (44 inches long) each	20
Pure Linen Loom Dice Table Cloths per yard	25
All wool A1 Blankets, from $3 to $4 per pair	

NOTA BENE.

We commend the above list of specialties to the consideration of the public as the ne plus ultra of desirable purchases. They will be passed over our counters for a brief period of time only. They represent the GREAT REDUCTION that we have made in our entire line, and are merely SIGNBOARDS for the guidance of those wishing goods at bottom prices. Please make a note of it.

MORE OF THEM.

Boys' Cashmere Suits for all ages, down to	$3 00
Vacuna Underwear (the best in the market) per suit	2 40
Serges, 42 inches in width all shades	40
All wool Shoodn Cloth 44 inches wide	45
Shawls large and of assorted colors, each, only	65
Alexander 4 button Kid Gloves, A1, heretofore sold at $1 25, will now be sacrificed at (per pair)	65
All wool Cashmeres all colors and 42 inches wide heretofore sold at 85c, will now be sold at (per yard)	50
All wool Scarlet Medicated Ladies' Vests all sizes never known to be sold for less than $1 50, will be sold this week for half that amount	75
Ladies Merino Vests any size, cut down to	40
Our famous Everlasting Corset is now offered (a great bargain) at	50
All wool Scarlet Flannel (per yard)	15
Extra Quality Shaker Flannel (per yard)	10
All wool Misses Hose full finish, all colors (per pair)	25
Large Huckaback Towels (per doz)	50
Extra Large Huckaback Towels (per doz)	75
Pure Linen Huckaback Towels (per doz)	90
Ladies' [illegible] all sizes (each)	50
Ladies Fancy [illegible] Sets—muff and cape—(per set)	2 25
Lace Curtains (per pair) at	1 00
Nottingham Lace (per yard)	20

We Are Also Making a

SPECIAL DRIVE

in Gent's Hats and Ladies' Head Wear, all stock of which has been marked down to the lowest possible notch, and the best bargains in this city in these, as in other lines, can be obtained of us only, at

[illegible]

87 AND 89 FIRST ST.

ONLY FRIENDS

Summer's freshness fell around us,
Nature dreamed its sweetest dream,
Every balmy evening found us
By the meadow or the stream
With our hearts as free from sadness
As the sunshine heaven sends,
Youth's bright garden bloomed in gladness
Where we wandered—only friends

Not a word of love was spoken,
No hot blushes flushed in red
Love's first sleep was left unbroken
Bitter tears were never shed
We were young and merry-hearted
Dreaming not of future ends
And without a sigh we parted
Fate had made us—only friends

But a little germ of sorrow
Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
By our haunts of happiness.
And this germ found deeper rooting
As the weary days rolled on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
In love's garden all alone.

No kind fate threw us together,
We had missed the lucky tide,
So deep-gilded summer weather
Not forever doth abide
But for me, though vainly sighing
For a love time never sends
Still is left this thought undying
We alas! were—only friends.
—*Chamber's Journal*

MRS. PEIXADA.

BY SIDNEY LUSKA, AUTHOR OF "AS IT WAS WRITTEN."

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED

Of course he rang her door bell in the afternoon.

"How is Mrs. Lehmyl to-day?" he inquired of the maid "I hope her headache is better"

"Oh, she's all well again to-day—just the same as ever," was the reply

An idea occurred to him. He had intended merely to inform himself concerning her health, leave the bunch of flowers he held in his right hand, and go his way But if she was up and about why not ask to see her

"Is—is she in?" he questioned

"Oh, yes she's in"

"Will you please give her my card, then?"

He walked into the parlor

The parlor was darkened—blinds closed to exclude the heat—and intensely still. The ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece was the only interruption of the silence, save when at intervals the distant roar of a train on the elevated road became audible for a moment.

Mrs. Lehmyl entered and gave him her hand, and looked up smiling at him, all without a word She wore a white gown, and an amber necklace and bracelet, and my informant says that she had "a halo of sweetness and purity all around her." For a trice Arthur was tongue-tied.

At length, "I have brought you a few flowers," he began.

She took the flowers and buried her nose in them, and thanked their donor, and pinned one of the roses at her breast.

"I hope you are quite well again," he pursued

"Oh, yes," she said, "quite well."

"It was very thoughtful of you to write me that letter—when you were in such pain."

"I owed it to you I had promised to receive you. It would have been unfair, if I had not written."

"I—I was quite alarmed about you I was afraid your headache might——" He faltered.

"There was no occasion for alarm I am used to such headaches I expect one every now and then"

"But—do you know?—at first I did not believe it—not until your letter confirmed what Mrs Hart and the servant had said"

"Why?"

"I thought perhaps—perhaps you did not care to see me, and had pleaded a headache for politeness sake."

"You did me an injustice"—A pause —"I did care to see you."

~~A longer pause. Arthur's heart was beating~~ madly. Well it might. She had pronounced the last sentence with an emphasis calculated to move a man less deeply in love than he

"Do you mean what you have just said?" he asked presently His voice quivered perceptibly

"Yes"

"I suppose you know—I—I suppose you know what it was I wanted to say to you—what it was I would have said, if I had been admitted"

"Yes, I knew," she answered, in almost a whisper, and bowed his head

Arthur sprang toward her and grasped her hand "You knew—then, you know that—that I love you—*Ruth!*"

She withdrew her hand, but did not raise her head He waited for a moment, breathless then, "Ah, speak to me—won't you speak to me?" he begged, piteously

She raised her head now, and gazed into his eyes; but her gaze was not one of gladness

"Yes, alas, alas, I know it," she said very slowly

Arthur started back

"Alas, alas?" he repeated after her

"Oh, yes," she said, in the same slow, grave way, "it is very sad, very sad."

"Sad?" His eyes were full of mystification

"I mean that it is sad that you should care for me If I had only foreseen it—but I did not. You knew so little of me, how could I foresee? But on Wednesday—the way you looked at me—oh, forgive me. I—I never meant to make you care for me"

"I do not understand," said Arthur shaking his head

"That is why I wanted to see you After what passed on Wednesday, I felt that it was best for us both that I should see you and tell you what a mistake you had made I wanted to tell you that you must try hard to forget about it. It would be useless and cruel for me to pretend not to have understood, when you looked at me so It was best that we should meet again, and that I should explain it to you"

"But your explanation puts me in the dark"

"You would not want to love a woman unless there was hope that some day you might marry her. Would not that be a great unhappiness?"

"It is not a question of *want* I should love you under any and all conditions."

"But you never, never can marry me"

"I will not believe it until——"

"Wait. Do not say things that you may wish to unsay a moment hence You can never marry me, for one sufficient reason because——" She hesitated

"Because?" There was panic in Arthur's heart. Was she not a widow, after all.

She drew a deep breath, and bit her lip Her cheek had been pale. Now a hot blush suffused it. With an air of summoning her utmost strength, she went on, "You never can marry me, because you never would marry me—never, unless I should tell you—something—something about my life—my life in the past—which I can never tell—not even to you"

"Oh!" cried Arthur, with manifest relief "Is that all?"

"It is enough—it is final, fatal"

"Oh, I thought it might be worse"

There befell a silence Arthur was mustering his forces, to get them under control He dared not speak till he had done this. At last, struggling hard to be calm, he said "Do you suppose I care anything about your past life? Do you suppose that my love for you is so mean and so small as that? I know all that it is needful for me to know about your past. I know *you*, do I not? I know, then, that every act, every thought, every breath of your life, has been as pure and as beautiful as you are yourself But what I know best, and what it is most essential for me to know is this, Ruth, that I love you. *I love you!* I cannot see that what you have spoken of is a bar to our marriage"

"Ah, but I— would not let you enter blindfolded into a union which some time you might repent. Should I be worthy of your love, if I should? But, what is worse, were I—were I to tell you this—this thing—which I cannot tell you—then you—you would not ask me to marry you. Then you would not love me. The truth—the truth which, if I should become your wife, I could never share with you—which would remain forever a secret kept by me from my husband—it is—you would abhor me if you should find it out. If you should find it out after we were married—if somebody should come to you and tell you—oh, you would hate me It is far more dreadful than you can fancy."

"No—no; for I will fancy the worst, and still beg of you to become my wife. If I loved you less—if I did not know you so well—the hints you utter might prompt some horrible suspicion in my mind. Will you take it as a proof of my love, that I dare assert positively, confidently this? Whatever the past may have been, so far as you were concerned in shaping it, it was good beyond reproach. Whatever your secret may be, it is not a secret tha could show you to be one jot or tittle less noble than I know you to be. Whatever the truth you speak of is, it is a truth which, if it were understood in its entirety, would only serve to shed new lustre upon the whiteness of your soul. And should I—should I by accident ever find it out—and should its form seem, as you have said, dreadful to me—why, I should say to myself, 'You have not pierced the substance! You do not understand it. However it may appear to you, you know that your wife's part in it was the part of a good angel from first to last!' Now do you think I love you?"

"But if—if you should find out that I had been guilty of sin—do you mean to say that—that you would care for me in spite of that?"

"I mean to say that I love you. I mean to say that no power under heaven can destroy my love of you. I mean to say that no power under heaven can prevent my marrying you, if you love me. I mean to say that my heart and soul —the inmost life of me—are already married to you, and that they will remain inseparably bound to you—*to you*—until I die. More than this I mean to say You speak of sin Your sin, forsooth! Well, talk of sin, if you like. Tell me that you have been guilty of—of what you will—of the blackest crimes in the calendar. *I will not believe it!* I will not believe that you were answerable for it. I will tell you that it was no your fault. I will tell you that if your hand has ever done any human being wrong, it was some other will than your own that compelled it For this I know—I know it as I know that fire burns, that light illuminates—I know that you, the true, intrinsic you—have always been as sweet and undefiled as—as the breath that escapes now from your lips. There are some things that cannot be—that no man could believe, though he beheld them with his open eyes. Can a circle be square? Can black be white? No man, knowing you as I know you, could believe that you in your soul were capable of sin"

He had spoken with immense fervor, consuming her the while with his eyes and wrenching the hand he held until it must have ached in every bone. She, again as pale as death, had trembled under his fierce, hot utterance, like a reed in the wind But now that he had done she seemed to recover herself She withdrew her hand from his and moved her chair away.

"Mr Ripley," she began, "you must not speak to me like this It was not to hear you speak like this that I wished to see you to-day You make it very hard for me to say what I have to say—what it was hard enough to say, at the best. But I must say it, and you must listen and understand You have not understood yet Now, please try to"

She pressed her hand to her throat, and swallowed convulsively It was evident that she was nerving herself to the performance of a most painful task Finally she went on, "I have told you frankly that I understood the other day—understood what you meant when you looked at me that way After you were gone, I thought it all over—all that I had learned. I thought at first that the only thing for me to do would be never to see you again—to refuse to see you when you called—to avoid you as much as I possibly could. That, I thought, would be the best thing to do But then I thought further about it, and then it seemed that that would not be right. To break off in that sudden way with you, and not explain it, would be wrong and cruel. So I put aside that first thought, and said, 'No, I will not refuse to receive him. I will receive him just as before Only I will act in such a manner toward him that he will not say anything about caring for me I will act so as to prevent him from saying anything about that. Then we will go on and be friends the same as ever.' But by and by that did not seem right either It would be as cruel as the other, because, if you really did care for me, it would be a long suspense, a long agony for you, and perhaps, if nothing were said about it, you might get to caring still more for me, and might allow yourself to cherish false hopes, hopes that could never come true. So I decided that this course was as far from right as the first one And, besides, I distrusted my own power—my power to keep you from speaking It would be a long, long battle. I doubted whether I had the strength to carry it through—always to be on my guard, and prevent you from speaking 'No,' I said, 'it is bound to come Sooner or later, if we go on seeing each other, he will surely speak. Is it not better that I should let him know at once—what waiting will make harder for him to hear and for me to tell him—that I can never become his wife. Then, when he knows that he has made a mistake in caring for me, he will go away, and think of other things, and see other women, and, perhaps, by and by, get over it and forget about me' I knew that if I told you that it was impossible for us to get married, and why it was impossible, I knew that you would give up loving and I thought that this course was the best of all. It was very hard I shrank from the idea of speaking to you as I have done Your ~~good opinion is very precious to me~~ It was hard to persuade myself to say things to you that would, perhaps, make you think differently of me But I felt that it was best. I had no right to procrastinate—to let you go on caring for me, and hoping for what never could be Then I decided that I would see you and tell you about it right away"

She paused and breathed deeply, but before Arthur had had time to put in a word, she resumed

"I do not believe that you have meant to make it more difficult for me to-day than it had to be but it has pained me very much to hear you speak as you have spoken You have not understood but now you understand—must understand I never can be your wife You must try to get over caring for me You must go away, now that I have explained, and never come any more"

She had said all this in a low tone, though each syllable had been fraught with earnestness and had manifestly cost an effort Arthur, during the last few minutes, had been pacing up and down the room Now he came to a stand still before her

"And do you mean to say," he demanded, "that that is your last word, your ultimatum? Do you mean to say that you will send me away —banish me from your presence—forbid me the happiness of seeing you and hearing you—all for a mere paltry nothing? If there were a real impediment to our marriage, I should be the first to acknowledge it, to bow before it But this thing that you have mentioned—this—well, call it a secret, if you will—is this empty memory to rise up as a barrier between your life and mine? Oh, no, no! You have spoken of cruelty—you have wished not to be cruel And yet this utmost cruelty you seem willing to perpetrate in cold blood. Stop, think, reflect upon what you are doing! Have you not seen how much I love you? how my whole life is in my love for you? Do you not know that what you promised to do—to send me away all on account of this miserable secret—is to break my life forever? is to put out the light forever from my sky, and turn my world to a waste of dust and ashes? Can you—you who recoil from cruelty—be as wantonly cruel as this? Have I not told you that I care nothing for your secret, that I shall never think of your secret, if you will only speak one word? Oh, it is not possible that you can deliberately break my heart, for a mere dead thing like that! If it were something actual, something substantial, something existing now and here, it would be different. Then I, too, should recognize the size and the weight of it. I should accept the inevitable and resign myself as best I could. But a bygone, a thing that is past and done with, how can you let that stand between us? I can never resign myself to that Can't you imagine the torture of my position? To want a thing with all my soul, to know that there is no earthly reason why I should not have it, and yet to know that I cannot have it—why, it is like being defeated by a soap bubble, a vapor Of what use is all this talk? We are merely confusing each other, merely beating about the bush, I have told you what you did not expect to hear You thought that I would be swerved from my purpose when you said that you had a secret You thought that I would go away, satisfied that it was best for us not to marry. But, you see, you did yourself an injustice You did not guess the real depths of the love you had inspired You see, I love you too much to care about the past. Confess that you did not consider this, when you made up your mind to send me away But this talk is of no use All the talk in the world cannot alter the way we stand Here are the simple facts I love you *I love you!* I ask you to be my wife I kneel down before you, and take your hand in mine, and beg of you not to spurn my love—not to be guided by a blind, deluded conscience—not to think of the past—but to think only of the present and the future—to think only of how much I love you—of how all the happiness of my life is now at stake, for you to make or to destroy I ask you to be merciful. I ask you to look into your heart, and let that prompt you how to act. If there is one atom of love for me in it—you—"

He broke off sharply, drew a quick, hard breath. Something—a sudden, furtive gleam far down in her eyes—a swift coming and going of color to and from her cheek—caused his heart to throb with an exultant thrill, that for the nonce deprived him of the power of speech. Then, all at once, "Oh, my God! You do love me *You do love me!*" he cried. He caught her in his arms and strained her rapturously to his breast.

For a moment she did not resist. Her face lay for a moment buried upon his shoulder It was a supreme moment of silence. Then she broke away. There were tears in her eyes. She sobbed out, "It is wrong, all wrong"

But Arthur knew that he had gained the day Her first sign of weakness was his assurance of success. Protest now as she might, she could no longer hide her love from him. And if she loved him, what had he to fear? There was much further talk between them. She tried to regain the ground she had lost. Failing in this, she wept, and spoke of the wrong she had done him, and said that she had forfeited her self-respect. But Arthur summoned all his eloquence to induce her to look at the matter through his eyes, and in the end—somewhat later an eavesdropper outside the parlor door might have caught the following dialogue passing within

Ruth's voice "It is strange, Arthur, but a little while ago it seemed to me that I could never tell that—that thing—I spoke about, to any living soul, yet now—now I feel quite otherwise. I want to tell it to you. It is only right that I should tell you everything about my life. It is a long story, shall I begin?"

Arthur's voice "No, Ruth Shall I let the happiness of this hour be marred for you and me by your thinking and speaking of what would pain you Besides, I prefer that you should keep—this thing—this secret—as an evidence of my unwavering confidence in you Why should we trouble ourselves about the past at all, when the present is at hand, and the future is waiting for us? You and I—we have only just been born The past is dead. Our life dates from this moment. Oh, it is to the future that we must look"

"But it seems as though you ought to know—ought to know your wife—ought to know who she is and what she has done"

"But I do know her. I do know who she is and what she has done I know it all by instinct I want her to have this constant proof of my love—that I can trust her without learning her secrets"

"But you will not forget—that I have offered to tell you, will you You will remember that I am always willing to tell you—that whenever you wish to know it, you will only have to ask me?"

"Yes, I will remember it, and it will make me happy to remember that you have such confidence in me But if you wish to tell me something now that I should like to hear, tell me on what day we shall married?"

"Oh, it is too soon to fix that—we can wait about fixing that."

"No, no! It must be fixed before I take leave of you to-day Everything must be finally settled When"

"Whenever you wish"

"To-morrow"

"Of course I did not mean that."

"As soon then, as possible"

"Not sooner than—"

"Not longer at the utmost than a month"

"A month? It is a very short time, a month"

"But it is a month too long Make it a month, or less."

"Well, a month, then this day month"

"This day month—to-day being Friday—falls on Sunday. Say, rather, this day four weeks, the 25th of July"

"How shall I get ready in that interval"

"How shall I live through that interval"

"What interval? Talking about music, as usual?" said Mrs Hart, entering at that moment "Mr Ripley how do you do?"

"I am the happiest man in the world," he answered

"I congratulate you Have you won a case?"

"No, I have won a wife."

"I congratulate you doubly Who is the lady?"

"Let me present her to you," he laughed, taking Ruth by the hand

Mrs. Hart dropped everything she held—scissors, spectacles, knitting-bag—struck an astonished attitude, and uttered a sharp cry of surprise Ruth blushed and smiled. For an instant the two ladies stood off and eyed each other, and fell into each other's arms, and then there were tears and kisses and incoherent sounds

Finally, "I congratulate you trebly" said Mrs Hart, turning to Arthur

For a while everybody was very happy and very sentimental.

When, toward midnight, Arthur returned to his own abode, Hetzel asked him where he had spent the evening

"In heaven," he replied

"And with what particular divinity?"

"With Mrs. Lehmyl."

"So?"

"Yes, sir. And—and what do you suppose? She and I are going to be married."

"What?" cried Hetzel

"Yes, we are engaged, betrothed. We are going to be married"

"Engaged? Betrothed? Married? You? Nonsense"

"Nothing of the kind. Our wedding day is fixed for the 25th of next month"

"Oh, come, be rational"

"I am rational. Why should I jest about it?"

"Have you suddenly fallen heir to a fortune?"

"Of course not why?"

"Why? Why, what are you going to get married on?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean who's to foot the bills?"

"I have my income, have I not?"

"Oh, your income Oh, to be sure Let's see—how many thousands did it amount to last year?"

"It amounted to fifteen hundred"

"Fifteen hundred what?"

"Hundred dollars"

"Is that all?"

"It is enough"

"Do you seriously intend to marry on that"

"Why not?"

"Why it won't keep your wife in pocket handkerchiefs, let alone feed and clothe her"

"I hadn't thought about it, but I'm sure we can get along on fifteen hundred—added to what I can earn"

"What was her opinion?"

"I didn't mention the subject."

"You asked her to marry you without exhibiting your bank account. Shame!"

"We love each other"

"When poverty comes in at the door what is it love's habit to do?"

"Such love as ours waxes greater"

"And—and your mother What will she say?"

"I'm going to write to her to-night—now"

"Has your mother much respect for my judgment?"

"You know she has"

"Well, then, tell her from me that you've just gone and done the most sensible thing you possibly could have done, that your bride's an angel, yourself a trump, and each of you to be envied above all man and woman kind"

(*To be continued*)

THE RICHEST CONGRESSMAN

Washington Letter

The richest man of the present house is now here at Washington His name is William L Scott. He is a democrat from Erie, Penn, and is said to be worth $12,000,000 Mr Scott owns coal mines, oil lands, real estate and railroad bonds, and one of his fellow-congressmen told me recently that he had interests in the most money-making institutions of Pennsylvania I saw him at the Arlington hotel He is a well formed fellow of medium size, not over forty five years of age, and he carries about him the general democratic air of a good, common-sense business man He has made his own money, and it has not turned him into a snob He is very popular among his friends and is known as especially fond of horses. His stables are among the finest in the country and his horses were among the best that raced during the last season Mr Scott lately said that he considered himself a blanked fool for having allowed himself to be elected to congress. I imagine his desire to come in the first place arose from his old associations here at Washington When he was a boy, away back in the forties, he served for eight years as a page in the house of representatives. At that time his highest ambition must have been to be a congressman some day This desire clung to him through his money making career, and it was this probably that actuated him in accepting the nomination When Scott was there as page, Henry Clay was still in the senate, Daniel Webster was in his prime, and John C Calhoun had yet many years to live Though still a young man comparatively he remembers all of the old stagers well, and can talk about them most interestingly He was appointed a page from Virginia, and he is descended from one of the oldest families of this part of the United States His grandfather was appointed by Washington as the first commissioner of the District of Columbia, and he was one of the most reliable and wealthy citizens of Maryland at that time When the capitol was built congress was hard up for money and it wanted to get $150,000 from Maryland The Maryland legislature passed a bill granting the loan on condition that Congressman Scott's grandfather would indorse the note of the United States for that amount. He did so, and the money was lent Afterward the government borrowed two other sums of $100,000 each from Maryland, and each time the legislature required the indorsement of Judge Scott before they would grant the loan Congressman Scott has rented a house next to Leland Stanford's on Farragut square and not far from the White house A decorative artist from New York is decorating it right royally, and it will be quite a social center during the congressional season

Tired of Keeping a Training School

Chicago Journal

Speaking of servant girls, Mrs Cleverly remarked "When I succeed in getting a really good girl, the first I know she goes off and gets married, and then it takes me a year or so to train a new one to be fit to get married, and the first chance she has she takes the fit.' Mrs Cleverly has concluded to give up housekeeping for a time, being "tired of keeping a training-school for girls for other people's hired men to marry"

Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents the hair from turning gray, and restores gray hair to its original color. Try it.

ACCEPTED

How many years it's lain away,
Unknown unread unseen
The little song I sent one day
To that great magazine!

For I was very young indeed,
With hopes of rosy tint —
I thought I e'en might live to see
My little song in print

But only now, when I am gray,
And life is fleeting fast,
The longed-for—after long delay—
"Accepted" comes at last

And in the joy it brings to me
There lurks a mournful doubt
If I shall ever live to see
That little song "come out"

For magazines are fresh and strong,
They grow not old and gray
And though it's true that "Art is long"
It's not so long as they

But we—we fade! With bitter pain
I learn that well worn truth.
Alas! I shall not live to gain
The cherished hope of youth

I shall not hear my little song
By others read or sung,
For I cannot live so long—
I am no longer young.
—*The Century Magazine*

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

A PORTLAND STORY

BY SAM L SIMPSON

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian]

Twenty years ago there stood on Second street, not far from Alder, a two-story frame dwelling house of somewhat pretentious architecture. It is true that Phidias had not put up the frieze and that the genius of Raphael had not blossomed in the frescoed walls and ceilings, but at the date of its erection, ten years before, it was considered almost palatial in size, style and finish—a brilliant flower of the pioneer imagination sprung from the fertile soil of an abounding faith in the city's future Like many of the old monuments of early enterprise it was long since pushed aside by the ruthless march of progress, and ceasing to lift its weather-beaten front as an architectural entity is now, disintegrated and distributed, groping its way to oblivion in shabby back fences and unromantic chicken houses *Sic transit!*

Material things brought into close and intimate contact with human life become a part of it, and we may well believe that to every board and beam and rafter of that old building wheresoever, in vagabond ways, they slowly yield to the mandate of time and the tooth of decay, precious memories—tender, tragic and mirthful—still cling through these wailing nights of winter when the spirits of the past are all abroad, sobbing in the rain and whispering, moaning, shrieking, laughing in the rising wind.

For this house had a history The man who built it never occupied it. He was a rugged old 49er, who had panned and rocked out a fortune on Feather river and then doubled it by fortunate speculations in Oregon Falling in love with a rosy young Portland girl, the bronzed veteran of the gold bearing bars and gulches laid regular siege to her undrilled heart. Her parents naturally favored the suit of the rich miner, and bluff Jim Parsons began to think that the world was turning his way He had his iron-gray whiskers trimmed to civilized proportions, put his deeply creased Sunday suit into every day use and shut down at once on promiscuous whiskies and draw poker As the old Romans used to build towers from which missiles of death could be hurled, close to the walls of an invested city, Mr Parsons caused the elegant mansion before indicated to arise on Second street, and persistently pleaded his cause But all was vain. A young fiddler, with long, ringletted hair, a wild eye and a cologned handkerchief came along one day and waltzed the besieged maiden into a swift and improvident marriage.

Parsons was struck hard by this sudden catastrophe, but he took a deeper cocktail than usual the next morning and smiled grimly when the barkeeper, who had been invited to join him in the diabolical festival, lifted his glass with the usual income "here's luck" Not caring to linger on the field of his defeat, he sold out his town property and went back to the wild life of the mining camp The house on Second street was bought by a bachelor capitalist, and for years went through the usual vicissitudes of a rented house until the date of the opening of this gentle romance, when its burnished door plate bore, in flying script, the aristocratic name of Mrs E Carey That was all that was needed A newspaper advertisement and spreading fame did the rest. It was known to all the world that Mrs Carey kept the only select boarding and lodging house, for gentlemen, in the city Of course it was not necessary that a man should be either a millionaire, a savant or a divine to pass that aristocratic portal, it was simply required that he should be clean and respectable in conduct and appearance, and regular in his settlements Mrs Carey's establishment could only accommodate eight boarders, and that number she constantly had And they lived royally too Her rooms were large, well ventilated and elegantly furnished, and the table was continually superb Under the grand executive capacity of the mistress order and harmony reigned in the house of Carey Belligerent, destructive and revolutionary characters were soon detected and quietly dismissed How it was done was a mystery known only to those immediately concerned, and the thing was settled, then and there, forever No man was rash enough to go forth and wag his tongue against that immaculate household At suitable hours all had free access to the parlors and sitting room, and, so far at least as surface indications were concerned, presented the enchanting spectacle of a happy family—something, as beautiful in its way—the boarding house way, as the golden cluster of the Pleiades in the purple depths of a summer night.

Mrs Elizabeth Carey was a large woman of fine form and handsome face Pretty is too trivial a word to be used in connection with the bold, sweeping—almost masculine outlines of her features From the broad, low brow to the firm and shapely chin it was a grand face, and lit up by queenly dark eyes, almost too stern in their expression at times, reminded one of what the faces of Boadicea and the mother of the Gracchi must have been Her black, glossy, abundant hair was always arranged in a firm, massive coil at the back of her finely poised head and enhanced the dignity of her presence She was universally supposed to be a widow, although she never alluded to her lamented husband or tolerated any questioning on the subject from others She had the faculty of snuffing out a clear case of impertinent curiosity without burning her fingers or leaving a smoking wick.

She had two daughters, Helen and Millicent, the former about 20 years of age and the latter 2[illegible] They were almost opposites in character and appearance so much so that one could hardly believe them to be sisters. Helen was a splendid brunette, and very much resembled her mother, though she was more delicate in form and feature Millie was blonde, blue-eyed and golden-haired, and of a soft and yielding disposition that won your heart at once, while the imperious beauty of Helen conquered by *force of arms* This was the outside emotional verdict of the people but there was a still, small whisper floating round among a few intimates to the effect that Helen was a scold and Millie a miracle of deceit, while both were aiming their charms with consummate art in the hope of catching rich husbands All this deplorable and skirmishing, it was said, was done under the tuition and splendid generalship of the matron herself, who had seen better days and drained to its dregs the bitter cup of poverty. It is thus that the cold, skeleton arms of indigence and neglect send the girls [illegible] of young romance from our [illegible] drooping brows, and, if we survive the ordeal, send us forth again in the world, keen, cruel and destructive, but hopeless of happiness forevermore

"Them gals is finer than silk," said Dick Smith, a young man about town to a select group of friends one evening "but they fly too high for bird shot, and we ain't loaded for bear"

This sentiment, thus sententiously expressed touched a responsive chord in the bosom of every young man present, and there was a grand movement toward the bar to wet it down The young men of that day were poor enough, in the sordid material sense, but richer than they knew in courage, hope, capacity and persistence—the qualities that win in a long race on a heavy track Some of them are at rest on the gentle eminence where the lone, memorial firs weave its mystic shadow, and the survivors, now middle aged, are in affluent circumstances, having fought their way to the golden 'divide' by sheer force of character, disciplined and strengthened by the exigencies of pioneer life

This was the situation when Mr John Philip Rugg, strolling up Second street one genial spring day, cast a furtive glance at the great door plate on which the name of Carey was richly graven. He was past the meridian of life, a bachelor and rich. His tall, slender frame, somewhat stooped in the shoulders, was attired in a glossy suit of black, and his gray hair, somewhat thinned by the tread of fleeting years, was neatly brushed behind his ears. His face was small and tolerably regular in feature but there were hard lines in it, and the close thin lips and protruding chin indicated the stern nature of the gold grinder But his greenish-blue eyes had a soft and dreamy light in them this sunny April afternoon, and his sallow face was so relaxed by some inner thought that he looked ten years younger than usual.

What was he thinking of? Was he mindful of the vernal mystery that was clothing the world with beauty? Could he hear the twitter of the happy birds in the bourgeoning trees? Did he see how bravely the yards and parks and lanes were strewn with the golden shields of the dandelions, the gay vanguard of the floral hosts of spring? and how the early violets lifted their dewy faces to greet him shyly as he passed? Perhaps At any rate he soon turned and came slowly back along Second, his hands crossed behind him and his hard, foxy face swept by the faintest quiver of a smile.

As he came opposite the entrance of Mrs. Carey's private hostelry again he glanced at the shining door plate and paused In the parlor above a sweet feminine voice was singing a gay song of welcome to the flowers, with a swift piano accompaniment.

This seemed to decide him. He straightened himself suddenly, and walking lightly up the steps rang the bell It was answered by Mrs. Carey in person With a courtly bow Mr Rugg suggested, "Mrs. Carey, I presume?"

The lady graciously assented and invited him into a sunny little room on the left of the hall, which was elegantly fitted up as an office and library Standing on the soft carpet of this cosy grotto of the muses, the successful money getter bowed again over his smooth silk hat and proceeded to explain himself

"My name is John Philip Rugg, madam, and I am a well known business man in the city Being a bachelor and weary of the life of hotels and restaurants, I have come to solicit the privilege of becoming one of your guests"

"Be seated, Mr Rugg," responded the lady, with a beaming smile "I know you well, by reputation, and am happy to say at once that your flattering request can be favorably answered One of my guests leaves to-day, and you can take the suite of rooms he has occupied If you will kindly accompany me upstairs I will show them to you" And like triumphant Juno ascending from the bloody field of Troy to cloudy Olympus, she led the way

Mr Rugg was delighted with the rooms, and so expressed himself The view from the windows comprehend the whole of Robinson's hill and an intervening wilderness of gulches, trees stumps and isolated cottages Mrs Casey explained that some brilliant sunset effects were occasionally to be seen in that direction, and that the soft and fragrant west wind which floated down from the orange groves of Mr Robinson had a soothing effect on an excited imagination.

Then they descended to the parlor, and Helen and Millie were called in and introduced A half hour or more was spent in general and genial conversation when Mr Rugg bowed himself out with elaborate politeness, promising to send his trunks on the morrow, and be with them himself at dinner

There was a moment of silence after the departure of Mr Rugg, and then Mrs. Carey, rising from the sofa on which she sat as though it were a throne, smiled upon her daughters and safely exhaled the following sentiment as she shook out her flowing drapery

"My dear girls, Mr Rugg is very rich and a bachelor—a worthy prize!" and swept slowly and majestically out of the room

The young ladies seated on opposite sides of the parlor, turned their pretty heads and confronted each other Helen all ablaze with her gorgeous tropic beauty and Millicent glowing softly like the evening star through a veil of sunset cloud. The dreamy blue eyes did not quail before the angry splendor of the black Not a word was spoken, but it was a declaration of war—to the death

The next evening, at dinner, Mr Rugg, in full evening dress, made his first appearance at the Carey board, and the other guests were duly presented Helen sat opposite him with a wreath of pearls or peach-like beads on her midnight hair and boldly challenged his opinions on political and financial topics, while Millicent, with a young physician as her *vis-a-vis*, half veiled her dewy eyes with their long dark lashes, and discoursed sweetly of Shelley, Byron and Keats.

Being eight in number, Mrs Carey's guests usually separated in two distinct but amicable quartettes. This arrangement was merely for convenience and no jealousies or factional rivalries ever arose from it. The quartette in which Mr Rugg was incorporated was composed, besides himself of Perry Raymond, a young lawyer, Bernard Clifton head clerk in a wholesale hardware store, and William Barnes, a miner who had once been a sailor Raymond and Clifton were both good-looking, cultivated and intelligent young fellows, and forty fathoms deep in love with the Carey girls Raymond, being fair, burnt incense at the shrine of Helen, while Clifton bent his dark crest at the feet of Millicent. They were kept constantly in a parboiled state by the changeful moods of their idols, getting a red letter day now and then, when no higher game was in sight. They were sworn friends in distress and sympathized with each other to an extent that endangered their health and nearly bankrupted them in the wild effort to produce the concomitant liquids and cigars It was a strain that neither law nor hardware could well withstand

Mr Barnes, with a generous impartiality which seems to be characteristic of the bluff, broad-shouldered gold hunter, stood in with both sides, and when, when Mr Rugg appeared on the scene offered to wager all the native gold in Oregon and Idaho that "old beeswax," as he politely termed the capitalist, would marry the whole ranch

Now John Philip Rugg had devoted all his faculties in the past years of his life to the making of money and had amply achieved his purpose But here at the ripe age of fifty-four, he suddenly fled to the rosy regions of romance and became the wildest gazelle in the Arcadian woods His business affairs were in such perfect order that they required little of his personal attention, and he rushed to the unveiled shrine of Venus with all the ardor and abandon of fiery youth Though the silvery frosts of age were on his temples he burned to taste the delights of first love and impulsive marriage Therefore he came to Carey's and launched its peaceful and prosperous life-boat on the troubled current of untried events

When Helen Carey, flushing the splendor of her brunette beauty upon him exhibited in addition a keen, practical and well stored mind he surrendered at once and quaffed the nectar of [illegible] for the first time in his long busy career Helen boldly made good her conquest and held him in a silken snare, but it could not last The love of an old man, with all its grotesque and extravagant expression, is as pale and cold and fleeting as the light of the changeful moon Before two months had gone by, Mr Rugg, who essentially engaged to marry the girl, began to waver in his attachment. He settled with the bruised flower of the Carey household by transferring property to the balm of $10,000 to her The whole transaction was so quietly conducted that not an inkling of it leaked out to the public and no scandal was created

"Percy, I am with you once again," exclaimed Helen with a light laugh as she took her old lover's arm for a twilight stroll on the evening after the financial transaction

"Yes, Helen," he answered with a rueful sigh "but don't go off on any more picnics of that kind It's too awfully lonesome for me, you know"

After a little respite Mr Rugg cast himself spontaneously at the feet of Millicent as an acknowledged suitor for her hand The dewy, dark fringed, limped eyes had done their work at last Rugg had concluded that his system required a dreamy blonde instead of a practical brunette

"Why, Mr Rugg, how can you be so fickle? It was only a week ago that you were devoted to my sister!" exclaimed Millicent with mock surprise opening her rich blue eyes till they shone like wet violets in the sun

"Yes," replied the indomitable Rugg "but it was a week ago and that is sufficient is a that [illegible] business"

And thus the past was disposed of and this strangely matched pair wandered away into the dusky vale of courtship

Millicent talked poetry to him by the rod, but he was very much in love and felt that it was a respectable sort of thing to be on intimate terms with Messrs Shelley, Byron and Keats

"You are so fond of poetry," she said to him one day "you must be possessed of the divine afflatus and capable of producing what you admire Do write me a few lines I shall prize them dearly"

That was enough John Philip Rugg immediately repaired to the library and began to call on his afflatus For four days the great financier and business man labored as no man ever labored before, and at the end of that time had produced the following

TO MILLICENT

My Millicent my maiden fair
With threaded sunlight for your hair
And eyes of heaven's hue
I'd give thee all this gold of mine
To wear one golden tress of thine
A love pledge fond and true

The ancient but deeply enamored swain blushed like a girl, when he handed a copy of this supreme poetical effort to the maiden whose beauty had inspired it, and immediately walked away to meditate on the idiosyncracies of genius and give Millicent an opportunity to control her emotions. He had sought his own room and was pacing up and down the floor in deep abstraction when a sudden and terrible thought struck him

"My God!" he exclaimed, frantically, "she might think I was in earnest and start in to make the trade!"

He fairly flew down the stairway and found Millie in the sitting room still laughingly perusing the explosive gem of the Rugg genius

"Ha, ha!" he laughed nervously. "Let me have that a moment, please, I wish to correct it."

She handed it to him, and as soon as his fingers closed upon the paper he tore it into shreds

"I will write you another," he said, apologetically, "I was only practicing, when I wrote this one and did not do myself justice."

She understood him, and was infinitely amused

About this time Millicent began to notice the fact that the ardor of her aged lover was perceptibly on the wane. She had successfully fought off the fatal question of marriage when his fever was at its highest, and now he had not only ceased to urge it, but seemed to be getting more and more distrait and absent-minded in her presence She wisely held her peace, however, and waited for his indifference to ripen into positive dislike.

They were sitting in silence and alone in the parlor one evening when Millicent noticed by the heaving of his chest and the strange working of his features that Rugg was about to deliver some momentous speech In another minute it came

"Millie," he said, laying his hand gently on her arm, "I am old enough to be your father, and I begin to realize that our union in wedlock would be an impious thing and only bring calamity upon us in the end"

Millie covered her face with her handkerchief and sobbed audibly "I am very sorry for you," he went on, "but I know that I am right, and our engagement must end I have trifled with your young affections, and I am willing to make what reparation I can I will do the same to you as I did by your sister Will that be sufficient?"

"It will be sufficient, so far as any reparation of that nature can be sufficient," she faltered, "but my heart is broken"

"Then the deed shall be made out this evening" he broke in gaily as he rose from his chair "I must go and see your mother."

Away he tripped with a light step, and Millie, lifting her bowed head, disclosed a face that was a perfect blossom of [illegible]

"I'll wager a sealskin sacque that the dear old man has gone now to court mother The idea This is getting too funny for anything, but there's business in it, for Bernard and I can get married now"

Then she arose with a happy smile and went to the piano to greet her deliverance with appropriate song

She was right as to the object of Mr Rugg in seeking her mother He went directly to that excellent lady and astonished her beyond measure by asking leave to pay his addresses to her He said he had been groping his way to the goal of his desire and had reached it at last. He wanted for a wife a woman of suitable years and established character, and that person he had found in the lady whose guest he had the good fortune to be

Mrs Carey was a practical woman, and though she winced somewhat at the remembrance that she was third choice, she consented to allow herself to be "addressed," and in course of time she and her daughters were wedded to the men that had chosen them before all others on the same day

William Barnes, the miner who had been a sailor, said that "old beeswax" had failed to capture either of Mother Carey's chickens, but he had snared the old bird

SULLIVAN WAS SOBER

John Says He Didn't Strike the Newsboy and Wants to Fight Mitchell for Six Days.

Special to the New York Journal

NEW HAVEN, Conn, Jan 7.—John L Sullivan reached town to-day with Lester & Allen's minstrels and registered at the Hotel Converse. John had parted with his mustache, but looked well and savage He was met by the reporter and asked if there was any truth in the story about assaulting the little boy in the Gilsey house last Sunday night

"No it's a lie When I was in the Gilsey house some one said a little boy had got hurt I asked what the matter was and was told that the poor boy stammered against him"

"Was that all there was to it?"

"That's all that I know about it"

"Had you been drinking that night?"

Sullivan looked at the reporter a moment and then said, "Yes I had I'll take a drink whenever I want it and I don't mind what anybody says —— business. I was drinking that night"

"How about Mitchell?" asked the reporter "He says he wants to fight you, but you won't meet him" (A slip from a recently printed interview with Mitchell in a New York paper, wherein the English pugilist makes many disparaging remarks about the prowess of Boston's Slugger was read to Sullivan)

An explosion followed and the choice but expressive epithets showered upon Mitchell by Sullivan made the parlor of the Hotel Converse blue beyond description.

Mitchell was called such pet names as a liar, a blower a fraud and a thief supplemented with a superabundance of profane adjectives

"I spent ten days in New York looking for Mitchell" said Sullivan, vehemently "but I couldn't find him I'd as soon meet him. I would give $10,000 to meet the —— alone in a room I don't care what he says, anyway but I'll tell you what I will do I'll fight Mitchel or any other man in this country for from $100 to $10 000 I'll fight Mitchell for one cent or for nothing every day in a week and if I don't lick him on Monday I give $1000 to the Orphan asylum if I don't lick him on Tuesday I give $2000 to the policemen's Benevolent fund if I don't lick him on Wednesday I'll give $3000 to the firemen's fund and so on to some charitable institution until the week is up"

In further conversation Sullivan told the reporter that he liked his engagement with Lester & Allen first rate and that he would stay with them until his contract closed April 6th, when he promised to make a trip across the water"

About this time came the cry for the minstrels to fall in for parade and Champion Sullivan donned his overcoat of broadcloth lined with sable and sealskin and fastened by silk braids to large sized buttons Muldoon wore a similar coat, and both carried silver headed canes and wore very glossy silk hats

Rumor of a Notable Engagement

A Chicago letter states that Dame Rumor has quietly put in circulation the report of the engagement of a well known New York club man to the richest girl in Chicago As the engagement is not yet publicly announced I will not give the lady's name She is quite pretty and has an exquisite figure She is an heiress in her own right and will inherit two more fortunes on the death of her father and mother for she is an only child Although suitors ridicule that she is so independent that no young man in Chicago has yet had the courage to face the music She lives with her parents on Dearborn avenue but pays her third of the household expenses and keeps her own carriages and horses She is occasionally seen driving tandem on the avenue in a dog cart with a diminutive tiger She is also a good horsewoman and a great pedestrian In her walks she is usually accompanied by a large and handsome Gordon setter She is a faithful attendant at St James church where her father is a vestryman In the Sunday school she has a class of large boys in whom she takes a great interest Once a year she gives them a dinner, and when any of them gets old enough to start in business she makes it a point to secure a place for him

Their Utter Silence

Philadelphia Call—3rd,

The good president is out in some very severe remarks on newspapers He holds that they are liars and purveyors of lies Truly good papers like the *Times* and *Post* of New York are not excepted from this denunciation—all—all are bad If the mugwumps were not so awfully dead we might expect a faint growl over these sweeping strictures, but under the circumstances nothing can be expected but a silent writhe.

TO AN EAGLE

On me the sun has set, the lowlands lie
Dim in the purple folds of early night;
But thou gay cruiser of the chartless sky,
Dost steer thy slow, undeviating flight
Full in the sun's unclouded glare.
The world is bright around thee, thy strong breast
Parts flashing streams of keen, ethereal fire;
Aslant the ardent splendors of the west,
On still curved vans thou mountest ever higher
Through scintillating zones of air.

From what far quest through the white gates of morn
Beyond the peopled east, returnest thou?
Toward what sheer solitary mountain bourn
In the primeval wild art voyaging now?
Thou haunter of unbarriered space!
I watch thee soaring up the steeps of light,
Half doubting thou art aught of mortal birth,
Foredoomed to hunger, weariness and blight,
And wintry change of this controlling earth,
Like our slow footed wingless race

Aloof in lone aerial equipoise,
The roar of inextinguishable strife
Melts round thee like a faint unmeaning voice,
And to thy sight the myriad maze of life
Is but a blurred phantasmal scene.
Away strong soul thou leavest time and death,
Dishevelled grief and hollow chested care
To crawl the dim abysmal world beneath,
While thou in deeps of golden dusk dost fare
Far through the measureless serene.
Charles L. Hildreth in Boston Transcript.

"MUCH ADO."

A NOVELETTE BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian]

CHAPTER II —CONTINUED.

He does not like to speak of him, poor fellow, said Mrs Huntingdon once. "He feels too deeply that silence is better How few men there are would not feel tempted to confide in us and tell the whole story. It is most delicate and generous One is forced to admire and respect him

It was impossible to keep intact the rule of not referring to Mr Jack Hamilton. It was impossible to ignore him—to rid the atmosphere of him as it were They could not drive without meeting him driving also, using his cousin's superb horses with an air of proprietorship They could not go to church without finding themselves either before, behind or beside him He seemed to be invited to occupy a seat in a pew within a few yards of them They could not accept an invitation without being sure of seeing him loom up above the guests of ordinary size and make himself a sort of focus for all wandering eyes

"I suppose" Mrs Huntingdon said, "people receive him for his cousin's sake, And it is more than probable that they do not know all"

She did not herself "know all" Nell did not tell her "all" Since there seemed no help for it why should she tell her that she was thrown with Mr Jack Hamilton continually and that she had gradually learned to understand that his apparently accidental nearness to her on all occasions was the result of deliberate intention on his part and that he maneuvered with as much forethought, dexterity and determination as if he had been a general advancing upon a citadel It was this determined air which had first startled her into realizing the situation He was so daring and so clever and showed such an unfailing resource that it was impossible not to recognize his power, She had never seen a man so bold and so ready, and yet so capable of concealing his tactics from all but the one they were meant to reach Scarcely a day passed in which she did not find that in spite of herself he had managed to perform some trifling service for her If she dropped her glove or fan it was he who bent to pick it up If she played tennis it was he twice out of thrice, who played with her and when he was within twenty yards of her she knew that his eyes watched her and that if she looked up she should meet them and that they would have the half pathetic half angry appeal or question in their depths, which always so disturbed and amazed her There was one habit of his which affected her more strongly than anything else Sometimes she would find him standing within a few feet of her neither speaking nor looking at her. He would stand so, knitting his black brows and bending his eyes on the ground until she felt sure he was about to turn on her with some fierce question, and the very air about him was full of silent speech She expected this question daily and yet when at length it came she was as much perturbed as if she had not anticipated it at all.

She had been playing tennis on the Beverly grounds one day and he had joined them with his cousin and in a pause of the game he stood near her for some seconds in this manner He looked down at the grass and frowned and pulled his mustache, and then suddenly turned and looked at her.

"Will you tell me why you hate me?" he asked and flushed with excitement as he asked it Nell could not steady her voice as she answered him She could not steady her eyes or lips She felt a tremor of quick agitation pass over her, and felt that he must see it.

"No" she said

She knew he had seen the tremor and she was for the moment thoroughly unhappy. His glance as it rested upon her the next two seconds was at once wondering and reflective

"But you *do* hate me," he said

She did not speak

"Yes," he said his temper manifestly rising "you hate me just as much as if I had done something to you And what have I done? You won't tell me, but you will hate me You may call that justice, if you like but I—"

He ended abruptly For a few seconds he was silent He dragged at his mustache and looked away with his great eyes shining She saw his big chest rise and fall tumultuously She actually had the awful feeling that he had been obliged to stop speaking to gain time to control himself

Presently he turned to her again.

"If you think I will let it rest there," he said "you are wrong If you won't tell me, some one else will"

"I never speak of you," said Nell, warming herself to anyone

"Am I such a fellow as that!" he exclaimed "that you won't even condescend to utter my name?"

Nell turned rather pale

"Yes" she said

It cost her a tremendous effort to say it, but she said it bravely It cost her more courage still to face him after she had said it. He looked quite white He met her eyes as if he had been struck dumb

"I don't think I believed—it was quite so bad as that" he said and walked away, with his head drooping

As she watched him go she felt utter misery He looked so unhappy, so crushed, she could almost feel as if she had given him a blow too cruel to be believed in He was so big; there was so much of him to be wretched that it seemed as if he must be more unhappy than a smaller man It was like seeing a giant tremble

And yet—she said "what right had he to resent anything—to feel anything? He is a coward to speak to me of it How dare he

But he fared a great deal All the rest of the afternoon there was a look of deadly determination on his face She saw it when he plunged into the game again and it did not die out She knew that he must have made some desperate resolve She found out what it was when she left the party to go home After she had bidden Marian and Hester good afternoon and passed through the gate she heard quick footsteps behind the hedge and the next moment Mr Jack Hamilton cleared it with a bound and was at her side

"I know what you think," he said obstinately. "You think that a man who has been told what I have would be more [illegible]

EAGLE.

he lowlands lie
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th in Boston Transcript.

H ALO."

Y FRANCES HODGSON
NETT.

Sunday Oregonian.

—CONTINUED.

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and civil if he held his tongue and kept out of the way. Perhaps you think he would be more of a man, but I don't agree with you on that point. It may not be clever or conventional but a man would be a fool—I beg your pardon—he would not be much of a fellow if he would give up everything without a struggle. I won't, I tell you fairly. I never was as conventional as I ought to be. They always told me so. This is the best I can do. It would be more delicate and heroic to go away from the place and leave you and stand it as best I could—but I won't. You like my cousin, why then do you hate me?"

"Your cousin is very different from you," said Nell.

He stopped short and stared at her.

"So he is, by Jove!" he said, "but that has never been hurled up against me. A—a fellow like that—" in an outburst.

Nell stopped him.

"It is worthy of you," she cried, "that you should feel so secure in that—in the difference. It is worthy of you to speak of him as he does not speak of you—"

He looked a little abashed.

"Well," he said, almost humbly, "perhaps it wasn't the thing—but," with a sudden access of heat, "if he is worthy of your notice, I am, by George. That I know."

They had nearly reached the gate. It was the most beautiful afternoon—the little blue waves lapped the sand with a soft, caressing sound, the sun, on setting, threw deep golden lights and deep purple shadows across the lawn; the air was full of the perfume of flowers. Nell felt it all intensely without knowing why. She even thought it strange that she should notice the beauty of the hour, when she was so overwrought in other things.

"If I were to say to you," she began, "that this is what a gentleman would not do, it would not matter to you."

"No," he said, fiercely, "it wouldn't—not in the least. A man always likes a woman to say things like that to him."

"If I were to say to you," she went on, "that a—yes, a gentleman would go away—"

"I wouldn't go," he said. "I would prove myself a ruffian by staying. I am a ruffian, perhaps. Call me one if you like."

"I," said Nell, holding her pretty throat very straight. "What are you to me?"

"Nothing," he cried. "That's the worst of it. There is where you have me at a disadvantage. If I had the shadow of a right to expect you even to look at me I could go to some one and speak about you, or get help. But I am not such a ruffian as to talk you over, even to save myself. Any woman has a right to feel an antipathy to a man—and he has no right to complain. Though I suppose I am complaining."

Nell did not utter a word. She would not. He was looking at her with the look that always reminded her that his cousin had said, "He has an eye like a stag's." On principle she hated him at that moment for his stag's eyes.

"If I am a ruffian," he said, "you could make me better. Women are sometimes kind, even to ruffians. I know I am not what I ought to be. No one knows better than I do what faults I have. They were born in me."

"I do not wish to hear them," said Nell.

"You would like other people to tell you of them," he said bitterly.

"I have told you that I never speak of you," she answered.

She saw his eyes flash, and the next instant he had snatched her hand, almost roughly.

"You shall tell me!" he cried—"you shall tell me what I have done!"

She tried to withdraw her hand, but his grasp was like iron; she could not even stir it. Her whole face flamed.

"Do you know—" she said in a breathless voice, "do you *know* that you are using *force* to me!"

He started as if he had been shot. It was evident that he actually had not realized it.

"Oh, no!" he said, desperately. "What a brute and fool I am. But you don't know what you are doing to me. You are driving me mad. Let me go away!"

"The sooner the better!" she answered, but before the words had left her lips he had turned on his heel and was gone. She saw nothing until she reached the house and entered the shaded, flower-scented room, at the window of which she found her mother standing.

Mrs. Huntingdon turned and looked at her with a rather amazed expression.

"Well, dear," she said, "was that Mr. Hamilton who stood at the gate with you?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Mr.—Mr. Jack Hamilton, Nell?"

"Yes, mamma." And without another word she fled to her own room. It seemed to her, in the hours she spent alone, shut up in its pretty, summer dimness, that surely no girl could ever have suffered in such a strange way before. She had always been so happy in this little flowery bower of hers that it seemed an added cruelty that she should sit in it feeling such desperate unhappiness. It was desperate unhappiness—she knew that before she had been alone fifteen minutes. She threw herself on her knees by her favorite, deep window and hid her face in her arms on the window seat. Her heart was beating hard against her side and she was trembling all over.

"Oh, what is the matter with me?" she said again and again in a piteous whisper. "Oh, why do I feel like this?"

She could not still herself at all. There seemed no use in trying. She had been for so long a time endeavoring to ignore and control something which had been advancing upon her every day and every hour that now, when under a too great strain she had given way for a moment, the reaction was greater than she was ready to meet. There had been so much to ignore and set aside, there had been so many days when she had made strong efforts, and now it all seemed to come back at once. And try as she might she could not remember the right things. The things which came back to her were all wrong. The times, for instance—so many of them—when she had met his eyes looking at her in that half wounded, half angry way which was somehow pathetic. No one could deny—oh yes, it was quite true that he had the most beautiful eyes—to say that they had a look sometimes such as you see in a beautiful dog's, or a child's, when they ask for something. It might seem absurd, but it was true, they always seemed to ask and ask, and she could not shut out the feeling, even when he was not near at all, that he was asking and she refusing—though neither uttered a word. And then the times when he had stood silent near her and yet it had been as if he spoke. And the times when they had passed each other; and the times she had meant *not* to watch him as he played tennis, and yet somehow had known how he looked and moved, and that he was always alert and graceful and ready, and his voice had always come to her above every other voice—not loud exactly, but clear and resonant and with a gay, laughing sound. And one day a flower had fallen from her belt and she had accidentally crushed it with her foot, and he had seen it across the lawn and had sauntered over and stood by it a moment and then stooped to pick it up—and no one but themselves had seen—and she had stood perfectly motionless as if she had not seen herself and yet had known so well and had been so angry. She was so sure she had been angry. Her hands had trembled as she stood, and she had played badly all through the rest of the game and had lost it to her side.

And now What could have been worse than this afternoon! She could feel his great strong hand holding hers yet. She drew it hastily away from her cheek as she remembered it. That had been violence; that had been enough to make any girl dislike him and feel revolted. And yet, though he had held her with such strength he had not hurt her; and in an instant he had released her and he had said she did not know what she was doing to him; and he had gone away as if he could not bear it any longer.

"Oh," she said, "why do I think of that instead of the other things. I do not understand it. It is not natural."

She got up and began to walk up and down the room.

"I am thinking of him as if I liked him," she whispered, as she paced to and fro fast and uncertainly. "I must not do that. He is not a man for any good girl to like. Any girl who was good and refined would hate him! I could not possibly like him. Oh, what sort of a girl is it who could know what I do and like a man only because he is strong and graceful and has a strange voice and beautiful eyes. Only the worst and most unrefined girl could do that. If I like him I must be as bad and indifferent to such things as he is. Am I like that? I can not be! Oh, mamma—mamma! Oh, how could I tell you? I always told you everything before? I can tell nobody!"

It became torture before long. It was shame, it was terror. She heaped reproaches upon herself; to her sensitive, untried, girlish mind every innocent, involuntary melting towards him, every thought assumed the proportions of a crime. It was something wrong in herself. All this wickedness, she said, had been lying dormant in her nature, and had only waited to be called forth by some one like this. No one could be any worse than that. She put herself upon the rack and showed no mercy.

The little blooming, flowery room grew darker and darker. She was quite pale and exhausted in the end; she was overwhelmed with her own reproaches, and yet again and again her heart would leap as she remembered a look—a word.

She stopped at last by the mantel and stood there holding it with her hand.

"He is coarse," she said, with a great effort, hurrying the words as she forced them from her lips. "He is base; he is dishonorable; he is a coward; he is a—oh, a liar! He is false and low in everything. He is contemptible; he is cruel. Yes, it is all true. He is not like a man at all. He is—"

And then some feeling rushed over her—some strange, wild protest against it all—stronger than herself, and she uttered a passionate little cry and caught at the mantel with her other hand.

"O, no! no!" she cried. "Oh! no! no! no! Dearest! Dearest!" And she burst into a tempest of tears, hiding her face and shaking with fear of this which had swept all before it.

When she went down to dinner her mother looked at her anxiously.

"You are really pale, Nell," she said. "You do not look well at all."

"I do not think I am well," she said. "Perhaps I have been going out a little too much."

She often looked pale after this—so pale that her mother's eyes followed her continually with bewilderment and solicitude. And she had lost more than her soft color; the elasticity of her spirit seemed to have left her. She played tennis no more, to the great wonder of Marian and Hester Beverly, who spent days upon the lawn and with difficulty forbore to dine with their racquets under their arms and sleep with them under their pillows. She ceased to take walks alone, and no longer went out sketching. Often when they had evening engagements she excused herself on the plea of fatigue and remained at home. Sometimes in the morning she came down with an air of lassitude and with slight shadows about her eyes.

"My dear," her mother would say, "you look as if you had not slept well."

The first time she said this Nell glanced at herself quickly in a mirror and faintly blushed.

"I did not sleep very well, mamma," she answered.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Huntingdon, "this is something new, isn't it? You used to sleep like a baby."

"I shall sleep so to-night, perhaps," said Nell.

But she did not often sleep so in these days and so it came to pass that one day Marian Beverly, passing the hedge—racquet over her shoulder—with Mr. Jack Hamilton and stopping to speak to her as she gathered a few roses—looked at her in some astonishment.

"Nell," she exclaimed, "do you know how pale you are?"

"Oh, don't," said Nell. "Aunt Maria told me a few hours ago that I was as white as a rag. She says I need exercise—ten miles a day."

But suddenly she was pale no longer, a warm carnation having spread itself over her cheek.

"But you always had such a lovely color," persisted Marian. "Hester and I have hated you for it ever since we were old enough to speak. What have you been doing? You are as bad as Mr. Hamilton. And—how queer!—I was just upbraiding him on the same score."

Mr. Hamilton broke in with some haste, "Yes," he said, "she was telling me that *I* used to have a lovely color."

"You had," laughed Marian, when "you came here, but now—"

"I was like a blush rose," said Mr. Hamilton. "A blush rose. And now that you have—have riffled me, so to speak, you hold me up to public scorn, and draw invidious comparisons."

But he did not smile very naturally, as he looked across the hedge at Nell.

"Perhaps," said Nell, meeting his eyes without smiling at all, "perhaps North Brabant does not agree with you."

"It doesn't," he answered with brevity; "so I am going away."

Nell dropped a rose and picked it up and put it into her girdle.

"Does your cousin go with you?" she asked.

"He always goes with me," he replied with a voice containing several suggestions. "I am not to be trusted alone. I should murder an infant or set fire to an Aged Female's Home."

When she was left alone Nell returned to the house with her roses. She found her mother in her usual seat in the bay window, and as she came forward their eyes met, though Mrs. Huntingdon did not speak.

"Yes, mamma," said Nell, "it was Mr. *Jack* Hamilton, but it will not occur again, for he is going away."

And after she had arranged her roses she went up stairs to her room and remained there until luncheon.

The next day they heard that the two Hamiltons had gone to New York. Then Nell began to take walks again—longer ones than ever. Mrs. Huntingdon noticed—and sometimes she played tennis, but she did not recover her color and contracted a habit of falling into silences, from which she roused herself with a slight start when she was spoken to. Secretly Mrs. Huntingdon began to be very unhappy—she had never been unhappy about Nell before—she had never been even anxious—the girl had always been well and bright and sweet in every mood.

The Hamiltons had been away about two weeks, when one morning Mrs. Maria Huntingdon arrived in a state of great dignity, plainly laboring under the effect of some deep offense perpetrated against herself.

"Isabel," she began in her most sonorous voice, "what is this I hear about the Hamiltons?"

"It is impossible for me to say, Maria," replied Mrs. Huntingdon, half unconsciously glancing at Nell, who sat near.

"But it appears that this John Hamilton is a most disreputable young man, that his cousin supports him and watches over him as if he was a child, that he went to New York simply to try to keep him out of mischief, and that with all his efforts he could not accomplish it, and only just succeeded in saving him from a frightful scandal. I never was so outraged in my life. Why, I knew his father. Fossdick Dow as was an intimate friend of mine."

Nell laid down her book and rose.

"Mamma," she said, "I think I will order the phaeton and go out. I should like to drive to Lulworth and get some new books from the library."

"Does your head ache again, Nell?" asked her mother.

"Not very much, dear," the girl answered; "only a little."

Yet when she got into her phaeton and took the reins there was on her face such a pallor as to make it look almost like a mask.

She saw nothing of the beautiful road to Lulworth. She scarcely knew how she reached there. She looked straight before her and saw nothing. When she entered the little town and checked her pony before the library she found the Beverly carriage there before her. Hester and Marian were turning over the new magazines and greeted her as she came in.

"Nell," said Hester, after a few minutes conversation, and she said it in rather a sedate undertone, "have you heard anything about the Hamiltons?"

"I suppose they are still in New York," said Nell.

"We don't know," said Hester, lowering her voice still more. "There is a horrid story about them, at least about Jack. We keep hearing scraps of it. It seems that he is odious—hideous—and always has been—only his cousin has tried to take care of him because his mother is so delicate and suffers so through him. Lately he has been behaving better. They really had hopes of him when his cousin brought him here. He had promised and vowed all sorts of things. But suddenly he insisted on going to New York, and they say he was worse than ever. We don't know what he did—it must have been ghastly. Of course people won't tell girls—but Marian heard Uncle Francis tell mamma something about his having been turned out of some club by force."

"Hester," said Nell suddenly, "why should we speak of it. It is detestable. I hate it."

"It makes one feel cold," returned Hester. "To think we played tennis with him!"

"It was a mistake in his cousin to bring him here," said Nell.

"Yes," put in Marian eagerly, "but only a mistake. He thought he was doing him good and he really believed in him this time. Don't let us say a word against Will Hamilton. Privately, you know, I think he has been a goose to waste himself; but heroic people—people who do things you admire them for in the abstract—always are geese more or less. I simply delight and revel in Will Hamilton. I like even his mistake."

Nell went back over the beach road slowly. She tried to gather herself together as she went. She wanted either to become accustomed to her pain or to shake it off in some way before she reached North Brabant. It was too horrible to bear and hide.

"Though, perhaps," she said with a gentle, piteous humbleness, as she half unconsciously passed her hand over her strained eyes, "perhaps it is only because I am used to suffering. I have been so happy. Perhaps this is nothing to what some people suffer—perhaps—I don't know; I cannot tell how I look, but I must not let mamma see me feeling like this."

She did not look like herself at all. A certain pedestrian who had chosen to walk over from North Brabant, and who was consequently coming toward her—a pedestrian who thought he had reason to know her face better than any other man, seeing it in the first moment was so struck by the look of it that he almost stopped short by the roadside.

He was so intent upon her that he did not notice where he was going, and as she did not at first see him, in an instant or so more the phaeton approached him so nearly that she glanced up quickly.

What she saw was Jack Hamilton—as unlike himself as she was unlike herself, pale, haggard, worn out, with all the marks of his sins upon him, even his dress a little dishevelled—Jack Hamilton looking at her with great, hollow, beautiful eyes.

She scarcely breathed. Her heart gave one wild leap, and then seemed to stand quite still for several minutes, though the whole crisis only occupied a few seconds. The most terrible thing a woman with a tender soul can be compelled to do she did. She saw him make an involuntary motion with his hand as if to lift his hat. She let her unanswering eyes rest upon him for a moment, turned them away and drove past, leaving him standing on the wayside—standing actually stock still.

Before she had left him six yards behind she was trembling from head to foot, her lips were quivering and her eyes were blind with tears.

"I never was obliged to do anything like that before," she said breathlessly. "Oh! it is a cruel thing—it is cruel. But it is right. It is woman who must—who must do it. But, oh! was it right for *me*?"

She had never found it so hard to face her mother's soft eyes as she did when she reached home. She was obliged to confess that her drive had not cured the headache and that it was in fact a little worse.

"I think, dear," Mrs. Huntingdon said, "you had better lie down and have a cup of tea in your room." And she went up stairs with her and arranged her pillows for her, and gave her the tea herself, and then shaded the room and came and stood by her a moment, laying her hand softly on her forehead.

"You never used to have headaches, Nell, dear," she said.

"No, mamma," in the lowest of humble voices.

"I think you must see Dr. Bennett."

"Oh, no, mamma, dear. It is not bad enough for that."

"How would you like a change, Nell? We could go to the mountains."

There was a moment's hesitation and then Nell turned her face a little and kissed her mother's wrist.

"Perhaps—perhaps," she said. "I have thought it might be a good thing if I could not get better. But I *shall* be better, dear. I shall be down to dinner. You will see." And she kissed the slender wrist again.

She did come down to dinner still looking pale, but very pretty and soft-eyed, and being dressed, her mother fancied, with a little more than usual care. She had put on a new white dress whose lace ruffles and jabots were lighted with loops and knots of daffodil-colored ribbon; and in fact she had chosen it in the hope that it would make less of the shadows under her lashes.

Perhaps it did so, for at last she persuaded her mother that she must keep the engagement she had for the evening leaving her at home to enjoy her convalescence.

"Only because I want to be idle," she said. "And because I am a little tired of lights and people and music."

But somehow the house seemed very still after the carriage rolled down the road and she could not even bear the distant sound of the wheels. And the rooms seemed very empty and the hours before her very long. She wondered what she should do with them, and for a few seconds almost wished she had not remained. She took up a book and tried to read. It contained an immensely sad love story, whose hero was a man with a pathetic grievance—he was very interesting and treated with the cruelest injustice by everybody. She read a few pages and laid the book down. It seemed to be illustrated with a haggard face staring at her with a blank, stunned look in its tired, hollow eyes. Then she went to the piano. A song stood open upon it. It was Tosti's "Ti Rapirei." She began mechanically to read aloud the words:

"Ah se tu fossi meco,
Nella barchetta bruna
Che al raggio dell a luna
Vedi pe mar fuggir
Ti rapirei mio ben,"

Her voice fell and broke. She suddenly covered her face with her hands.

"Why do they write such things?" she said. "Why is it all about—that?"

The room was too still—too still—so still that she could not bear the silence of it. As she drew near the window she saw that the grounds were bathed in moonlight and that a quivering pathway of silver and pearl crossed the sea.

"I will go and look at the water," she said. "It will be cool and at least there will be some sound there."

She was upon the lawn the next moment. At the edge which sloped down to the terrace above the beach there stood a little vine-covered arbor. She meant to go there, but did not enter it at first. She stood a few moments upon the grass looking out at the great beauty spread before her—at the white beach, at the shimmering molten silver, at the deep stillness of the dark blue sky where the great fair moon sailed.

"Oh," she said, and her voice had a little heart-wrung tone. "How can any one be so wicked? It must be a bad heart—a bad heart." The words died on her lips because she heard an approaching sound. It was the sound of slow footsteps on the terrace below. A man was coming towards her; a man who was tall and young and who had square shoulders. If his head had not been bent he would have seen her; but his head was bent, as if he was depressed or in deep thought, and as he walked he dragged at his mustache with melancholy fierceness. Nell turned and fled into the arbor. Only a few steps, and she stood concealed and safe behind the leaves, but she stood with her hand at her side, her heart making little leaps.

It was Jack Hamilton.

(To be continued.)

TRIALS OF HOUSE BUILDING.

A Man who Would Have Everything According to Contract.

New York Tribune.

From the somewhat indefinite era of the man who built his house upon the sand previous to the rain season, there has been a continuous wail going up from the unfortunate people in every community who "are building." It is a tale of worriment, of estimates exceeded and exasperations endless. It is reassuring, then, to find at least one man who was too much for the wicked contractor, and built his house not only upon a rock, but like a rock, so that it shall stand until some elevated railroad of the future gets the right of way through its second story. Thus saith the man who beat the contractors at their own game: "People can't be too careful when they are building, for those who don't know what is what in the way of work and material are systematically taken in by the contractors. The architect is supposed to see that the contracts are carried out, but he cannot always be on hand, and when a dispute does arise, he naturally leans toward the mechanics. Many of the inexplicable fires that occur in first-class dwellings are simply the result of criminal carelessness and fraud on the part of workmen and contractors. I had a running fight while my house was building but it was done as I wanted it and according to contract. The party wall was twelve inches wide and bricks were to be bonded every five courses. I went to look at it one evening when the wall was twelve feet high and found only every twentieth course was bonded. Some workmen were going by on their way home. I hired them for an hour. We transformed a big beam into a battering ram and when my friends, the contractors, came back in the morning they found their wall lying in the cellar bottom. From that time on every fifth course was bonded according to the specifications. Then we began on the framing. I had distinctly specified that ties in the walls should be spanned. One afternoon I climbed on to the upper floor beams and found a burned and sooty brick lying on the scaffolding. It had been taken out of the wall of my neighbor on the right to let one of my floor beams in.

"'Look here,' said I to the German who was doing the framing, 'you've run that beam plump into a furnace flue. Some cold winter night I'll wake up and find my house afire.'

"'Can't help dot,' replied this original Buddensiek.

"'Well, I can,' said I, and I got a piece of timber and began to pry the beam out.

"'Here! Vot der Teufel!' shouted the contractor. 'You stop dot!'

"'Get out of the way!' I yelled, 'or you will go to where the good Germans all go before your time.'

"He grabbed an adze and jumped for me. I seized an axe and began counter demonstrations. While he sat down to think it over I sat down on the end of my lever. Up came the beam out of its mortise, and went crashing down into the cellar. It had protruded four inches into what would have been a red hot flue when the furnace was working well.

"Things went smoothly after that until we came to putting in the furnace. I had ordered double tin pipes and double pipe guards wherever a partition was pierced. One afternoon I came in and found two apprentices lathing up a partition about a furnace pipe. I asked if the double pipe guards had been put in. They winked at one another and said yes. After they had gone I cut a little hole with a hatchet and investigated. Not a sign of a guard, double or single, was to be found. It didn't take long for me to rip that all out. I told the head plumber to get somebody other than those apprentices to do the work; for if they ever entered my house again I'd make him throw up his contract, and if he sued me I'd fight him as long as I had a dollar left. The furnace builder also wore an unhappy look after I had finished with him. Well, the house is finished as you see, and it only cost $176 more than the original estimate. The excess was due to the building of a stone wall for the yard instead of a fence, as originally intended and the construction of coal bins, which I had forgotten to include in the original estimate."

If others would be as careful and energetic as this man, there would be no chance for builders of the Buddensiek type.

What Killed Emory A. Storrs.

Chicago Herald.

"There goes a young man who won't live long," said a Madison street bar keeper, as a bright, stalwart chap walked away from the counter. "What's the matter with him? Oh, nothing, but he's drinking benedictine. A man is always a goner if he starts on that. It is a glorious drink, you know, and goes to the head and makes a man feel like a little angel on earth, and all that, but it kills him all the same. It fascinates him and makes him its slave, you see. He can't stop and he keeps on drinking more and more and pretty soon he goes all to pieces. Nobody but brain-workers hanker after it and it is sure death to them. Did you know that it was benedictine that killed Emory Storrs? Well, it was. A year ago last spring Emory had braced up and quit drinking altogether, and stuck to it like a man and was working like a good fellow when he fell ill and his doctor prescribed benedictine as a cordial and tonic. That settled it. The seductive stuff took hold of Storrs' brain and made him its slave, just as the doctor might have known it would. He had quit drinking whisky and wine, but wasn't strong enough to throw away this seductive liquor. Why, I've been told that a few weeks before his death he was in the habit of drinking four or five quart bottles a week and often one in a day. And his friends tell me that he was never so witty and brilliant as when he had about half a bottle."

Possibilities of Photography.

Photographic News.

With a lens made of rock-salt it might be possible to photograph in the dark! Abney has succeeded in preparing plates which are sensible to the rays lying beyond the red end of the spectrum—the dark heat rays—and with such plates used with a rock-salt lens there should be a possibility of photographing bodies which possess a high temperature, although that temperature may be far below that needed to render them self-luminous. It is even possible that such a plan may some day be so perfected as to give us information about the "dark suns" that are believed to crowd the firmament—or rather heavenly bodies which once were seen, but have now cooled down so as to be invisible.

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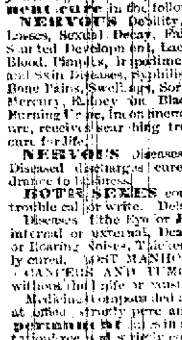

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WASHINGTON.

Sudden Death of Miss Bayard at Her Home.

SHE IS FOUND DEAD IN BED.

A San Franciscan Reinstated by Order of the President—The Question of Chinese Regulation—The Pacific Coast Delegation.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Miss Kate Bayard, eldest daughter of the secretary of state, died suddenly about 5 o'clock this afternoon at her home, just as she was starting to the White House to attend Miss Cleveland's reception. The reception was suspended immediately on the news of her death.

Miss Bayard had accepted an invitation to assist Miss Cleveland at her reception this afternoon, and that lady and her guests Miss Utley and Miss Love, who were also to assist at the reception, were awaiting Miss Bayard's arrival when they received news of her death. It was about 5 minutes to 3 o'clock, and the reception was to begin on the hour. The Marine band was stationed in the main vestibule, and the leader was conversing with Col. J. M. Wilson with regard to playing a tune as the signal for the opening of the reception. Many callers had already arrived, and were waiting for the doors of the Blue room to be thrown open.

The president was engaged in conversation with a visitor in the library, and Miss Cleveland and her guests were chatting with Col. Lamont in a parlor on the second floor, prior to descending to the Blue room, where the reception was to take place. The absence of Miss Bayard was commented on as singular, as she was usually very prompt in such matters, and was momentarily expected to arrive.

THE SAD NEWS.

While they were wondering at her delay a messenger notified Col. Lamont that Harry Bryan, private secretary to Secretary Bayard, was in his office and had "something important" to communicate to the president. Col. Lamont excused himself and went to see Bryan. That gentleman informed him that Miss Bayard was dead, and that Secretary Bayard had instructed him to communicate the fact to the president. Col. Lamont at once informed the president, who was very much shocked at the unexpected intelligence, and the two gentlemen joined the ladies and announced the sudden death of their friend.

Orders were at once issued to close the house. The band was dismissed, and the people in waiting notified that the reception had been postponed. Ushers were stationed at the main door, and at the carriage entrance, to inform all callers that the house was closed for the day.

The news spread quickly throughout the city and universal regret was expressed at the sad occurrence. The president, upon receipt of the message from Secretary Bayard announcing the death of his daughter, recalled an invitation to a dinner which he had intended to give Monday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Corning.

HEART DISEASE.

The immediate cause of Miss Bayard's death was disease of the heart. She had been troubled with weakness of that organ, and had been treated by the family physician at intervals for several years. At the reception at her father's house last night it was remarked that Miss Bayard was unusually animated, and taxed herself to the utmost to entertain the guests. It is presumed that the undue exertion may have precipitated the fatal attack.

The young lady retired about 1 o'clock last night, expressing a wish to be left undisturbed till noon. Between 1 and 2 o'clock this afternoon her sister endeavored to awaken her, and struck by the peculiar expression of her face, called for assistance. As soon as the family recovered from the consternation into which it had been thrown, physicians were summoned and powerful restoratives, including electricity, were applied, but in vain. The physicians expressed the opinion that Miss Bayard had been dead several hours when the attempt was made to awaken her.

Interment will take place, probably Tuesday next, at Wilmington, Del., where Secretary Bayard's parents are buried.

News of Miss Bayard's sudden death caused a profound sensation throughout the city, and for a time, in the absence of any definite details, a number of wild rumors were circulated. The facts, however, as stated above are from unquestionable sources.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

What the California Delegation is Doing—Henley Neglects to Attend a Conference.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The entire California delegation met at Senator Stanford's this evening except Senator Miller and Congressman Henley. The former was too ill to attend. The latter's absence was a great surprise. It was understood that the Chinese bill was to be considered and it was desired that republicans and the sole democrat from the state should act together. It has been feared that this bill might be made a party question and it was desired to have the California delegation solid for it. Henley has always been asked to participate in the meetings, and nothing that he did not approve has been adopted.

It is said that democrats who control the house would like to pass a bill so stringent that the senate, which is republican, would reject it. In this way the odium of failure would rest with republicans. It is said that this might bring the state over to the democracy.

When the bill is considered in connection with politics, several courses are suggested by the republicans to gain an advantage for the party. A very moderate bill might be proposed, which would certainly go through both houses, but which would do little to remedy the evil of Chinese evasion of the restriction act. If there could be any political advantage in such a sham victory it would be with the republicans, as such measure would come from them. Another plan suggested to throw the opprobrium of defeating the bill on the democrats in the house, would be to frame a bill so strong that democrats would not adopt it.

But it is the earnest wish of republicans in the California delegation to keep the question out of politics as much as possible to frame a bill that will remedy defects in the present law. This would be a tangible gain. It is feared by some that Henley's absence to-day from the meeting indicates that he is not willing to act with others in this matter, but to give him a chance to explain, and also an opportunity to be present at the conference, those in attendance to-day decided to hold another meeting next week, at which the presence of Barclay Henley will be earnestly requested.

CALLED BACK.

An Employe at San Francisco, Recently Discharged, is Reinstated.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—It is said here that Treasurer Brooks, of San Francisco, has asked his cashier, Mr. Ames, to resign, and has reinstated Mr. Borneman, whom he found in that place when Cleveland made him sub-treasurer. Ames is Barclay Henley's brother-in-law.

There is a little bit of authentic history which explains this action, which THE OREGONIAN'S correspondent learned this evening. Borneman held the office of cashier for half a score of years or more, and was always regarded as capable and honest. He was also a warm friend of one of Cleveland's intimates in Buffalo. Cleveland's friend asked him to see that Borneman was retained in office under whomsoever he appointed treasurer at San Francisco. Cleveland gave his word that Borneman should be retained, and asked that a memorandum be made of it, and he placed it among papers on file. When Cleveland made Brooks sub-treasurer this memorandum had in some way got mislaid, in the multitude of affairs he had to attend to, and he forgot this promise and did not mention it to Mr. Brooks.

As soon as Mr. Brooks got his place Henley began to work him for office for his brother-in-law, and the new official yielded to his importunity, and made Ames cashier, dismissing Borneman. Then Borneman, who had been resting easy in the assurance that he would be retained, wrote to Cleveland's friend in Buffalo that the president had not told Brooks to keep him in office. The Buffalo man addressed the president, stating the case. It is said Cleveland felt very much annoyed, and at once sent for Manning and told him to see that Borneman got his place again. A few words by telegraph settled the matter. Henley's brother-in-law was notified that his resignation would be accepted and Borneman was told that he could take his old place again.

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS.

IN THE INTEREST OF VITICULTURE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Charles A. Wetmore, chief executive officer of the California State Viticulture commission, is in the city, and will remain several weeks, to consult with officers of the administration and members of congress concerning the best forms of legislation necessary to secure continued prosperity and development of viticultural industries throughout the United States. Wetmore comes with an official letter from the governor of California, addressed to the president.

THE PACIFIC COAST DELEGATION.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—A meeting of the Pacific slope congressional delegation had been arranged for to-night, to agree upon a uniform policy in the treatment of matters affecting that section likely to come up before congress during the present session. As there were a number of absentees the meeting was postponed until next week. Members present informally discussed the Chinese and silver questions, but in the absence of the full delegation no formal expression of opinion was had.

NO DIRECTIONS FROM THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The secretary of the treasury to-day sent a communication to Senator Morrill, chairman of the committee on finance, in which he acknowledges the receipt of his letter requesting "the reasons" for suspension of a certain collector of internal revenue and the appointment of another person in his place, and then says in substance: "I would reply that as yet I have received no directions from the president in relation to transmitting the papers and information called for." About fifty applications from the same committee for similar information were answered in the same way.

WILL REPORT FAVORABLY.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The senate committee on public lands to-day authorized its chairman, Senator Plumb, to report favorably the bill introduced by him "to extend the laws of the United States over the public land strip" south of the State of Kansas. The bill attaches the strip for judicial purposes to the judicial district of Kansas. The committee has amended the bill by providing that the land shall only be secured in the strip under the provisions of the homestead law. The committee also authorized Plumb to report favorably his bill to grant the right of way through public lands for irrigation purposes.

THE NEW YORK VACANCY.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—It is learned at the White house to-day that the vacancy in the office of assistant treasurer at New York will be filled next week.

IDAHO.

Hailey is to have a new broad gauge road running east from Boise City.

The residence of Charles Stroup on Thorn creek, Nez Perce county, was destroyed by fire January 11. On the day before his house was robbed.

Early on Tuesday morning C. B. Cates, a man about 55 years of age and an old pioneer of Idaho, was found dead in his bed at Moscow, having expired very peacefully of a hemorrhage of the lungs. He had no relatives, and left but little property, not sufficient, indeed, to pay his debts.

The Union Pacific railroad company has determined to concentrate its railroad shops in Idaho at Pocatello, and the shops at Shoshone, on the Oregon Short Line, and at Eagle Rock, on the Utah & Northern, will soon be removed to Pocatello. The Utah & Northern will be changed to a broad gauge road first.

Silver City *Avalanche:* Mr. Regan has commenced a crosscut to tap the Little Giant lode, situated about fifty feet to the east of the Oro Fino. He expects that the crosscut will have to run about that distance before reaching the ledge. The Little Giant was rich on the surface and will in all probability show up at a depth of 150 feet, at which depth the crosscut will cut it.

Lewiston *News:* The Almota, the sole steamer of the Snake river fleet that is in condition to run, has been tied up for the winter at Almota. In March, weather permitting, she will resume regular trips. Capt. Baughman, meanwhile, has been ordered to the Willamette to run one of the company's steamers on that stream during the blockade of Snake river. He will again assume command of the Almota on March 1.

Boise City *Statesman:* Jake Reeser, of Rocky Bar, now in the city, informs the reporter that orders have been received by Superintendent True Rollins to start up the Ida Elmore mine in February. It is the richest lode at the Bar, but is filled with water to a great depth, which will have to be pumped out before mining commences. Both mine and mill have been lying idle for several years for reasons best known to the owners.

A greater amount of work will be done in the Wood River country during the present year than in 1885, owing to the reduction of $6 per ton in freight and smelting charges on ore. The freight charges to Omaha and Kansas City and the cost of smelting amounted to $38 per ton last year. This year the cost has been reduced to $32. The rates are still exorbitant, and ore that would be a fortune to its owners in Utah does not pay for shipping in Idaho.

The "Bear Track" is a new gold bearing quartz ledge found last fall on East Meadow creek, two miles east of Florence, by John Lee and Chris. Arnold. The ledge is ten inches wide and carries gold in such quantities that the boys have been averaging four ounces to the hand per day, simply using a drill and mortar to crush the rock. The gold is of the same nature as the placer gold of the camp, but the quartz is of a firmer formation than the average Florence ledge. The owners are spending the winter in the camp, developing the property and crushing rock by the primitive process named.

ANOTHER "EXPERT."

A Proper Fellow to Keep Company with Isham of Walla Walla.

Pendleton East Oregonian.

Over at Heppner they tell a joke on a Morrow county official. He is a zealous republican and an ardent admirer of Mitchell, and has stoutly maintained that Mitchell never wrote the "Dear Carrie" letters, but that they were forgeries. A few days ago he received a letter from Mitchell on some matter of business, and at once set about comparing the writing with the fac simile letters published by THE OREGONIAN. The dissimilarity was so great that he was more than ever satisfied that Mitchell was innocent, and to all of his friends he showed the letter, and bored them as long as they would listen with his comparisons, showing that the two specimens of handwriting were entirely unlike. Finally it was suggested that the letter he had received was not in Mitchell's handwriting at all, but in that of his clerk or secretary, and a glance at the signature as compared with the body of the letter showed that this was the case. The said county official was even convinced at once that such was the case, and now it "makes him hot" for visitors to ask him anything about the genuineness of the Mitchell letters.

MRS. LANGTRY IN HER YOUTH.

Town Topics.

Blanche Roosevelt says she met Mrs. Langtry on her first coming to London, at dinner at the late Lord Ranelagh's. She was shy, wore a plain black silk, and one rose in her hair, which was nut-brown and thick; her eyes were fine and her skin fresh and hardy, but her mouth and her waist were terrible, both as big as all outdoors. She spoke with a frightful provincial accent, and every word she uttered sent the company off into screams of laughter. She set to work on herself, according to Blanche, vigorously. Let ladies with large mouths and waists listen. She began by shaping in her waist, a hairdresser soon lightened the nut-brown of her hair to copper, and brought the tower from the top of her head to the nape of her neck, and a fashionable dressmaker soon routed cheap black silks and Jersey-cut garments. Looking at a photograph taken at that time you would not know her as the Lily she now is. There is a heavy, sensual lower jaw, a pert nose, a tower of braids and puffs, an ill-made dress of homespun no bust, and a waist that even an old-fashioned Grecian Venus would have blushed to carry about with her in the times when Helen flirted with Paris, and Milo made eyes at Antinous.

ENGLAND.

NOTHING DEFINITE KNOWN.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—Nothing can be learned regarding the government of Ireland until after parliament is formally opened by the queen next week.

The Population of Berlin.

The entire population of Berlin is, in round numbers, 1,200,000. Of these nearly 222,000 are exempt from taxation, their annual income being less than the legal maximum, $105. Nearly 270,000 have incomes ranging between that figure and $165. Incomes between $25,000 and $50,000 are credited to 198 individuals, 18 persons have incomes up to $75,000, 5 up to $100,000, 9 up to $135,000, and 4 persons only exceed this sum.

Prohibition in Georgia.

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

The prohibitionists expect to control the next legislature. How? By electing a majority of the members as prohibitionists. It will not make any difference what their color, character or previous condition were, they are to be prohibitionists and are to control the legislature and the state. In order to accomplish this, prohibition must become a leading political issue in the legislative campaign.

The Grave Gaining on the Cradle.

Syracuse Standard.

A noteworthy fact in the vital statistics of New York city is the preponderance of deaths over births. While in the country at large several hundred thousand more people are born every year than die, in the metropolis there were 30,028 births last year and 35,096 deaths. The case was not an exceptional one, the figures for the previous year being 30,527 births and 35,044 deaths. The moral of all this seems to be that people who prefer being born to dying would better live in the country.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

T. McF. Patton Reaches San Francisco from Japan

MASS MEETING AT WALLA WALLA.

Terrible Tragedy Near Port Moody—New York Brokers on a Frolic—Negroes Emigrating from the South to California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—Col. T. McF. Patton, United States consul at Hiogo and Osaka, Japan arrived with his wife and family by the steamer Gaelic yesterday, en route to his home in Salem, Ogn. The health of his wife compelled his immediate return. He has received notice of the appointment of his successor, but has been unable to find him, although reported to have been appointed October 16. Col. Patton will remain in San Francisco for a short time, in order to avail himself of medical treatment for his wife. He passed through the cholera and smallpox epidemics in Japan, and says that he is perfectly willing that Brig.-Gen. Jernigan, his successor, shall enjoy all the honors and emoluments of the position.

THE ARREST OF CALVIN PRATT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—An officer of the steamer Gaelic, which arrived yesterday from China, gives the following particulars of the arrest at Yokohama of Calvin Pratt, the forger: "There was a great crowd of Japanese on the wharf when the arrest was made, for it was reported in Yokohama that a man was to be arrested who had been forging Japanese government notes. When Pratt began passing his luggage, an officer asked: 'Is this your satchel? And this?' 'Yes,' said Pratt. 'Well, I'll take care of them, and you, too,' replied the officer, and he marched Pratt off. When we stopped at Yokohama on our return trip we expected to take Pratt on board again, but there was some hitch about his extradition. Some of our people from shore told us that Pratt was as confident as you please. He said there was no law for his arrest, and that they would have to let him go."

A BOY DRIVEN INSANE BY O'DONNELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—This morning the insanity commissioners examined and committed to the Napa insane asylum, James McGinnis, a 15-year old boy, who has regularly attended Coroner O'Donnell's meetings. During the past week the boy has been talking of blowing up British war ships, and thinks that he has thrown forty Chinese into the bay. He neither eats nor sleeps. He says O'Donnell is his friend, and that with his aid he will blow up the Bank of England.

THE DEMENT ESTATE.

Edward C. Dement has filed a petition for appointment as administrator of the estate of his deceased brother, W. C. Dement, and probable will. Testator died not long since in Clackamas county, Oregon, where he possessed real estate and other property approaching $60,000 in value. He was also owner of some $3000 worth of real property in this city.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—8 P. M.—Indications for Oregon and Washington territory for the succeeding thirty-two hours, local rain or snow, preceded by fair weather.

EXTRADITION PAPERS ISSUED.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 16.—The governor to-day issued extradition papers to Officer Tee, of San Francisco, for the return of McCarthy from Honolulu.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

RAILROAD MASS MEETING AT WALLA WALLA.

WALLA WALLA, Jan. 16.—Another public mass meeting was held at the courthouse this afternoon, to give expression on the matter of extortionate railroad rates. W. J. Barnes was chairman, and Chauncey Barbour secretary. About 250 farmers and business men were in attendance. A considerable force opposed to interference with the railroads was present and well organized, and tried to obstruct and break up the meeting. There was much excitement and exchange of hot words. The following resolution was finally adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the commission which it is proposed to create for regulation of freights and fares, should be advisory in its character, and that the vesting of it with arbitrary power is hazardous not only to the interests of the railroad companies but to the welfare of the territory.

WALLA WALLA NOTES.

WALLA WALLA, Jan. 16.—St. Paul's school, which closed on account of scarlet fever, will reopen next Monday. The patient has recovered and gone home.

The government telegraph line from Dayton to Fort Lapwai was sold at auction at the garrison to-day, to Charles B. Hopkins, of Colfax, for $50. Service will be reopened Monday.

There is fine sleighing here.

At Dayton, Gholson S. Fields, prosecuting witness in the case against Henry Black, for perjury, was ordered to leave town by the citizens. Field refused and defied them.

SENTENCED TO THE PENITENTIARY.

CHEHALIS, Jan. 16.—Judge Hoyt, to-day sentenced Gilbert Richards to seven years in the penitentiary, for outrage committed on the 12 year old daughter of Mr. Camel, of Cowlitz prairie last July.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY NEAR PORT MOODY.

VICTORIA, Jan. 16.—A shocking murder occurred early Wednesday evening, on the road between New Westminster and Port Moody. A man named Walker had squatted on some land, and had taken D. Robson, his partner Smith, and another man named Jones, to see the place, wishing to dispose of the right. They arrived at the ranch late in the afternoon, and after dark Walker picked up a double-barreled shotgun and said he was going out to shoot a crane. As it was then after dark, one of the men remarked that it was rather late to go shooting, when Walker said he might as well tell them his intentions; that he was going to "cook their goose" for them. He then shot Robson through the breast, killing him instantly. Jones attempted to take the gun away from the murderer, but received the contents of the second barrel in the leg, shattering the knee, the ball coursing down his leg into his foot. Walker then made for Smith with a knife, but the latter succeeded in getting out of the cabin and escaping.

Walker, who is an Englishman, then lashed Jones to the body of Robson and fled. The wounded and dead man were found lying together, by constables, who arrived a few hours later.

Later reports about the Port Moody tragedy say that Smith disabled Walker with a half burned brand which he caught from the fireplace, and carried Robson's body away with him. The same night a party of constables found Walker lying dead on the floor of the cabin. Smith's injuries are slight.

VICTORIA NOTES.

VICTORIA, Jan. 16.—The weather is about 10 degrees above zero. There is a slight fall of snow.

The municipal election yesterday resulted in the return of James Fell for mayor, and nine councilors.

UTAH.

POLYGAMISTS SENTENCED.

SALT LAKE, Jan. 16.—To-day at Ogden, in the first district court, apostle Lorenzo Snow was sentenced on each of three convictions for unlawful cohabitation, to six months' imprisonment and $300 fine and costs. James H. Nelson, on one conviction, was sentenced to six months, $300 fine and costs. Both were defiant. James Taylor, on promising to obey the law, was sentenced for the same offense, $300 fine and costs, but no imprisonment.

BROKERS ON A FROLIC.

They Take Possession of the Fourteenth Street Theater and have a Jolly Time.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Over 500 produce exchange brokers last night attended the Fourteenth Street theater, to witness "Evangeline," and speedily converted the parquet into a bear pit, selling everybody and everything short. There were a thousand other people in the theater, but the brokers owned the establishment. The girls "fired gags" at the baldheads in the front rows, and the baldheaded men "fired" boquets back.

The clock in "Evangeline's" house became imbued with the general spirit of frolic, and the hands suddenly shot around to 11:45 and a little negro popped up out of the top and sang out "quarter to 12 o'clock call." The gag brought a huge boquet flying over the footlights. Actor Mackay bowed; stooped with a smile to pick it up, and got there too late. Broker Charles Freeman was at the other end of the string.

"Ah, bother the flowers that bloom—" cried actor Mackay, but he did not get a chance to finish the line, for a shower of chestnuts rained upon the stage.

"Ah, there, Julius Lowry!" shouted the brokers in a body, "I'll let you have it for three and an eighth."

But all the other uproar was nothing beside the cyclonic tumult that hailed Mollie Fuller, when she tripped up to the footlights and sang "At the Front Row," to the air of "It Isn't for Me to Say." The verses were replete with local hits and humor. There was another uproar when the "Chief of Police" called the roll of his men. Every name was that of a broker present.

FINANCIAL NEWS ITEMS.

REVIEW OF THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—The *Financial Chronicle* says: The money market, so far as represented by the bank balances, has returned this week nearly to its old state of extreme ease, 1½ to 2 being almost the invariable rate. Altogether the outlook for money is not very promising, unless the export of gold becomes large enough to affect it. The movement of gold to London, started this week, looks as if it might reach very considerable proportions, unless our exports of merchandise increase. The general industrial situation has undergone little change. On the whole the aspects of affairs is hopeful. The cotton goods trade is in better shape and eastern manufacturers view the future with considerable confidence. The situation for the dry goods market is reassuring, agents and jobbers reporting business beyond anticipations, particularly as it was thought there would be a fullness after the large orders put out during the close weeks of the year. The week in the stock exchange was very quiet. The great storm and intense cold prevailing throughout the country checked business, particularly at the South.

NEGROES EMIGRATING TO CALIFORNIA.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Jan. 16.—The exodus of colored laborers from North Carolina for points in the west is beginning to excite some interest. Charlotte is a railroad center and it is here the emigration parties are made up and railroad agents meet and arrange for their transportation. Not less than three hundred have left for the west, many for Arkansas and Kansas, but there seems to be no further demand for them in Kansas. They are now going to California. Last night seventy were turned over to the Santa Fe and Missouri Pacific roads for transportation to California. This batch of emigrants are bound for Los Angeles. Having contracted to work in the vineyard and fields of E. F. Baldwin, who owns over two million acres of land. According to an agreement made with Baldwin through his agent before leaving here, they are to get $12 per month for the first year with board and house free. Baldwin advanced the money to pay their transportation to Los Angeles, the price per ticket being $69 70.

MORE VICTIMS OF THE STORM.

DENVER, Jan. 16.—Benkelman special to the *Tribune-Republican:* G. W. Tipper, living on a claim eleven miles southwest of Benkelman, started to a neighbor's, but got lost, and was found on the 8th, frozen. Three men, named Cherry, Carson and Cassler, left Mono, Kansas, on the 6th, Cherry going home sixteen miles south of Carson, and Carson going to Gandy, eighteen miles further. They lost their way, and were found five days later, sixteen miles from Cherry's place, all lying side by side, on a small sled. The horses were also frozen. They had three bales of hay, twenty gallons of kerosene and matches.

THE CIGAR MAKERS' STRIKE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—There are no new developments to-day in the difference between the cigar manufacturers association and their employes. A notice was posted in sixteen shops controlled by the association to-day that unless the men who have struck in Levy Bros. and the other two shops return to their work within three days a general lockout will take place Wednesday morning next in the sixteen shops.

Nearly 500 cigar packers held a meeting to-day, and resolved to go out with the cigar makers in all the shops where the cigar makers may be locked out.

WASHINGTON'S CLAIM FOR ADMISSION.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16.—A *Press* editorial thinks it "not strange that Washington territory with its population and marked progress should desire to become a state. The hope of the democrats that Washington may balance Dakota is based on the fact that the former elected a democratic delegate to congress in 1884 by 148 majority. This will not influence the action of the republicans in congress, however, if it is shown clearly that Washington is ready to assume the rights and responsibilities of the fortieth state in the Union."

SILVER RESOLUTIONS.

DENVER, Jan 16.—The following was unanimously by the Colorado press association in session at Denver to-day:

Resolved, That we emphatically enter our protest against any effort by whomsoever made, to suspend the coinage of the standard silver dollar. That our thanks are tendered Hon. James B. Beck and other members of congress for their able advocacy of silver, and we pledge our support to any measure looking to the free and unlimited coinage of silver on an equality with gold.

NEW YORK NOTES.

J. Kennedy Todd & Co. have engaged $127,000 in gold bars for shipment to-day. This is in addition to $118,000 sent by the Britannic, a total gold export to date of $1,317,000.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—The weekly bank statement shows a reserve increase of $1,036,100. The banks now hold $33,512,000 in excess of the rule.

EARTHQUAKE IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Shortly before 11:30 o'clock last night two distinct shocks of earthquake were felt in every part of Rockland county. In Nyack pictures were shaken from the walls and the ice in the river along the shore was broken. In Suffern, Spring Valley Piermont, Sparkhill, Haverstraw and Rockland Lake the jar was very heavy.

THE JOURNEYMEN BAKERS.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 16.—The national convention of journeymen bakers adjourned to-day after electing Charles Beck, of New York, national secretary, and adopting resolutions to boycott all proprietors who refuse to reduce the hours of labor to twelve hours per day. The next convention will be held in Chicago, January 15, 1887.

BELL TELEPHONE STOCK.

BOSTON, Jan. 16.—The effect of the Washington decision is still apparent on the Bell telephone stock, which to-day is down to 158¼. At noon the board prices were not heavy, comprising, in all, 300 shares.

JOHN KELLY DYING.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—The *Sun* says of John Kelly: He is gradually sinking. His death may occur at any time. A relapse this week indicates that it may come suddenly.

ACCIDENTS.

TERRIFIC DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

YONKERS, N. Y., Jan. 16.—A small wooden building loosely thrown together, in which were 250 pounds of dynamite stored in the frozen state at the Croton aqueduct, was blown up at 11:20 this morning, spreading destruction in all directions. Around the building were the engine compressor rooms of the shaft, the boarding houses and other buildings, all badly damaged. A peculiar feature of the affair is the fact that nobody was hurt with the exception of Mrs. Fox, who keeps a boarding house near the spot, and she only received slight bruises. The glass in all the houses in the neighborhood was broken and people at a distance thought the shock was caused by earthquake.

THE NANTICOKE MINE DISASTER.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 16.—The rescuing party at work on slope No. 1 of the Nanticoke mines of the Susquehanna coal company, had up to an early hour this morning worked their way through over three thousand feet of sand culm and rocks and are now hourly expecting to reach the fatal spot. Yesterday practical miners were doing much towards aiding the rescuers and they do not hesitate to say that from the present indications the men are all buried beneath the sand. When they reach the fatal spot, should this prove true, it may yet take several days before any of the bodies can be recovered.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

ATTEMPT TO LYNCH A NEGRO.

VINCENNES, Ind., Jan. 16.—A masked mob appeared at the jail this morning, in which Holly Epps, the negro who killed farmer Johnson, is confined, and demanded the keys from the jailor. The latter refused to give them up, and the mob then attempted to batter down the jail door, that they might obtain Epps and hang him. The door, however, withstood the blows directed against it and the mob dispersed. It is stated that they will return to-night with largely increased numbers and make a second attempt to get at the murderer. The sheriff in the meanwhile, will endeavor to remove Epps to Evansville, Ind., where he will be safer than at Vincennes.

PROF. FOWLER ARRESTED.

BUFFALO, Jan. 16.—O. S. Fowler was arrested to-day, and held to await action by the grand jury, on a charge of practicing medicine illegally.

FRANCE.

POLICY OF THE CABINET ANNOUNCED.

PARIS, Jan. 16.—De Freycinet to-day made a declaration in the chamber of deputies of the policy the new cabinet would follow. He said the colonial policy would be less adventurous than that of its recent predecessor. This statement was received with cheers by the chambers.

TREATY OF PEACE RATIFIED.

PARIS, Jan. 16.—A treaty of peace between France and Madagascar has been ratified.

IRELAND.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

DUBLIN, Jan. 16.—The *Freeman's Journal* to-day says: The cabinet at its meeting yesterday discussed the propriety of issuing a proclamation declaring the national league an illegal organization.

NEWS OF THE NORTHWEST.

OREGON.

Grant's Pass is said to have 450 inhabitants now.

Cayotes are killing many sheep in Douglas county.

There are only five paupers in Coos county at present.

Considerable plowing is being done in Jackson county.

A number of new buildings are being erected in Ashland this month.

The Heppner *Times* has been sold, and will be removed to Lexington.

The temperance movement is gaining much headway in Douglas county.

A ledge very rich in silver has been found near Elounce Rock, Jackson county.

Eleven inches of rain fell at Jacksonville from October, 1885, to January, 1886.

Mr. Jacob Grazer, a pioneer of Yamhill county, died at Lafayette January 13.

The stamps for the new reduction works at Medford have arrived and are being put in place.

A new ferry boat is to be placed on the Willamette between Independence and the opposite shore.

The taxable property in Ashland subject to city assessment will be something less than $320,000.

W. G. Webster will erect a handsome two-story block for business and a public hall, at Marshfield.

The mail service between Empire and Gardiner has been reduced from a tri-weekly to a weekly route.

At the recent term of the Douglas county court, the bounty on coyote scalps was increased from $3 to $7 50.

A creamery with a capacity for handling the milk of 200 cows is to be established at Pleasant valley, Polk county.

A son of Frank Smith, of Sterlingville, was run over by a horse a short time since, and received a severe wound on his head.

Several hundred dollars have been paid by the county clerk of Jackson county for wild animal scalps during the past few months.

Josephine county miners have been checked in their work by the cold weather, but are busily at work again and expect to do better than ever.

C. H. Kinzer, superintendent of the O. & C. R. R. shops at Grant's Pass, has been granted a patent for an improved driving box for engines.

A young son of George Protzman, of Roseburg, lost four fingers of his right hand by placing them too near a band saw, on Saturday, January 9.

A. Swanston, employed in Moore & Son's logging camp, near Junkville, had one of his legs broken near the ankle a few days ago by a tree falling on it.

A son of Charles Parker, aged about 4 years, while playing with an ax at his residence on Big Butte recently, cut off one finger and badly bruised two others.

The Knights of Pythias, of Ashland, intend to build a commodious hall soon, for use, both as a lodge room and as a hall for public meetings and entertainments.

Mrs. William Ellis, of Dallas, accidentally stabbed herself in the thigh, on Thursday last, with a pair of scissors. The wound, though painful, is not dangerous.

Petitions are being numerously signed at several places on Coos bay asking congress for an appropriation of $160,000 this year for the breakwater at Rocky Point.

The marshal of Corvallis offers a reward of $25 out of his own pocket for evidence that will convict any saloon keeper guilty of allowing gambling in his house contrary to law.

The residents of Deep river and vicinity, in Clatsop county, will hold a meeting on the 30th inst., at the upper school house for the purpose of taking steps to secure a mail route and post-office.

The Pendleton Manufacturing company have already expended on their plant and works about $9000. The machinery received to date cost about $1500. The turbine wheel will soon be in position.

It is reported that a quartz mill of good capacity will be built at or near Woodville in the spring. Recent developments in the mines of W. J. Stanley and others near that place are very encouraging.

Articles of incorporation were filed on the 15th of January incorporating the Scandinavian Commercial Union, with principal office at Astoria. The incorporators are O. W. Pederson, John Enberg and H. E. Minard.

J. Satterfield's smokehouse on Applegate, Jackson county, together with all its contents, were destroyed by fire recently. The loss amounts to considerable. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

Ashland *Tidings:* Mining rumors are hatching thick and fast. A gentleman from down the valley last Tuesday says it is reported in Phœnix that Ashland people are panning from $2 to $5 per day each out of the irrigation ditches. The "soft impeachment" is denied here.

A company proposes to build a ditch from the present terminus of Van Bremer's, in Tule lake district, to Lost river valley, and J. W. Hamaker has been running levels therefor. It will be fourteen miles long, and is estimated to cost about $5000 and reclaim 5000 acres of land.

A man named Eugene Mason, who has been at work for J. H. R. Hutchings, of Ashland, forged his employer's name to a store order for $5, stole his Winchester rifle and tent and decamped. He is said to be an old hand at the business, residing for a short time at Brownsboro.

The Josephine county commissioners last week selected the site for the proposed bridge across Rogue river, for the construction of which the last legislature appropriated $10,000. The foot of Sixth street in Grant's Pass has been chosen as the most available place, and it will not be long before operations are commenced.

F. P. Anderson, better known as Pres. Anderson, committed suicide at Chico, Cal., by taking a dose of arsenic. He was one of the pioneer settlers of Rogue river valley, about 61 years of age, and leaves a number of relatives in Jackson county. The telegraph says he was in destitute circumstances and alleges that this and domestic troubles were the cause of the rash act.

Marshfield *Mail:* Gabe Brown's barn at Myrtle Point was destroyed by fire last Sunday night. The horses and vehicles were saved but the hay and grain were destroyed. The fire was started in the haymow by an incendiary. Barn-burners are too numerous at Myrtle Point. It has not been long since Oscar Reed's barn, near that place, was destroyed under circumstances that said it was set on fire.

Miners are working on some of the placer claims on Blue river. Several cabins have been built about one mile up the river. Mason & Co. have built a cabin on the river near their Eureka ledge. Mr. Hatch has built a cabin near Wycoff's, and will work on ledges during open weather. Goodfellow & Davis are doing some prospecting with fair success, and think they can show some good ledges in the spring without climbing the mountains.

A correspondent of the Jacksonville *Times* writes as follows under date of January 11: Wm. Triplett was drowned in Rogue river, just above Galice creek, last Wednesday evening. While taking a small craft down that stream it upset and turned over on him. Getting fast in the rope he could not extricate himself and was drowned. His father was on the opposite side, but could not do anything for the drowning man. The body was in the river three hours, and was buried on the bar on which he lived Friday evening. Mr. Triplett leaves a wife and seven children, we are told, in destitute circumstances.

Jacksonville *Times:* Ben Haymond informs us that four carloads of lime was sent to Portland recently from Burrage & Pomeroy's quarry, one mile below Rock Point, and that Henry L. White has a contract for delivering 100 tons more at the railroad, which will be shipped without delay. We learn that the Columbia River Paper company is using this lime as an experiment, and if it is found to answer their purpose, large amounts of it will be shipped at regular intervals. The quarry alluded to is inexhaustible and said to afford an excellent quality of stone.

Arlington *Enterprise:* A serious cutting affray took place at Condon last week between David Coleman and one Cooney, in which both received many serious injuries. The row commenced in a drunken quarrel and ended in both drawing knives and endeavoring to make mincemeat of each other. When separated, Coleman was found to have sustained a deep and serious cut in the neck, and Cooney was badly cut above and below the heart and on the head, and his right side was ripped open so as to show his entrails. Both are under the care of a doctor, with good chances of recovery, although the wounds are quite serious.

Wholesale Robbery at Linkville.

Jacksonville Times, Jan. 15.

E. R. Reames writes to his brother, Gen T. G. Reames of Jacksonville, that a remarkable case of robbery occurred at Linkville last Sunday morning. A half-breed son of T. J. Moore, aged about 11 years, who lives on the island about two miles below that place, was discovered near the Link river bridge with two boatloads of barbed wire, beef, rope, the contents of about a dozen clothes-lines, including the lines, etc. He had overloaded one boat, so that it sunk, and he was sitting on a rock wondering what to do when found. The boy had carried the wire about fifty yards and had eight coils in the boat when it sank, with a quarter of a beef yet to load. He claims that a white man was the chief conspirator in the matter and that he had left with fifteen coils of the wire. This, Mr. Reames is inclined to disbelieve. He afterward interviewed the boy in jail, and was informed that the same white man had attempted to break into Reames, Martin & Co.'s store, and that prints of an ax could be found in the window casings; also that he had burglarized their warehouse on New Year's night, and that he (the boy) knew where said man had deposited some dried apples, empty sacks and the mast and rigging to their sail boat. Upon the sheriff going with the lad all the missing articles were found, excepting a sack of dried apples and two small sacks of corn meal.

SOUTHERN OREGON MINES.

Jacksonville Times.

The hills are full of prospectors.

A. C. Hatch has taken up a quartz ledge in Jackson creek district, which seems to be extensive and rich.

The quartz mill at Medford will have five stamps when reconstructed and it is expected to have a capacity of ten tons a day.

Miners are busy again, and most of them have considerable water, notwithstanding the late cold weather interfered with the supply.

The change in the weather is appreciated by the miner more than anyone else, as the cold snap interfered with mining operations for several days.

As much mining has already been done this season as last, and winter has not more than begun, we consequently predict that the miners will do well this time.

A portion of the timbers for the quartz mill in this place have been sawed out by Parks & Son, of Sterling, and hauled here. The machinery will be put in position before long.

The parties from California who intend to run a ditch from Sucker creek to the lower Illinois river, have suspended operations until better weather comes. They also propose opening extensive mining claims.

The mining interests of Wagner creek are developing so rapidly that the O. & C. R. R. Co. talks seriously of putting in a switch at Talent to facilitate the shipment of ore. Many prospectors are in that region.

The Jacksonville Mining and Milling company has filed articles of incorporation in the office of the secretary of state, with D. L. Curtis, Henry Pape, Sr., John Orth, William Jackson and David Cronemiller as incorporators; capital stock, $2000.

Thomas McAndrew and John Slagle, of Medford, are prospecting a quartz ledge in the Blackwell district with promising results. They had a working test made of 100 pounds of ore at the reduction works, which showed about $43 to the ton.

WASHINGTON.

The Palouse branch is completed to within four miles of Pomeroy.

Over seven inches of snow have fallen in Walla Walla during the last storm.

A force of men are employed in laying the rails on the new coal incline at Seattle, and Mr. Milner expects to be able to load vessels from the new structure this week.

The Northern Pacific company has determined to donate to Tacoma enough land to open a street to tidewater, whereby the people may reach the Sound for shipping purposes.

The Washington Steamboat company has a force of men employed in getting chains under the sunken hull of the Daisy preparatory to raising her. It is thought the hull can be floated by Tuesday.

Johnnie Kauffman, son of Jacob Kauffman, of Almota, while out hunting last Saturday, had the misfortune to get the barrels of his gun filled with snow, when, on firing at game, the gun exploded, badly lacerating his left hand.

Colfax *Gazette:* The Cooper elevation, in the south end, has finally been selected as the site for the new Baptist college, and seventeen and a half acres, at $50 per acre, have been purchased for that purpose. Considering the amount of ground required, we doubt if a better selection could have been made, and it is quite probable that more land will be secured.

Nathaniel Harmon, an old Puget Sound pioneer, died at Port Gamble January 13, aged about 80 years. He came to California from Maine about the year 1850, and was with the party who selected Port Gamble for a mill site about 1852. His family followed him some years later and have resided there ever since. He was a brother of Hill Harmon, well known in this territory and Oregon. Deceased leaves a widow and large family, among whom are Mrs. Longfellow and Mrs. W. S. Jameson, of Port Gamble, Mrs. E. C. Lindsey of Oregon, and a son in California.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A large number of buildings are being erected in Vancouver.

The new town of Vancouver is to have a newspaper, to be called the *Herald*. It will be issued weekly.

A man named A. Wood disappeared from Nanaimo about three months ago. His body was discovered in Departure bay on Sunday last with a stone about his neck.

A white settler who arrived at New Westminster from the upper country a few days ago, says: Three Chinamen were found dead on Monday in a tent at Port Haney. The wretches are dying of starvation by dozens, and are carried to the grave by wretched skeletons.

The Similkameen Mines.

Victoria Colonist.

Considerable prospecting is being done with successful results and preparations are in progress on every hand for the prosecution of work as soon as the weather will allow. There are dozens of men on the Tulameen whip-sawing lumber and wing-damming the stream. On this river the prospects of its being extensively worked and richly paying are bright. In the middle part of December two Chinamen took out $2250 in two days. The river is workable for twenty miles and prospects taken anywhere in this length have shown good colors. Should it prove as rich as anticipated, and there seems little doubt that it will, there is room on this stream for the thousands that are expected to go to the district in the spring.

Slate creek, a tributary of the Tulameen, nine miles up from Granite creek, is stated to be fully as rich as the latter, a man named McLean creviceing out $8 in half a day with a jackknife. Pieces as large as $3 75 have been secured. However, a fair prospect cannot be made on account of the ice, but the creek promises to be the richest of the new discoveries. The others are Champion Eagle, Hines and Collins creeks, all of which have given good indications, the former being of the greatest extent.

Dead or Alive.

A Texas man living near Dallas lately sold a lot of cotton and disappeared. His wife offers $500 reward for his production, "dead or alive."

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